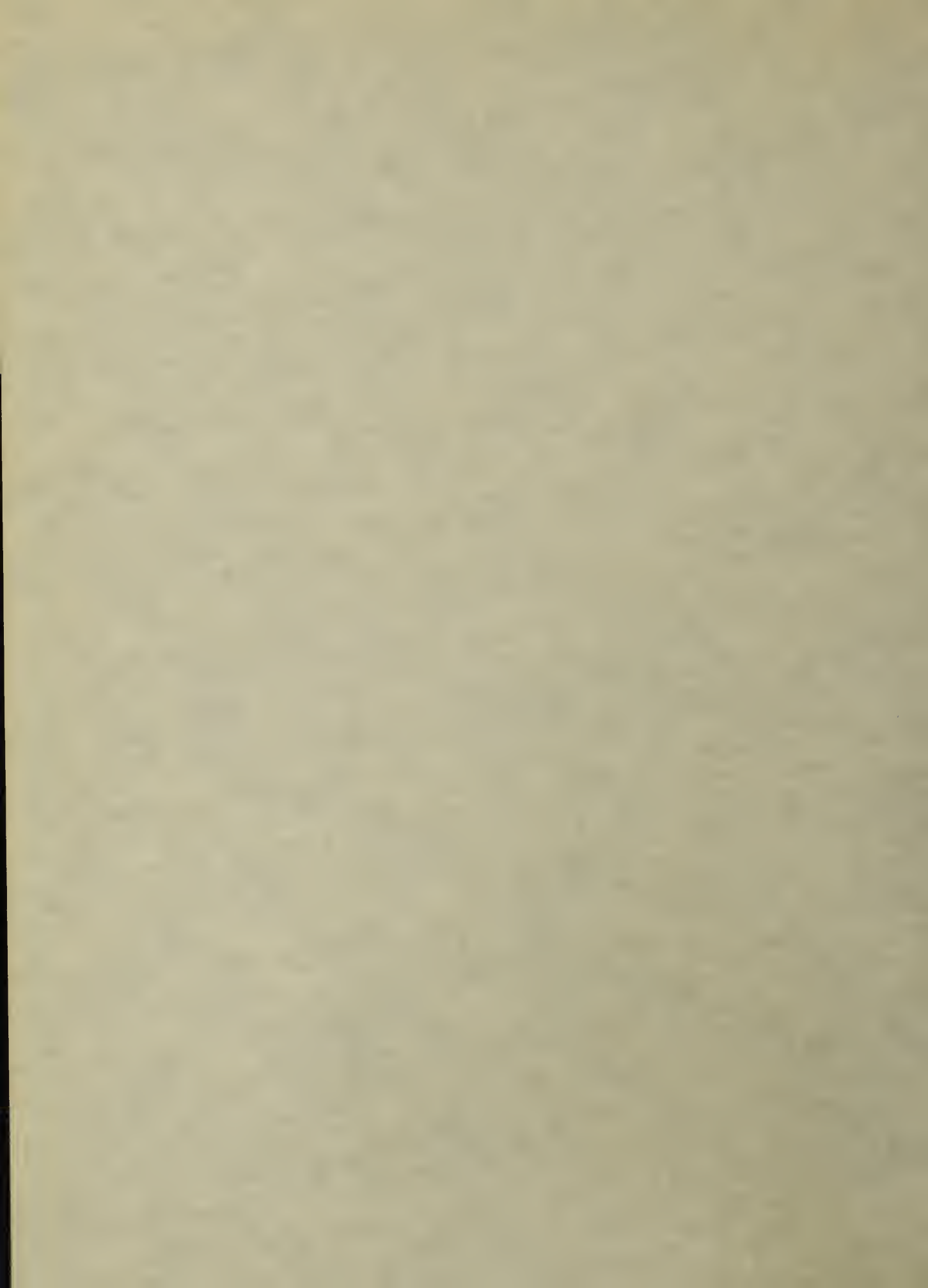












THE Pot Pourri has gone through metamorphosis. To avoid the photo-album syndrome, we've made some major changes in the content and structure of the book. For a more cohesive portrayal we've divided the book into chapters to organize and relate groups of photos. Unlike past yearbooks, artwork from a variety of students has been integrated to illustrate the chapter divisions. We've recruited articles from students actively involved in the subject being presented so as to include views outside of our own staff. The book has increased in size to allow for larger photographs. The staff has put alot of energy into these new ideas.

Read on and enjoy.







THE POT POURRI  
PHILLIPS ACADEMY  
1977

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# THE RETURN





THE summer leaves some in good health and others in various stages of physical degeneration; the return to school is a stampede of diverse frames of mind, most of them vaguely fresh and eager. The more industrious return expecting a place of fertility, and the careless return to friends and a home of sorts. There are few who look forward to boredom.

Romantic images of the dawning year are generally preserved through the opening days by breezy summer affection from all sides and a country club atmosphere in the absence of responsibilities and commitments. During Orientation, Phillips Academy remains essentially a dream, perhaps too much so in the case of new students. This dream will turn into many realities throughout the year; in the process, it will lose the magic of being a dream, but it provides a base for the P.A. experience.

One's friends can usually be depended upon to have changed since the previous year, some of them permanently and drastically, while others are only victims of August insanity. There is an energy of novelty and challenge among most returning students, almost as if the school had somehow changed, and the understandable hype of a new environment runs rampant among new students. The opening is therefore necessarily boisterous, open-mouthed, and tiring. The process of

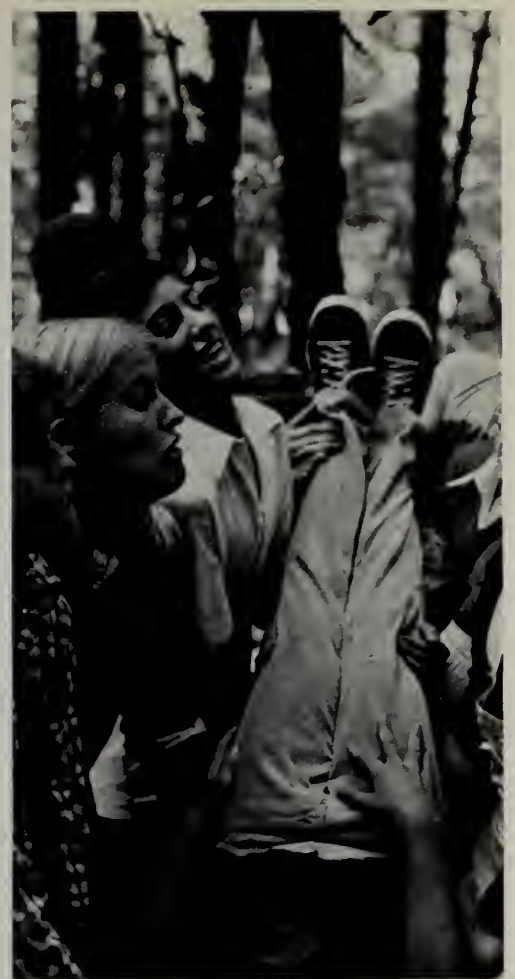
reorganizing our lives, of establishing new priorities, of setting the collective machine back in motion creates a mood of frenzied toil that is hard pressed to compete with greeting old friends and relishing the electricity of starting fresh again. A supportive camaraderie grows out of the sense of being back in the same boat again, of commiseration.

Returning seniors seem to feel established, wellrooted and on the top. Blue Key offers a feeling of wisdom and control, complemented well by congeniality and group unity; authority is handled responsibly and cheerfully, an indication that the barbarism with which older students have traditionally handled preps has been replaced by neutral disinterest if not sympathy and concern. On a larger scale, we return to what feels like a more sober, rational P.A.; be it a healthy or a tragic trend, the school is no long-as crazy as it was.

In the distance, Commencement and college cry faintly in the ears of seniors, but the immediate task lies still within Andover. When the end of the year sneaks up on us, we will probably have lost our objectivity; we will be weary of P.A. and looking forward to other things, so now is the time to think. The results of this thought will be many, various, and inconclusive, but the interest and the conflict is always present.



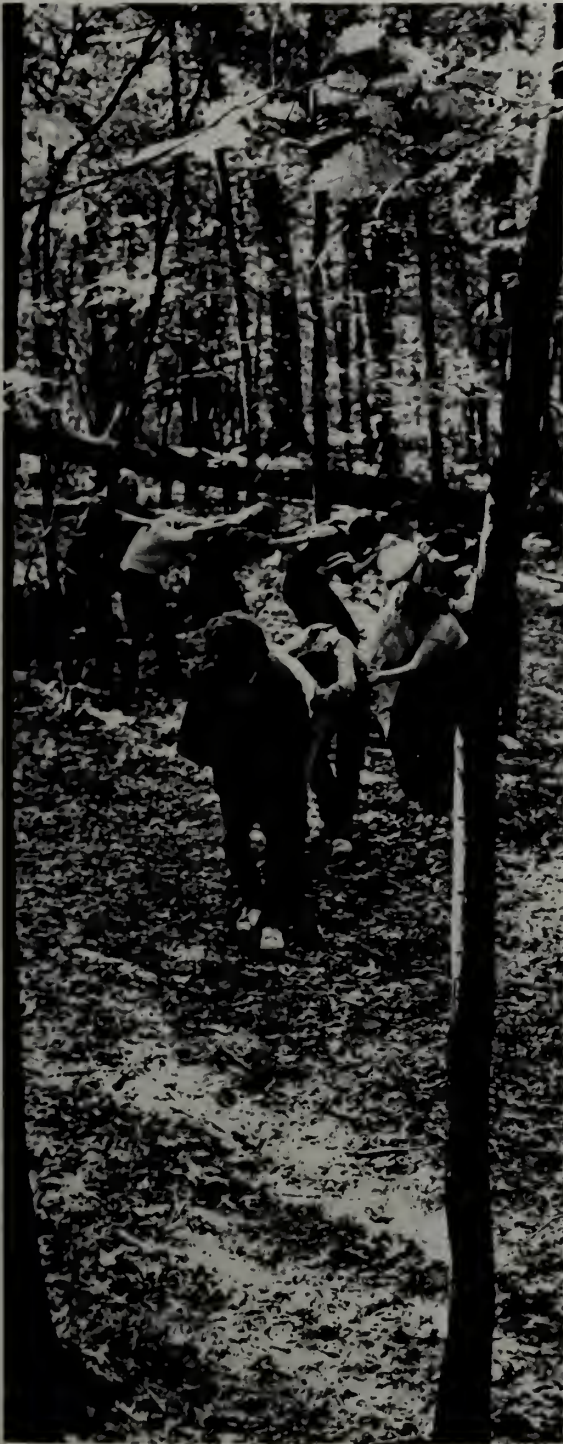










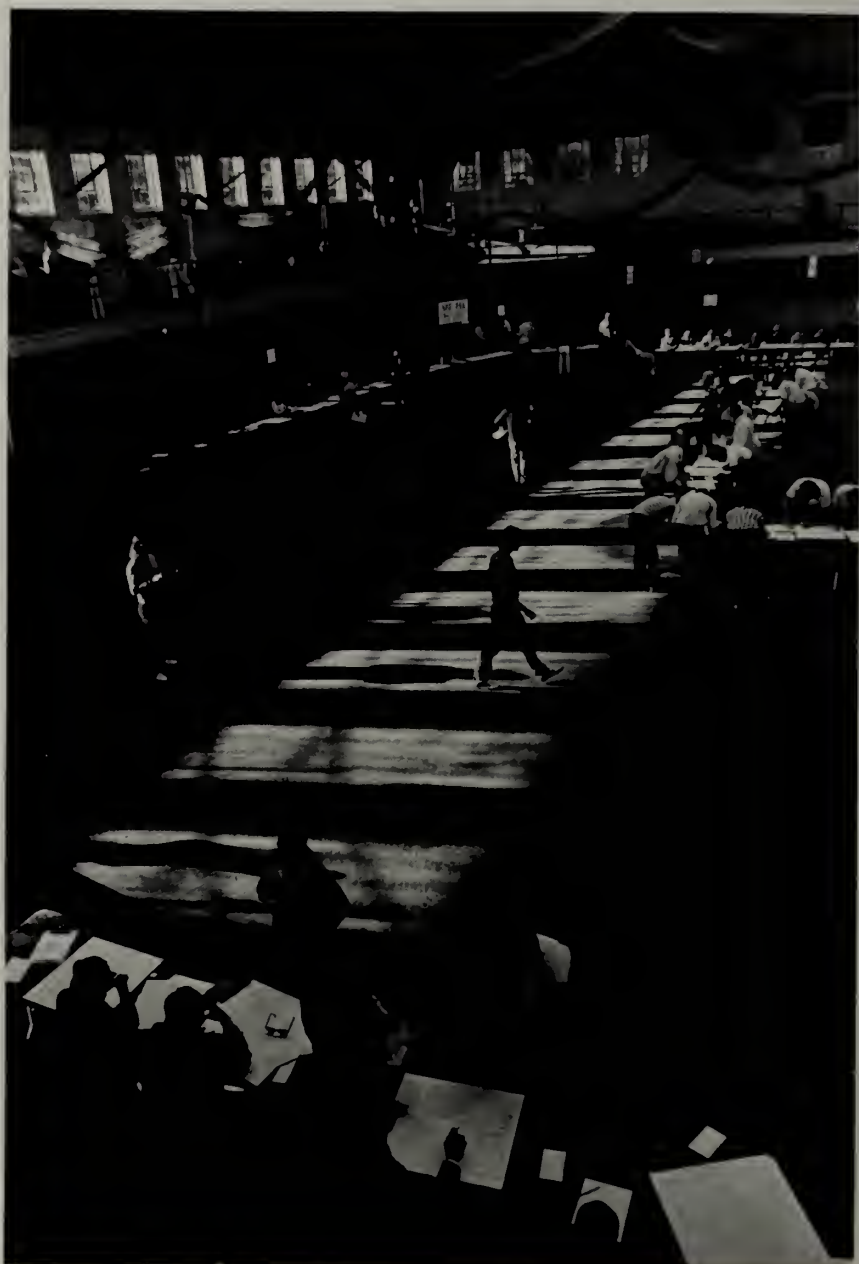




ARENA day: after a while it is merely a routine, a crucial element of happiness for the coming term, but a routine nevertheless. The improvements, particularly the computerization, made it all a lot more bearable. The quest for the ideal schedual was unceasing. Some actually got away with Music Lessons, Contemporary Communications, Photo, and an Independent Project.

As Mr. McClement's voice droned on, some checked the number two pencils, the course sheet without the housemaster's signature, and their ID's. Suddenly he yells, the frustratingly arbitrary number is called, and the descent into the arena commences. The next forty-five minutes is a blur of mad dashes to tables, frantic waiting in line, pleading with department chairmen, a perfunctory conference with the academic advisor, the tedious completion of the schedule card, and, finally, the blissful exit.

Nobody was sentimental on the last Arena Day. There was just a sense of relief — no regrets, no remorse, just something reminiscent of the last Commons Duty.







# ICY WATER

THE first Sunday of our Senior year dawned gray and overcast with ominous predictions of rain. Despite the foreboding forecast, about half the Senior Class set off determinedly for Crane's Beach. Clutching our knapsacks of lunch, bathing suits, and sweaters, we piled into three yellow school buses to rumble off to the beautiful North Shore beach.

Upon arrival, several insane members of the group plunged into the icy water. Of course, they staggered numbly out, stubbornly claiming that it was warm. The next few hours were spent taking long walks, exploring the fascinating dune formations and the shells scattered across the wide stretch of sand; one group built a large and impressive sandcastle complete with a doorknob on the main entrance. After many unsuccessful attempts ending in piles of laughing, groaning people, a human pyramid was erected which they managed to hold, albeit a little shakily, for almost a minute while camera shutters clicked. We could not spend a day at the beach without burying someone, so John Chamberlain was selected as the one most suitable for interment. Rab Ker and friends entirely submerged John, leaving only his head and hat above the ground; grass was carefully planted on the grave and more than adequately watered.





We devoured lunch intermittently between volleyball and touch football games (we were told not to be intimidated when one of our football captains, weighing well over 200 pounds, came charging in our direction). While the jocks and pseudo-jocks had been exerting themselves, a calmer group had formed around several fine musicians, including John Chamberlain (subsequently risen from his grave) on the fiddle, with Brian Hussey, Hunt Richardson, and Phil Balshi playing guitars. Just as the atmosphere was getting too mellow, our fiddler whirled us into a square dance. Everyone joined hands in one enormous circle, running first in one direction, then the other, all into the middle and out again. Finally, a long line of P.A. Seniors bunny-hopped off the beach, leaving it to the peace it had enjoyed before our intrusion.

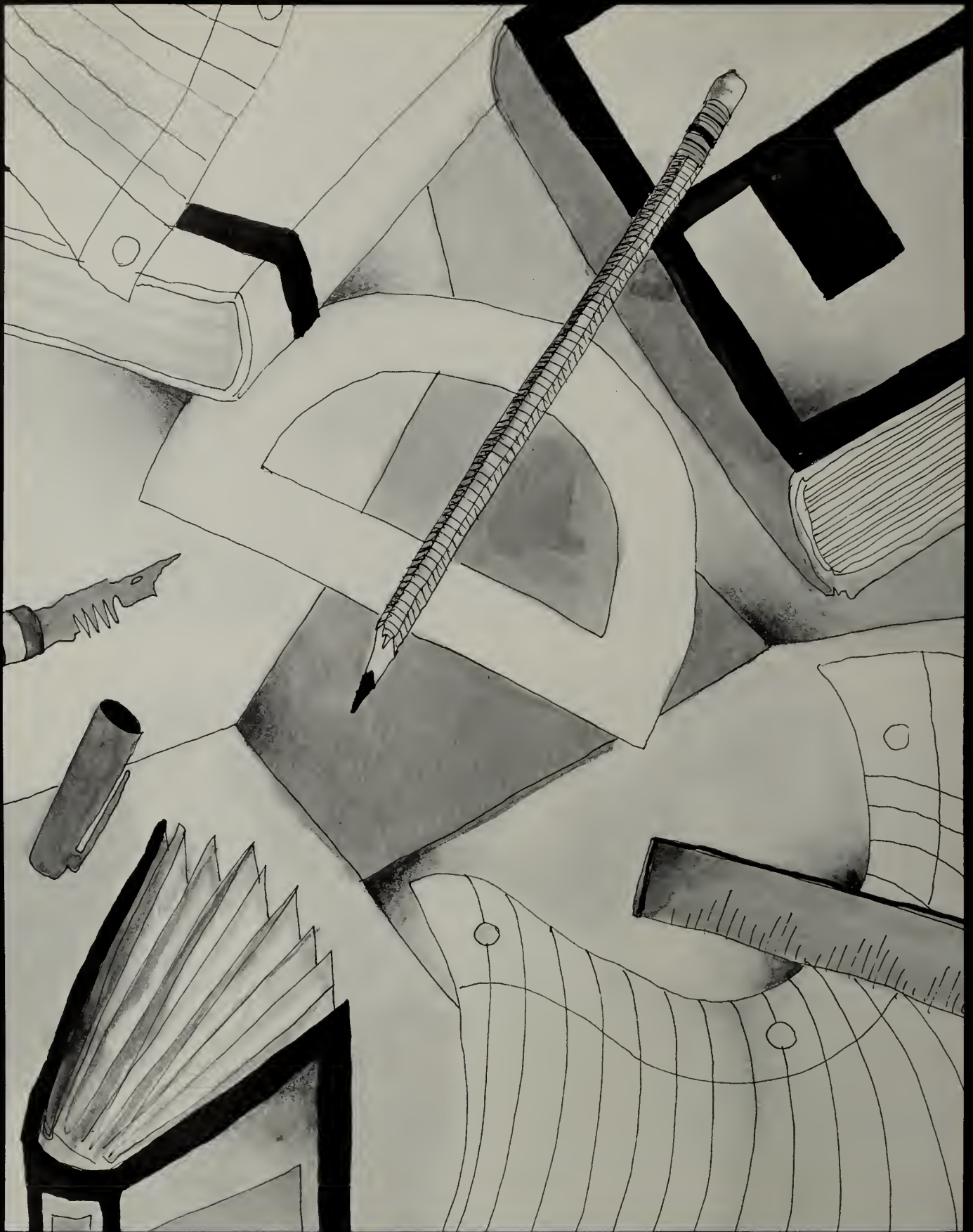
The ride home was interrupted only by a stop for apples, somewhat surprising the small apple farm. Thanks to the faculty who accompanied us, we were deposited safely behind Commons, a sandier and more united group than we had left.











# THE CLASSROOM



I vaguely remembered having heard the bell ring, but I had been thus haunted in the past, and, for some time in the future, I will probably imagine strange ringings and rattlings, insidiously trying to organize my time. The building had fallen silent, indignant, except for the fire door somewhere in the bowels of the basement. I set my coffee down gingerly outside the door, so as not to seem too contemptuously nonchalant. When arriving more than five minutes late, I tried to enter silently and humbly, in case he was in a less than tolerant frame of mind. Sunlight blinded me just as I opened the door; I felt somehow concealed, safe from the reproachful glare, and shuffled blithely across the room. Our revered professor sported sunglasses (of the style one finds on the noses of airport limosine drivers) and yachting sneakers. He stared at me indignantly for a moment, having been trod in upon in mid-sentence.

"Good morning, or rather good afternoon, now that it is after noon. I suppose your Physics teacher kept you late again."

"Oh no, nothing so dull. I overslept to a dream of olive-skinned maidens on the Canary Islands and then fell into a discussion of the longterm implications of love, war, and abortion with one of the janitors in G.W.. I'm lucky I got here at all."

"You owe me about a fortnight of five-minute lateness. I may have to start keeping you after."

"You don't want to wait in the lunch line any more than I do."

He sneered at this but I could see he recognized the truth in it. Bickering had almost become a preclass ritual, a contest; the class itself was very competitive, and I wondered if we might not have learned more if we had not constantly been trying to look good, to score points. A novel bubbled silently on each desk, and the other students were glad of a momentary reprieve from dealing with it. Heads turned gradually back to the front of the room; he stood briefly taking in the beaming faces.

I felt immediately distracted, somewhat bored, and began to look around the room. It was Spring, the more attractive girls had begun to indulge in halter tops and shorts, occasionally wrapping their nubile, golden-brown ankles in exotic European sandals. Back in the beginning of April, the sexual dynamic had begun to thrive more fully; warm weather had always brought a pervasive list to the campus after the cold clothed winter months; I enjoyed sitting in Commons, wallowing in the electricity and richness. Outside, the leaves of a small sapling turned over a pale, youthful green in the breeze, a green of worn, sunbleached tiles underfoot. The sky was ice blue and my eyes wanted to blink lazily, wind-blown, untill the sun fell down low and melted the tree tops. But I was stuck inside. On a Tuesday.





He talked on, playfully pendent, gesturing lightly and staring helplessly out the window. I watched his lips move and listened to his words bounce around in my head, sounding rather senseless but I couldn't really hear what he was saying anyway. Pens twitched; some abstractedly, dreamily, some sober and purposive. There was a note being passed furtively down one side of the room, one girl was thoroughly engrossed in playing with the split ends in her hair. I opened the book we were studying and tried to read some of the introduction, but it was another tiresome critic trying to call attention to some obscure connection between himself and the author. I opened my notebook, flipping through pages of sketchy, sleepy notes, the margins crammed with graphics of every kind. The first clean page looked like virgin snow, so, I scribbled lightly in the top, lefthand corner and from there spread out in short, jerky scratches. I pictured my wife in 50 years, digging my old notebooks out of the attic and selling my doodles for hundreds of dollars. When the page was almost done I left a small corner bare, to cause to arise in some trivia freak strange speculations. Let the empty corner suggest the intrinsic openendedness of the human predicament. I stopped digressing for a moment in response to a change in his tone of voice to a sinister sneer. He was getting ready to ask a question. I looked down hard and pretended to write untill the question was passed to some other unfortunate soul who hadn't read any of the book either. A few hands were raised; I took the opportunity of the ensuing debate to add to the note that had been passed down to my end of the room. The girl to my right had a magazine open on her desk revealing a few dead bodies scattered around the city streets and riot-helmeted crouching in doorways. I was about halfway through the article, in the middle of a paragraph describing widespread carnage and the local junta's attempts to restore peace, when the bell rang.

We filed out noisily, the more conscientious types arguing heatedly with him over some irrelevancy of definition; my step bounced a bit, in anticipation of a sunny, raucous afternoon. Everyone in the flood of people heading for lunch seemed to be grinning and squinting in the sunlight. A classmate fell in step beside me, obviously in as breezy and light-headed a mood as myself.

"You know, sometimes that class goes by really fast. I don't know whether it's him or the subject or what, but it zipped right by today. None of my other classes are like that." He had been one of the ones talking non-stop in class, making points.

"Yeah, I guess it's just because it's more entertaining than a lot of classes. It never gets boring."

— W.W. Daniel

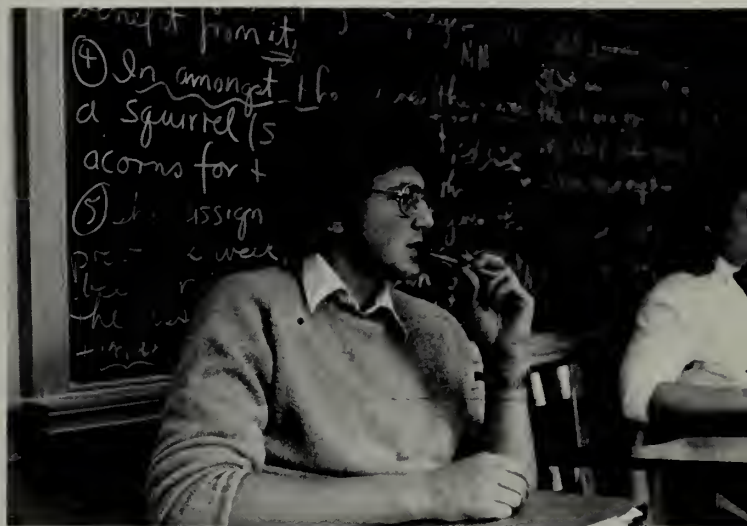


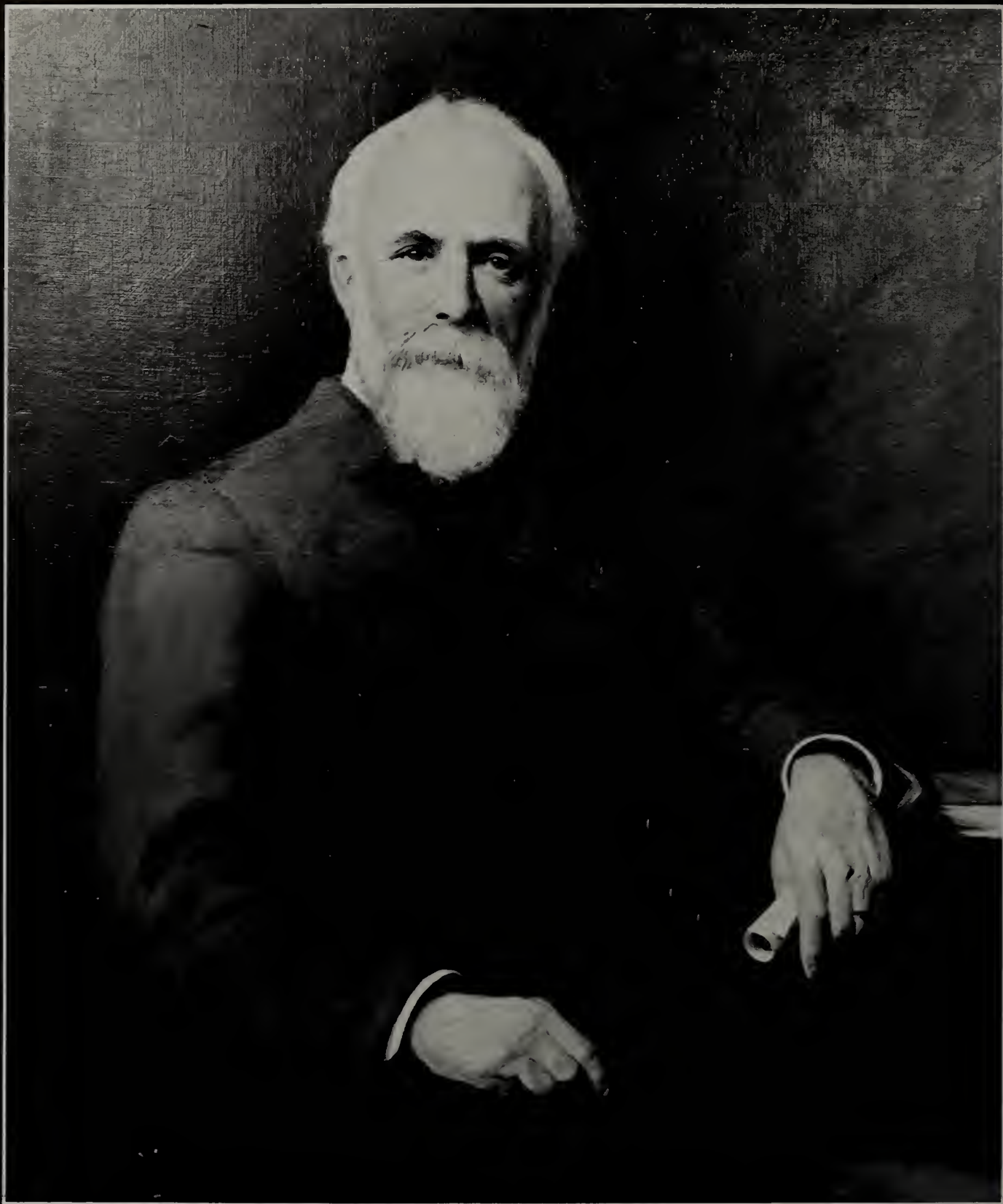












# THE INSTRUCTOR



PHILLIPS Academy is, at the very least, a unique environment: after trimming away all the observation and criticism, one is left with the statement that this is a singular place to live. When considering PA, a student has the opportunity to detach him or herself from it and treat it as school, a place away from home, and one of many early phases in life; a point of transition. As students, we are seldom if ever induced into imagining the experiences and attitudes of a person who has been here for thirty years. Or, for that matter, a person who has been here for more than four years. The question seems somewhat foolish for a student to try to understand what it is like to be anything other than a student in this environment. Anything here is necessarily pure speculation.

It's common and quite natural for students to think of Andover as temporary or transient, to see it as a link in the chain of growth and education. Because the alternatives of home during vacations and eventually graduation are integral parts of our conception of PA, the school does not play an overly weighty role in our lives when taken as wholes. How would that conception be altered if Phillips Academy were "home", both geographically and emotionally? It's a rare student who thrives on this little social microcosm, who defines his past, present, and future by it; and yet some find it absurd that there are members of the faculty passionately devoted to the life and welfare of PA, who put this above all else. In some cases, it may be difficult for a teacher to separate what is himself from what is the school, and because of this, he must care very much for it. There are senior Faculty members who should be considered as PA before Samuel Phillips Hall should be considered as PA. Then perhaps there are those to whom it is only a job.

The relationship between student and instructor will probably always be under close scrutiny; understandably so, as this relationship is the primary dynamic behind the process of education. Responsibility for the efficiency for the learning falls with the instructor and a solid knowledge of course material is not the only necessary qualification of a good teacher. At the same time, the chord struck between student and teacher that helps the student learn is elusive and hard to duplicate. Yet when the natural talent is there, it is not often appreciated for

what it is; we are also often quick to condemn a teacher who cannot strike the chord.

Another dimension of this relationship is that which lies out side of the classroom, and this dimension can never be treated adequately. Constant interaction between the two groups creates a milieu both enriched by constructive intellectual exchange and confused by the problems of authority and discipline. On the positive side, the all encompassing nature of this interaction may be the mainstay of our education. On the negative side, much affection and support can be lost to both sides through mutual hostility and psychological barriers. We, as a specific generation of students, have been characterized by a willingness to question and challenge established social strongholds, one of which is authority. We have often done this with gross subjectivity and bitterness, sometimes working against our own interests in the process. It seems a waste to have put up walls at times between ourselves and the faculty.

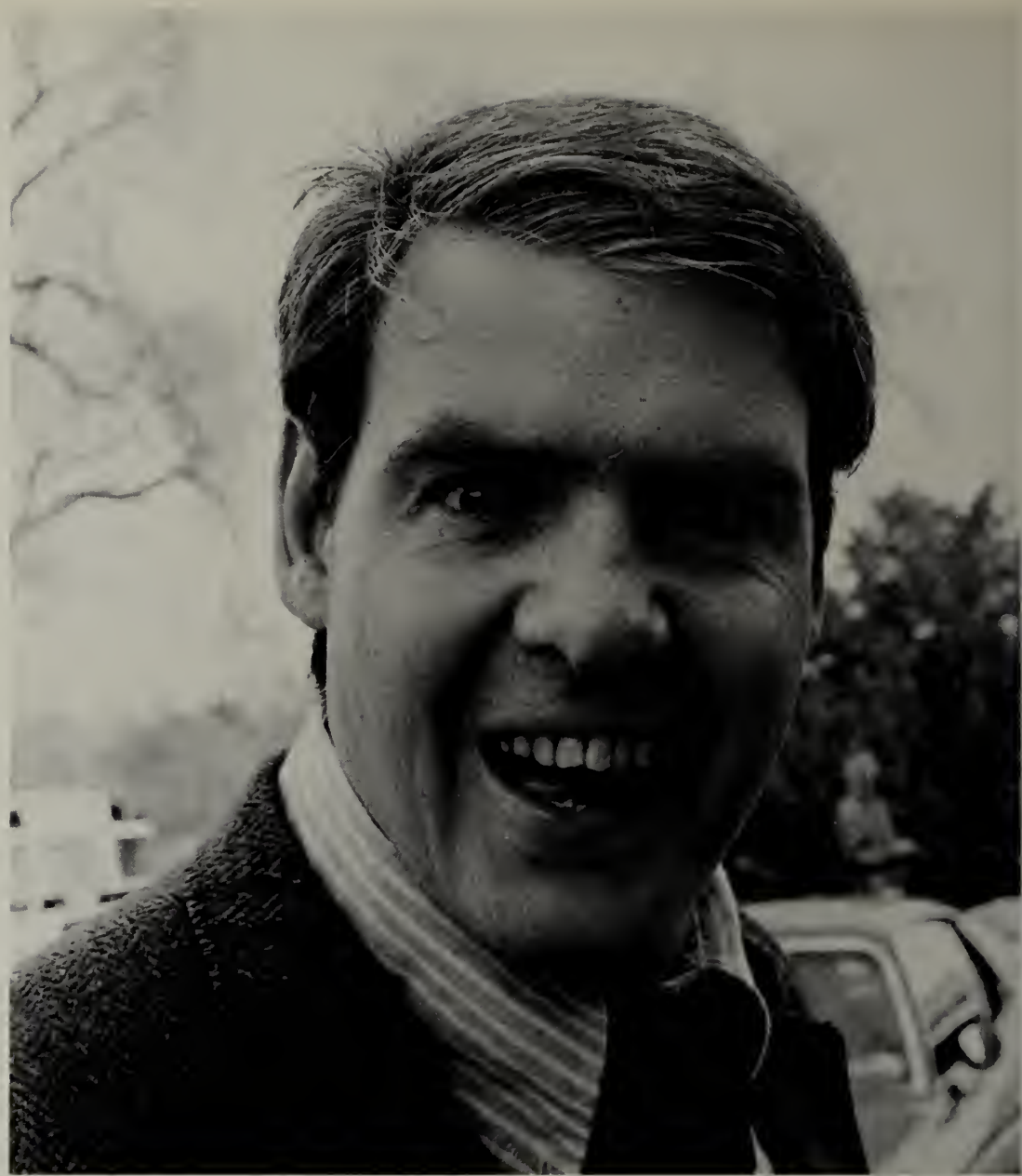
The whole question is complicated by the fact that we, both faculty and students, are a diverse and talented group. There are too many factors involved and new ones constantly being introduced; generalizations on the subject are almost ambiguous enough to be worthless. If nothing more, one can say that by the time we graduate, students and instructors will have exerted some fairly profound influences upon each other, and that they will continue to do so. This in itself is education.

As a student trying to evaluate the faculty, one may find an alarming tendency forget the primary purpose of the instructor at PA, that purpose being to provide one of the basic responsibilities of the teacher, it plays an ill-defined role, and, outwardly, takes secondary importance to academic education. The PA faculty is a highly skilled, unique group, a potential gold mine for students. The school has maintained a consistently high reputation and most seniors leave here feeling educated, at least within their own limits; these two facts reflect well on the instructors responsible.

The success of PA graduates says as much for the quality of the faculty as for the original talents of the students. Those teachers not loved and respected by students cannot justifiably be condemned. Those who are, stand acknowledged.

















BILL  
BUEHNER

This could be a very lengthy disquisition, in fact, an endless one. Were I merely to list my impressions of what is right with P.A., merely to catalogue the admirable achievements that I have beheld here during these past twenty-seven years, there would scarcely be a page left on which to cram the names of the graduating seniors.

So let's go at this the short way. Here are a few impressions that I have gleaned about things that have been going wrong at P.A. and that probably could be improved.

First of all, as an academic advisor I have been bothered by nightly dreams in which the old school appears to me as a slightly corpulent person just verging on middle-age spread. In his hand he seems always to be holding a large box of various munchies over which he constantly pores, ever and anon extracting some goody and chomping on it happily. These tasty, tempting snacks bear myriad catchy labels like "The Sociology of Lower Slobovia", "Math 32QS512", "The Armenian Novel in the Second Half of the Frist Week of August, 1923", etc. I invariably awaken from this dream with a lingering fear — a fear that variety of curricular offerings, which is a good thing itself, has deteriorated at P.A. into mere dilettantism. To put it bluntly, I cannot escape the impression that our academic spread is rapidly approaching the point of smear. Too many times, I have tried in vain to persuade an advisee not to sacrifice a sixth term of advanced study in a given field for one term of another subject in which his sole basis for choice is; "Joe took it last term and says it is a real gasser," or "If I can get into the section that meets at 10:00, I won't have any 8:00 classes," or — well you can cite plenty of other reasons of equal force and solidity.

Of course, I am not even waving a hand at the stock arguments in favor of our extremely rich catalogue of offerings. However, I have been asked, not to debate, but simply to give my impressions, and this is one of them: in the matter of curriculum, P.A.'s bill of fare could do with more main courses and fewer between-meal snacks.

My second lingering impression is of a little Junior or Lower standing before the Oracle of Delphi and asking how one fits eight hours of study and twenty hours of recommended activities into a twenty-four hour day.

I must make a confession here: I am a pedagogical

magpie. My filing cabinet in Pearson A contains copies of every major test I have given since 1951. In the course of the past year I have used a goodly number of these tests on all of my classes, from Latin 10 right through Latin 40. With one exception, these old tests were simply too hard for my 1977 classes. The answer? Well, I don't think the teacher has changed all that much, and I am sure that the students have not either. As a member of the admissions committee, I have concrete assurance that our recent admitees are at least as gifted as those of twenty years ago. And as for dedication, my current pupils are all so grimly intent upon doing well that I sometimes worry about them. Far too many times I have looked out upon such a sea of worried young faces that, at the cost of great personal sacrifice, I have felt impelled to declare a spontaneous free cut.

Well then, given the same good (excellent?) teacher and the same gifted, eager pupils, how to explain a fall off in performance? Easy — no more no-kidding, we-really-mean study hours.

I won't regale you here with the story of how, in the ancient past at P.A., what were called study hours were set aside imprescribably for that purpose. There's no point in telling you how untouchable, how sacrosanct the hours for 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. and from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. once were. Those who remember need not to reminded and those who do not could never bring themselves to believe me.

Now I know how valuable, how priceless the various activities are that currently keep many students occupied with everything but their books until 10 or 11 p.m. several nights each week. However, I have the impression that a subtle reversal has taken place in our concept of the curriculum. A friend of mine who knows Latin tells me that curriculum basically means a running course. I would submit that what keeps many P.A. students on the run these days to the very point of exhaustion is not their studies but their other activities. The net result is that activities have become strictly extra-curricular.

My final impression, therefore, is that the girls and boys of P.A. deserve a more even break. If they are going to be expected to study, they should be assured adequate, inviolate time to do so. Studies should be put back into the curriculum. If this be reason (sic), let us make the most of it.

— W.B. Buehner

# STEPHEN WHITNEY



AS retirement from Phillips Academy approaches, it's a pleasure to reflect on what has been a most interesting, stimulating and positive experience, and especially to savor my associations with students and colleagues who have meant so much to me.

To see a school almost double in size, become co-educational, and retain the same attraction for top-flight students and faculty and the same zest as in the 1930's gives me the feeling of great confidence in its future, however rough the road ahead may be.

That Phillips Academy has been able to maintain its vigorous life is a tribute to the support of its alumni, the strength of its faculty and the devotion of its Headmasters over the past forty-odd years.

Jack Fuess, Johnnie Kemper and Ted Sizer, each in his own way, have moved the school forward and enabled it to adapt to changing conditions. Under their guidance, the improvement in the faculty-student ratio, the extraordinary success of the art and drama programs, the spectacular growth of athletic and sports activities, the constant revision of the curriculum and course offerings to take advantage of new materials, methods and techniques, while retaining elements of proven value — all these have contributed to keeping the school the vibrant place it is. In addition, such innovations as School Year Abroad, the Short Term Institutes, (MS)<sup>2</sup>, and the National Network of Complementary Schools have made the school's offerings available to an ever broadening constituency.

As Phillips Academy enters its tri-centennial year, I wish it continued prosperity and success, with the hope that the brightness of its future may exceed that of its past.

— Stephen Whitney





As retirement approaches, my reactions are mixed. I find myself saying, "this is the last time I shall do that." On some of these occasions, the emotion is one of considerable regret. At other times, I am all too glad to be leaving the particular activity behind. I would not be retiring early if I were not looking forward to other things with which to occupy my time. At the same time, one cannot approach retirement without reflections. Thirty-seven years is a long time to spend with an institution. Conversely, thirty-seven years is a long time for an institution to put up with an individual!

As we all know (especially those of us who are older) one's memories tend to be pleasant. Fortunately, we forget the unhappy and remember the happy times. Accordingly, looking back through the years, all students

were good students. When, during reunions, an alumnus tries to remind me of his struggles with Bio 30, my reply is usually, "why I remember you as a good student."

I need not rely on this tendency of memory to emphasize the pleasant to say with all sincerity and honesty, that Phillips Academy has been a wonderful place to spend thirty-seven years. Where else could one have the enjoyment of teaching such an able group of students? Granted that some did less well than others, all were able. Most worked! And that made all the difference. Where else could one have the pleasure of daily association with colleagues of such high caliber? Not that we always agreed, but that we always respected each other's right to disagree and harbored no grudges. Where else could one work for an institution on which one could always depend for fair treatment? I have enjoyed working under three headmasters, each of whom has treated me with the utmost fairness and each of whom I could count as a real friend. Where else could one find such a beautiful spot in which to live and raise a family? Life has been very good to me at Phillips Academy and I shall always look back on my years here with great fondness.

If you will permit me, perhaps at this late stage in the game, I might hazard a few words of advice. They are 1) "work hard and take pride in your work," and 2) "develop and maintain a good sense of humor." These will go a long way toward seeing you through most of life's difficulties. And to you all, the best of luck for the future.

— Harper Follansbee



HARPER  
FOLLANSBEE



THEODORE RYLAND SIZER, Headmaster

"IT is not that I lack the desire to live beside rivers and among hills,  
Hearing the wind scatter leaves, watching the rain breed fish;  
But the thought of disproportion in public affairs  
Offends my sense of rhythm, and disposes me  
To expend the passion that normally takes form in song and painting  
On matters of administrative interest.  
Knowing that all things have their intrinsic nature,  
I, being the breed of the dragon, imitate the whale  
That perpetually aspires to change the currents of the sea.  
Torn by contradictory thoughts, I drink deep."

— Tu Fu





BILL GRAHAM

DONALD BADE

PETER BALEYKO

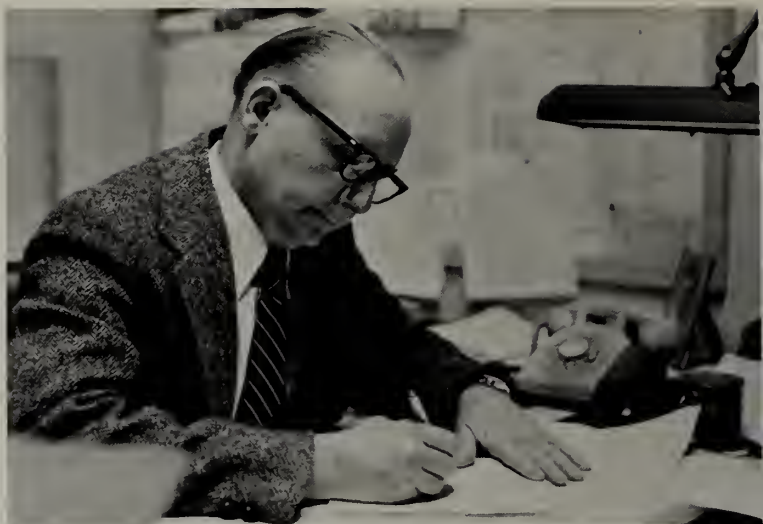


RICHARD GRIGGS

"ABBOT Academy and Phillips Academy got married because someone said, 'Two can live as cheap as one,' but nobody told them it would only be half as long."



ROBERT HULBURD



JUDY HAMILTON

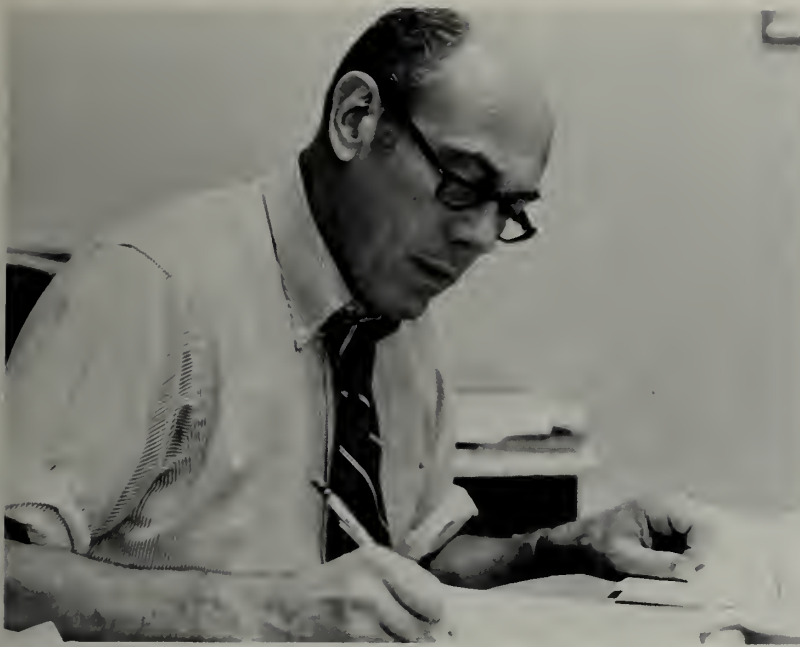
JACK MCCLEMENT

HERB MORTON

HARRISON MCCANN







PETER MCKEE  
JEAN MCKEE



JOSH MINER

ON alumni candidates and alumni: "We must take enough children of alumni to keep the alumni sullen but not mutinous." "The thicker the folder, the thicker the candidate."

Miner's Law: a candidate should weigh at least as much as his IQ.



DALTON MCBEE



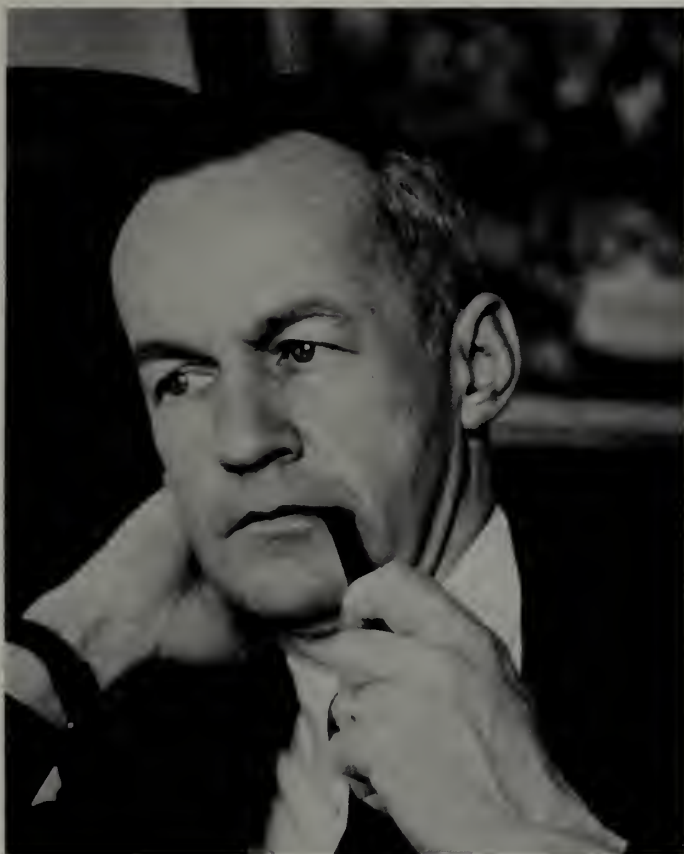
BARBARA MCDONNELL LOU ZUPPARDI



PHYLLIS POWELL

FRED STOTT

"YOU're only 200 once."



MICHAEL MOSCA

JOAN WALSH

DICKIE THIRAS



GEORGE NEILSON



NICKIE THIRAS





ROBIN CRAWFORD

ELIZABETH GEORGE



MARION FINBURY

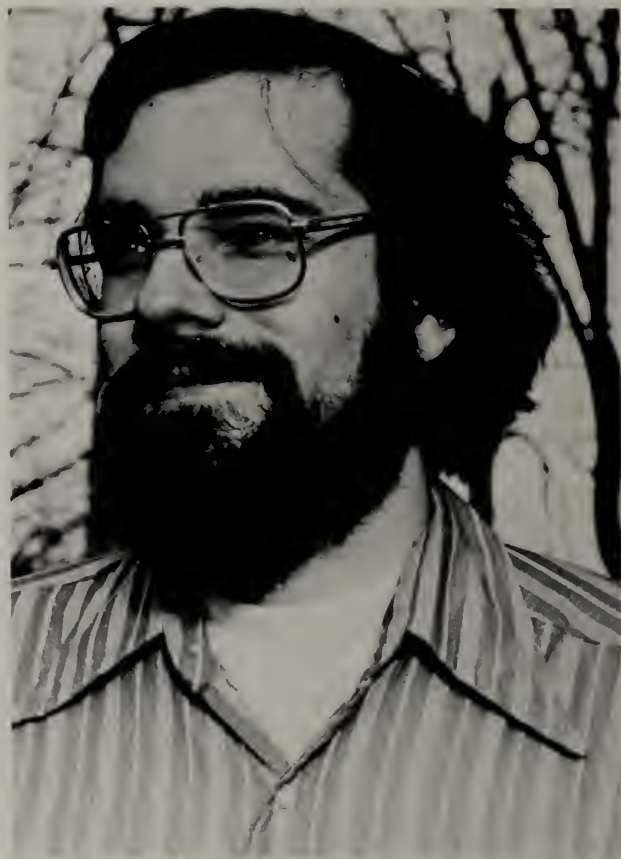
"IT depends."



DIANE KNIPE

# ARCHEOLOGY

RICHARD MACNEISH, Chairman  
ROBERT DRENNAN



# ART

AUDREY BENSLEY      DIZ BENSLEY

"WE can lick the gravity, but the  
paperwork is overwhelming."

— Werner von Brawn







SALLY BLOODGOOD

CHRIS COOK



DAVID HANSON

ALOYSIUS HOBAUSZ



"I like the simplicity that permits us to be more comfortably bedded in complexity. I cannot work faster than I can taste or live what is happening. We work for that part of our vision which is uncompleted . . . Some speak of a return to nature, I wonder where they could have been.

— Frederick Sommer

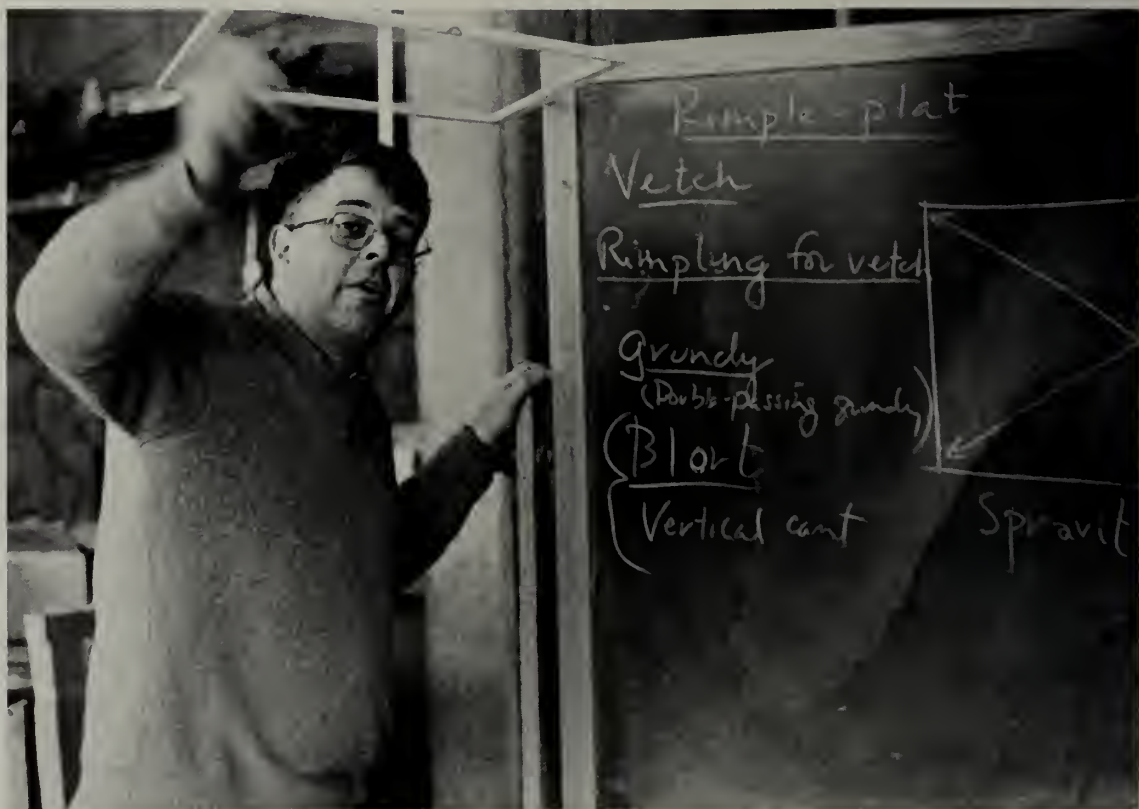
## VIRGINIA POWEL

"I had thought I was becoming senile and deaf until I realized it was only bubble gum."

## ELIZABETH AHERN



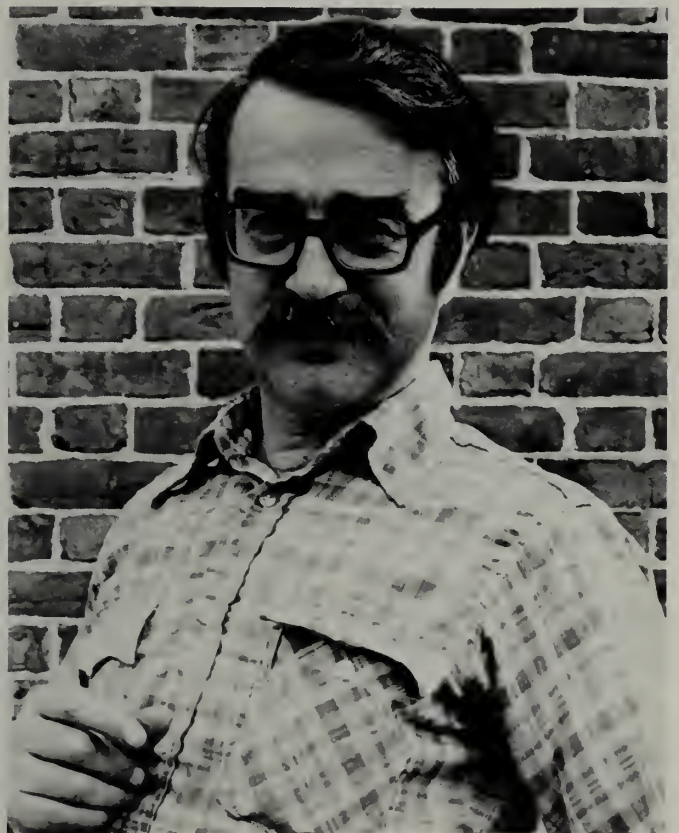
## BOB LLOYD, Chairman







DON SNYDER      ELAINE RABINOWITZ



THE WICKS      GERRY SHERTZER

# CLASSICS

VINCE PASCUCCI, Chairman

"THIS is the day which the Lord hath made."



ROBERT LANE

"IF everyone did all he was capable of, what a beautiful world it would be!"

— Chekhov

CARL KRUMPE

"RECEIVE what cheer you may. The night is long that never finds the day."

— Shakespeare



ELIZABETH  
TAYLOR

"TO sit alone in the lamplight with a book spread out before you, and hold intimate converse with men of unseen generations — such is a pleasure beyond compare."

— Yoshida Kenko



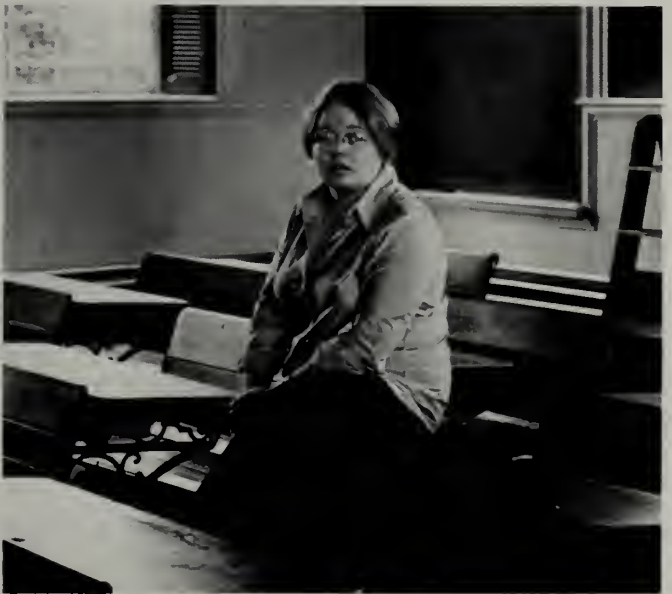
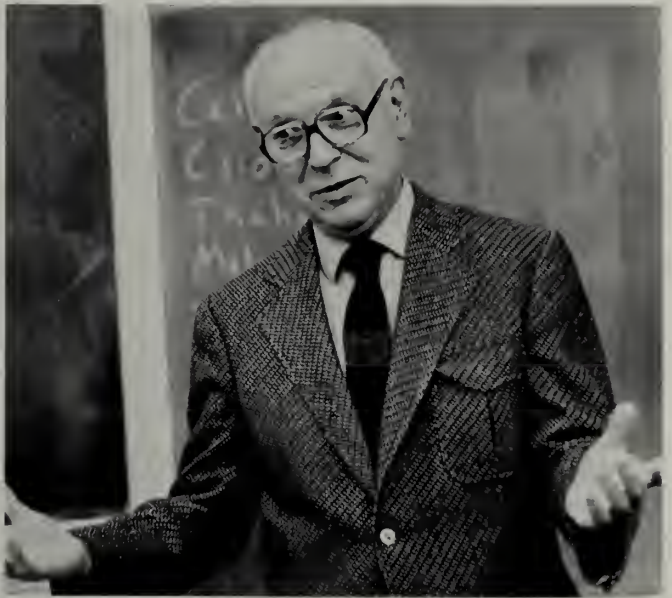




NICKOLAS KIP

BILL BUEHNER

"OLD Latin teachers never die; they just parse away."



SUSAN CLARK

"THE latin master is always frightfully keen on latin which he call classicks amo amas gender rhymes bonus and hic haec hoc which he quote with glee. Fancy a grown man saying huius huius huius as if he were proud of it it is not english and do not make SENSE"

— Nigel Molesworth Esq.

RON THORPE

# ENGLISH

BILL BROWN

ANNE BUGBEE



FRANK BELLIZIA

"TRY to see it under light."

CARROLL BAILEY





“‘MORNING brings back the heroic ages.’ Celebrate your 8 o’clock!”

PETER GILBERT

GEORGE EDMONDS



DAVID COBB

TONI EGGER

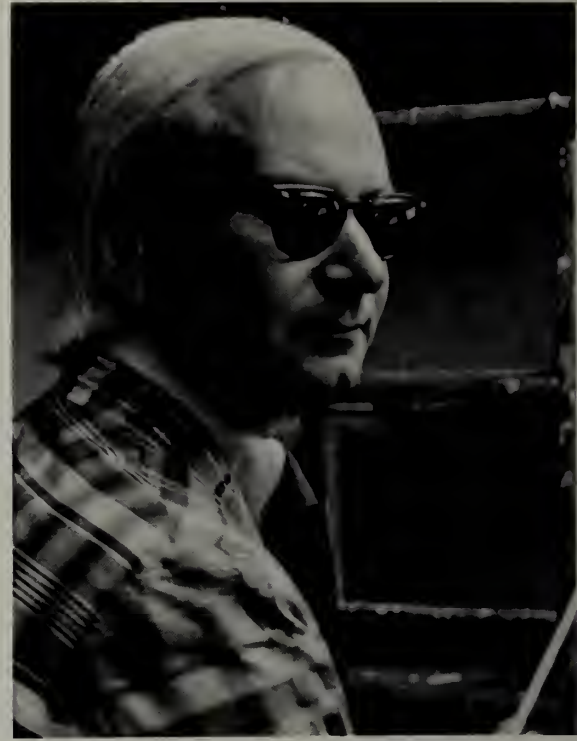
PAUL KALKSTEIN

DON GOODYEAR

MICHAEL LOPES

"THE human body gives off  
more heat, pound for pound,  
than the sun."

— San Francisco Chronicle



CHRIS KIRKLAND

"YOU'LL always be a  
player on the ballfield of  
my heart."





CAROL IRISH

FRED PETERSON



MEREDITH PRICE

"THE seniors of 'The Towers' . . . and a good many other seniors as well, leave so many acts of kindness and of love."

HAL OWEN



THE SYKES



“BONES” REGAN, Chairman

HOLLY SORENSEN

JONATHON STABLEFORD



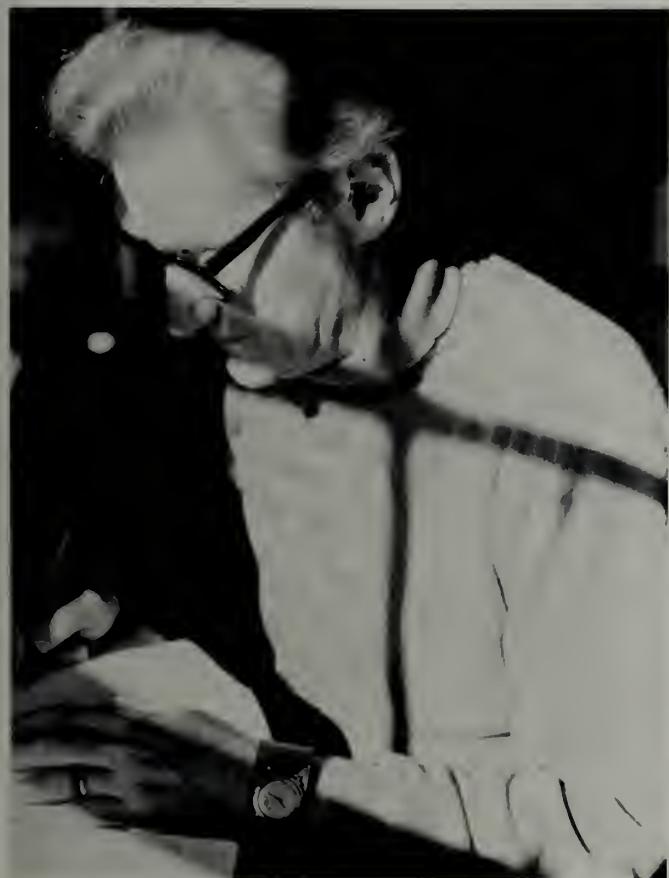


JEAN ST. PIERRE



K. KELLY WISE

"MANKIND cannot bear much reality."  
— T.S. ELIOT



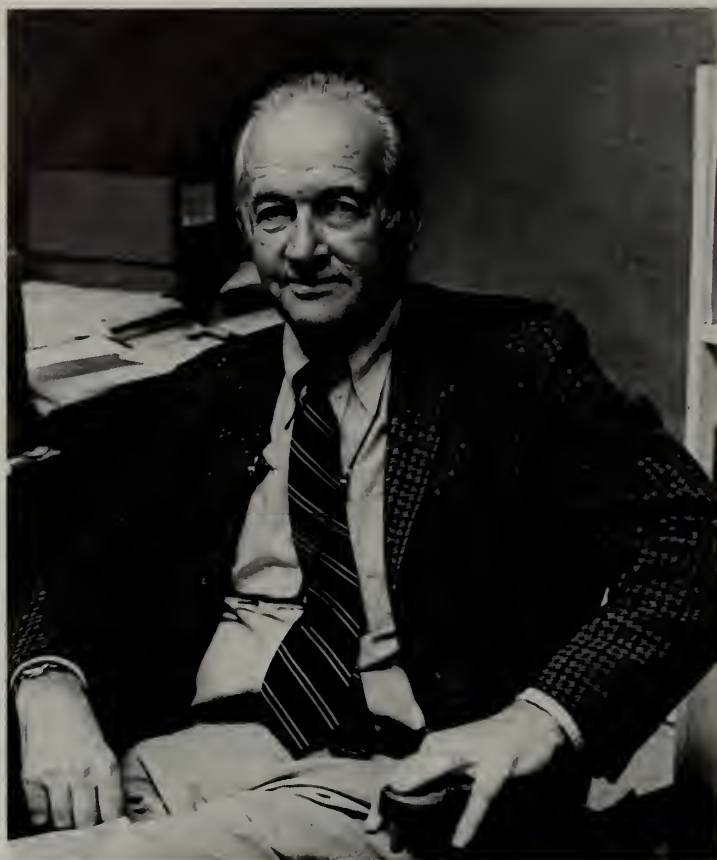
BAIRD WHITLOCK

MARY VAN DUSEN

# HISTORY

FRITZ ALLIS, Chairman

WAYNE FREDERICK



VIC HENNINGSSEN

JAMES BUNNELL







TOM LYONS



SUSAN LLOYD

MARY MINARD

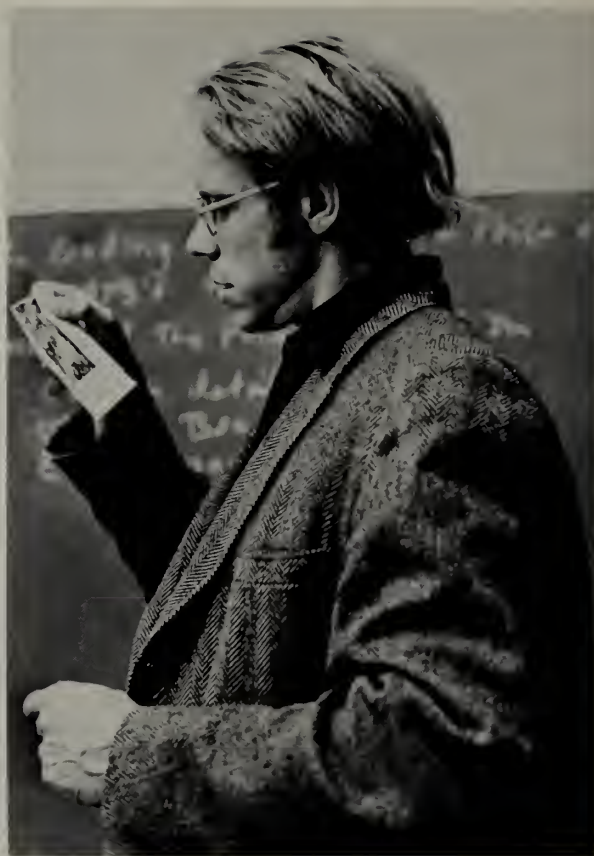
JOHN MCCULLOH



## ED QUATTLEBAUM

"OUT in Utah, the guys and I dig a city called Salt Lake

— Brian Wilson



## JACK RICHARDS

"HISTORY is bunk!"

— Henry Ford



## GIL SEWALL

## SCOTTI ROYCE







NANCY SIZER

“‘WHAT do you say,’ Tzu-kung asked, ‘of a man who is liked by all of his fellow citizens?’

‘That it is not enough,’ Confucius told him.

‘Then what about one who is disliked by all of them?’

‘That is still not enough to judge from. The best thing would be for him to be liked by the good, and disliked by the bad.’”

## MATHEMATICS



DOUG  
CRABTREE



WILLIAM DANIELS

“FOR a more careful explanation see the appendix.”

GEORGE BEST

THE ECCLES

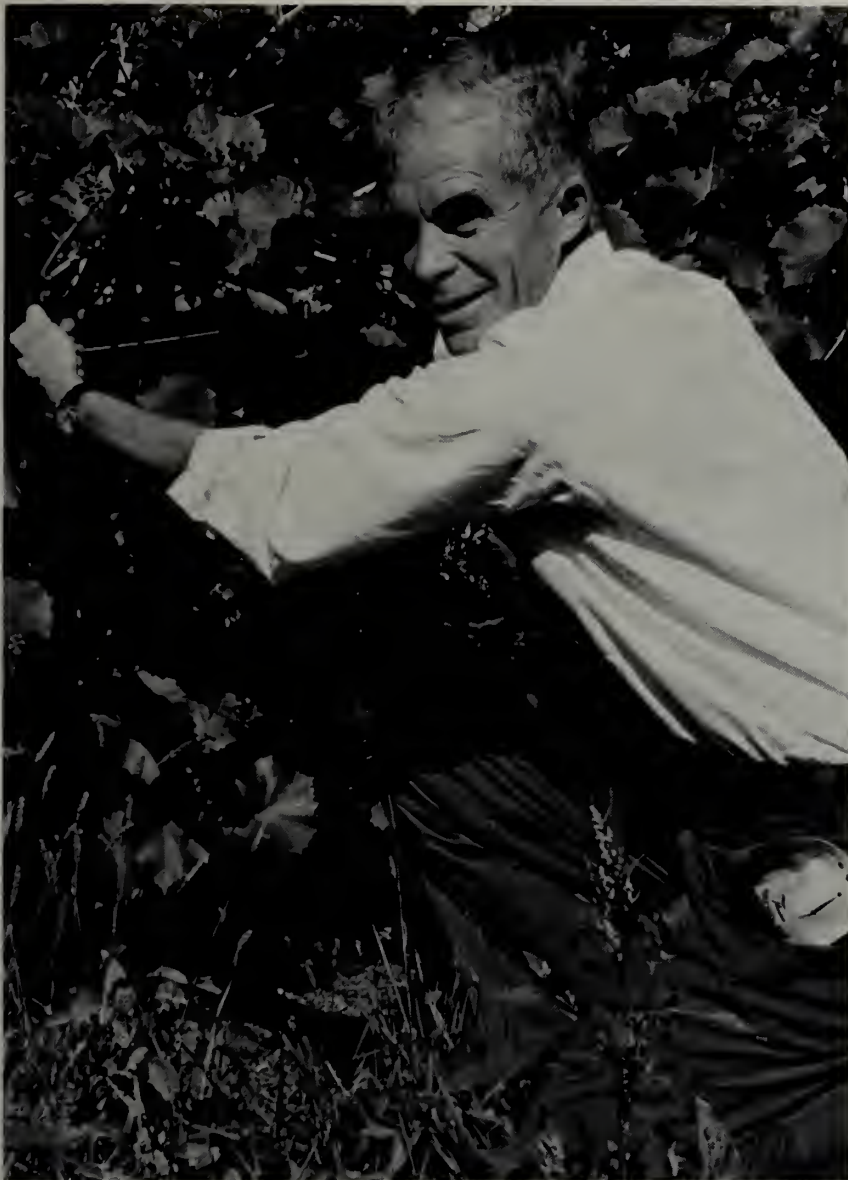
SALLY FISCHBECK



SHERM DRAKE      FRANK HANNAH

"WHEN in doubt — think of an inclined plane!"





LOU HOITSMA

TED HAMMOND, Chairman "THINGS  
take time."



MARTHA JOHNSON

MAURY HEPNER

JOHN LUX

ZAB WARREN

"WHY cumbreth it the ground?"  
— St. Luke 13



PAT KOZEL

CLEM MORELL





# FOREIGN LANGUAGES

## FRENCH

STEVE VOORHEES



NAT SMITH  
"B.S. Krebs."

"GORK."  
"IT'S time for an opportunity."



SAM ANDERSON

"LES grands diseurs ne sont pas les grands faiseurs."

MARIE BARATTE

CATHERINE  
KIRKLAND

HENRY HERBST

GEORGE DIX



DANIEL OLIVIER



YOLANDE BAYARD







THE SCHORRS

STEVEN WHITNEY



HENRY WILMER



HALE STURGES,  
Chairman

JOHN CHIVERS, Chairman

"An old rapscaillon  
banjo sleeps with dust . . ."

## GERMAN

JOE WENNIK

JAMES BRODERICK



## RUSSIAN

SANDRA URIE





ALANSON STEVENS, Chairman



## SPANISH

ANGEL RUBIO, Chairman

"DIBUJA un plano de tu deseo y vive en ese plano dentro siempre de una norma de belleza."

— Federico Garcia Lorca



THE WHITEHEADS

"... TODA la vida es  
sueno, y los sueñas,  
suenos son."

STEPHANIE  
BENNETT

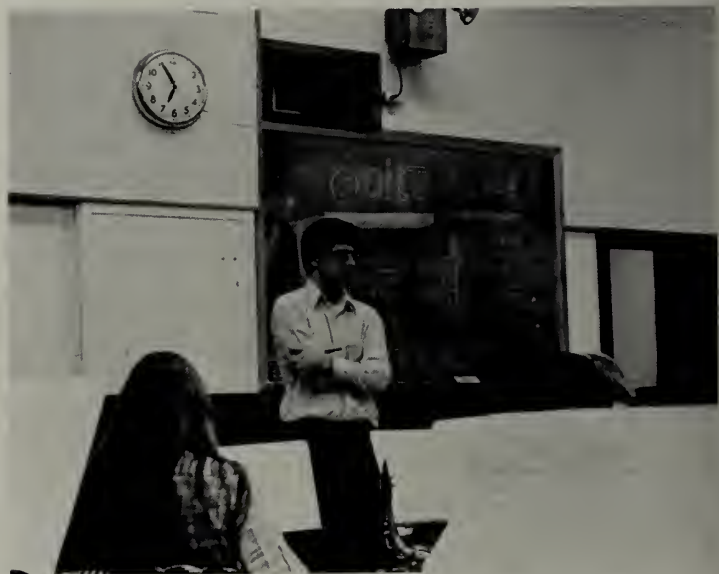


DOROTHY JUDD  
 "EL hoy fugaz es tenue y  
 es eterno; otro Cielo no  
 esperes, ni otro  
 Infierno."  
 — Jorge Luis Borges

## MUSIC



SALLY SLADE WARNER  
 WILLIAM CLIFT



RICHARD WILSON





WILLIAM THOMAS, Chairman

## JACK CLAY

"THE creator's function is to sift the elements he receives from (imagination), for human activity must impose limits on itself. The more art is controlled, limited, worked over, the more it is free. As for myself, I experience a sort of tenor when, at the moment of setting to work and finding myself before the infinitude of possibilities that present themselves, I have the feeling that everything is permissible to me . . ."

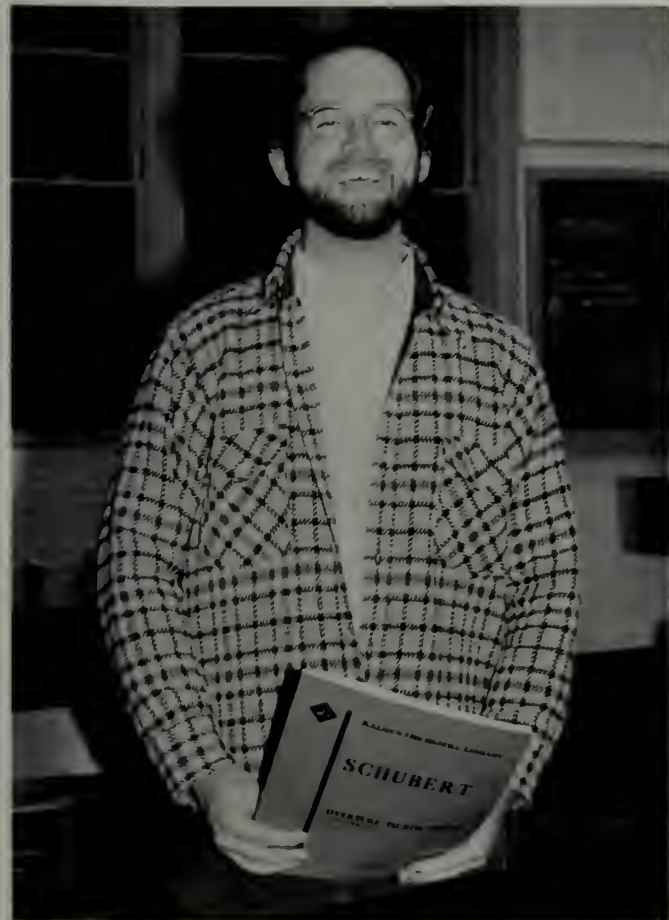
— Stravinsky

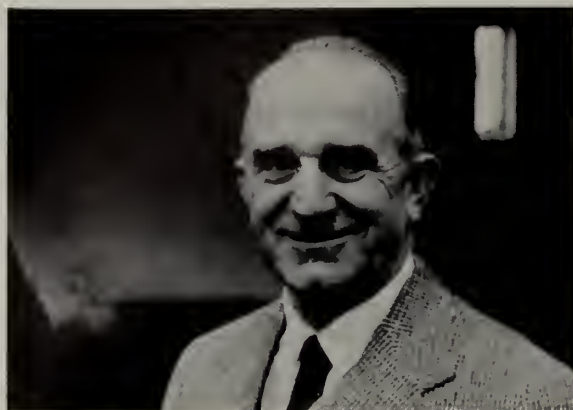


DAVID IRWIN

"NEVERMORE, however weary, should one faint by the way who gains the blessing of one mountain day; whatever his fate, long life, short life, stormy or calm, he is rich forever."

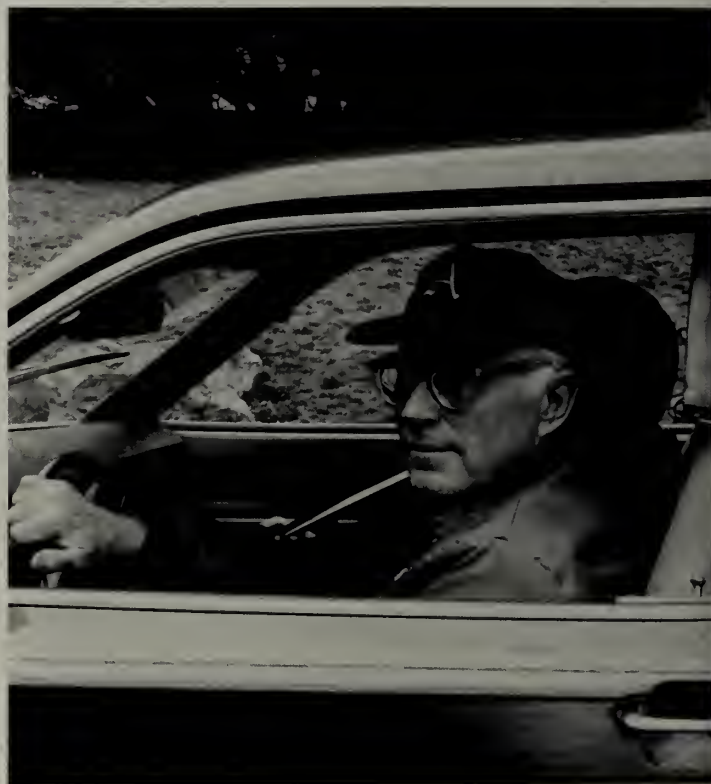
— John Muir





CRISTINA RUBIO

"All the performing arts came from dancing and all the plastic arts, like painting and sculpture, come from building. And the stars, of course, dance around the sun."  
— Havelock Ellis



AL COLTHARD



SHIRLEY RITCHIE



CAROL BRECHER



JAKE BRONK

THE HARRISONS

# PSYCHOLOGY

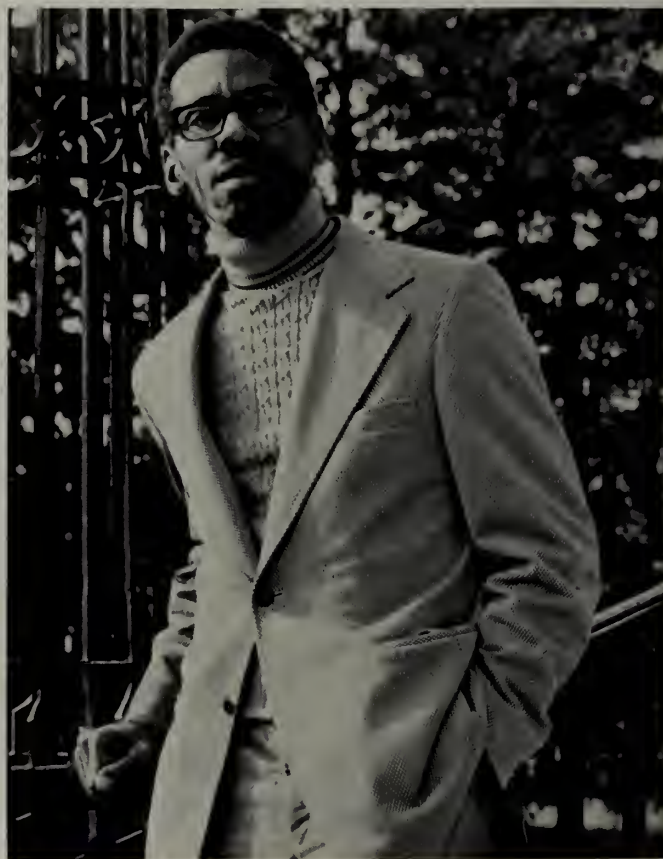
STEPHANIE PERRIN    KARL ROEHRIG,  
Chairman



ZANDA KUBLER MERRILL

# RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

TED WARREN



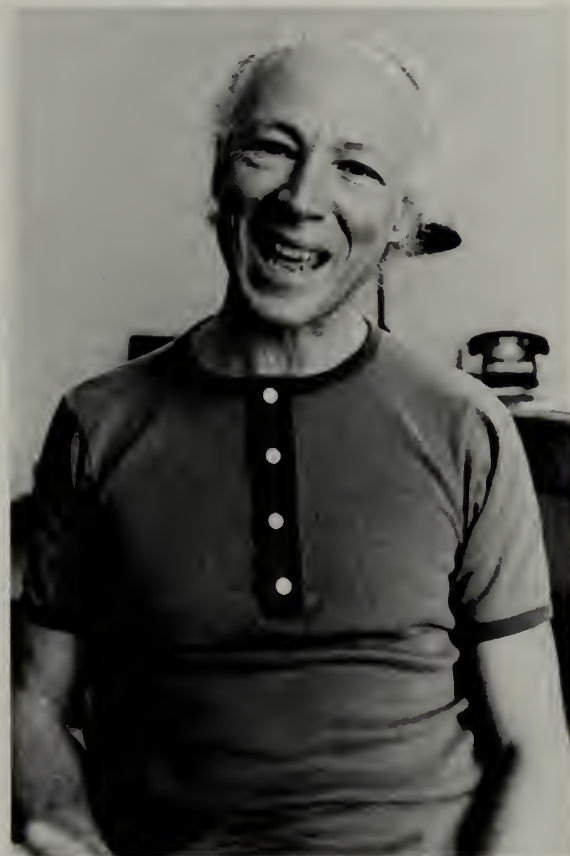




VINCE AVERY

"PULL up a pew."

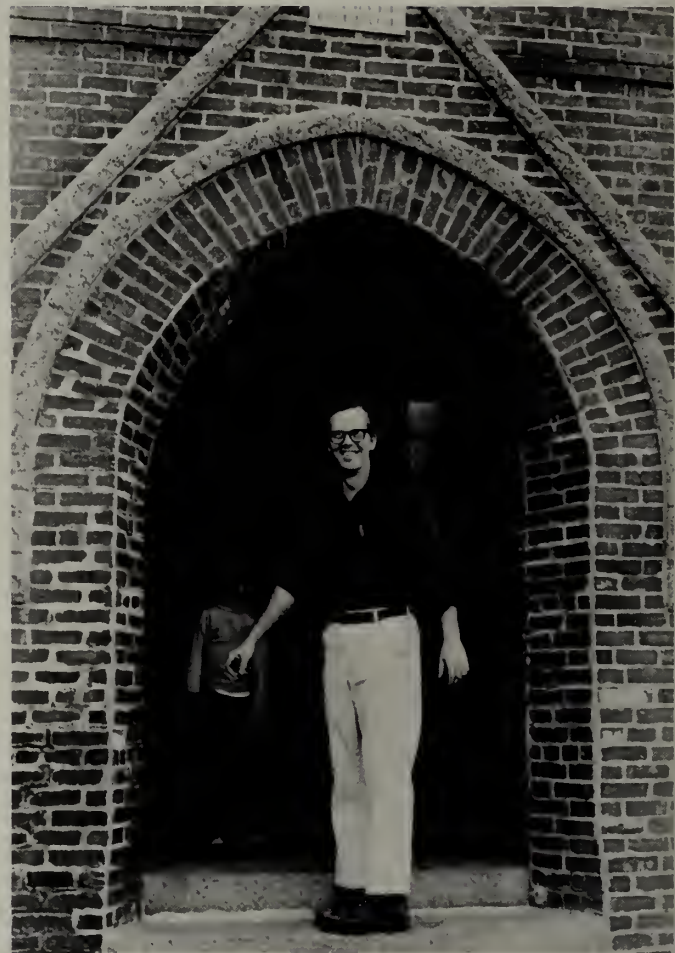
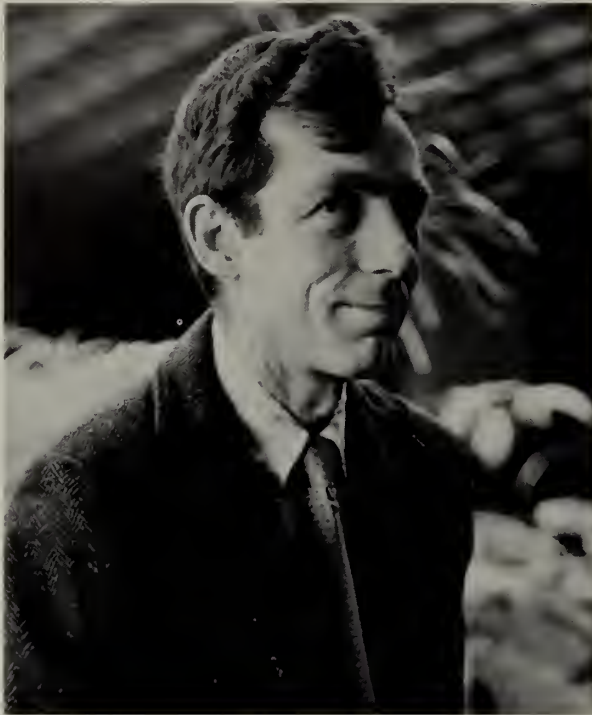
EVERETT GENDER



THOMAS HODGSON

GINA NOLAN





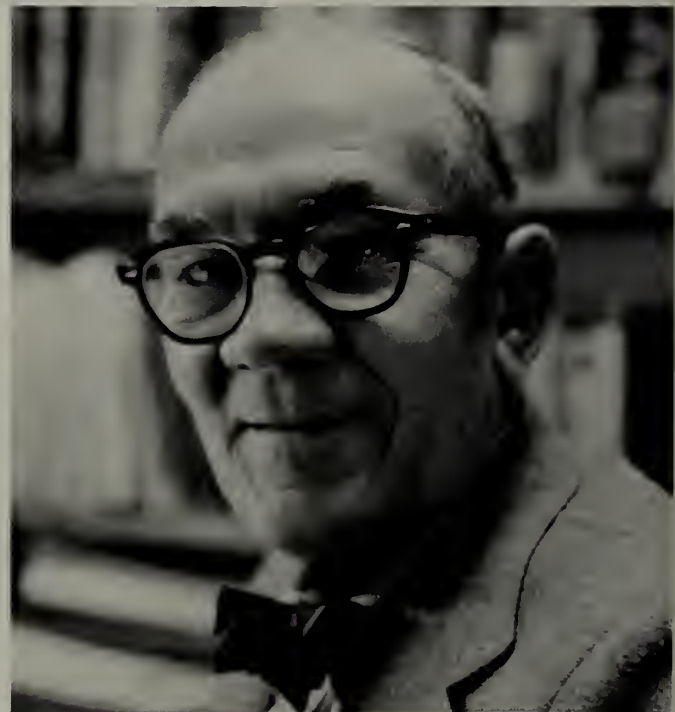
## CHERYL GELZER

"WHAT happens to a dream  
deferred?

Does it dry up  
like a raisin in the sun?  
Or fester like a sore —  
And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?  
Or crust and sugar over —  
like a syrupy sweet?  
Maybe it just sags  
like a heavy load.  
Or does it explode?"

— Langston Hughes



## HARPER FOLLANSBEE

"FIFTEEN dollars for the text. Too bad  
you don't bother to read it!"



CHARLES WILLAND



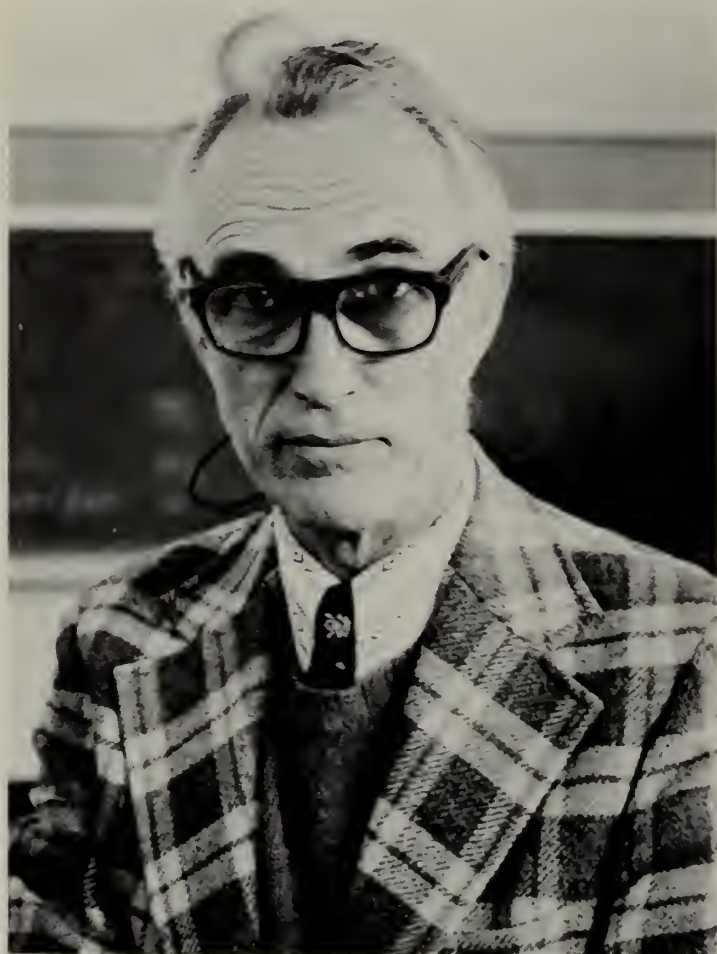
MARC KOOLEN



BARBARA HAWKES



LEE KAPLAN





PHIL WELD

JAMES WILSON



## PHYSICS



DOUG HARDIN



ROBERT PERRIN

SCOTTY APGAR

"DON'T do the crime  
if you can't do the  
time."



JAY SARTON

"dB =  $U_i \sin x dl / 4\pi R^2 R$ , of course!"



# THE PLAYING FIELD





# FIELD HOCKEY

BUMBLING? . . . Bizarre? . . . Berserk? . . . Nevertheless, a team that "sticks" together, wins together, and the girls' varsity Field Hockey team's 6-2 season exemplifies our unified efforts towards well-earned victories. With M&M's supplied bi-weekly by our manager, Vicky Hull, and a contest sponsored by Carrie Cunningham for the most "far-out" pair of socks, the Field Hockey season was far from monotonous. Why, the entire first line could hardly stay positioned long enough before our coach would totally rearrange the line-up behind our backs. Through the jogging, the drills, the attempted scrimmages, and the ten-second wind sprints, we all maintained our due respect as a physically "fit" team. Losing only to Pingree, St. Paul's, and Exeter (all with traditionally acclaimed hockey seasons), the entire Blue squad felt that if it just hadn't been so slippery, cold, or dark, we could've smashed the opponents to a pulp. How can a group with such exuberant spirit and zeal be overlooked when glanced at and flipped through in an Andover yearbook?

Alas, if it hadn't been for our fearless leader, Marjorie Harrison, and her assistant, Regina Nolan, Field Hockey would have been just "another game."







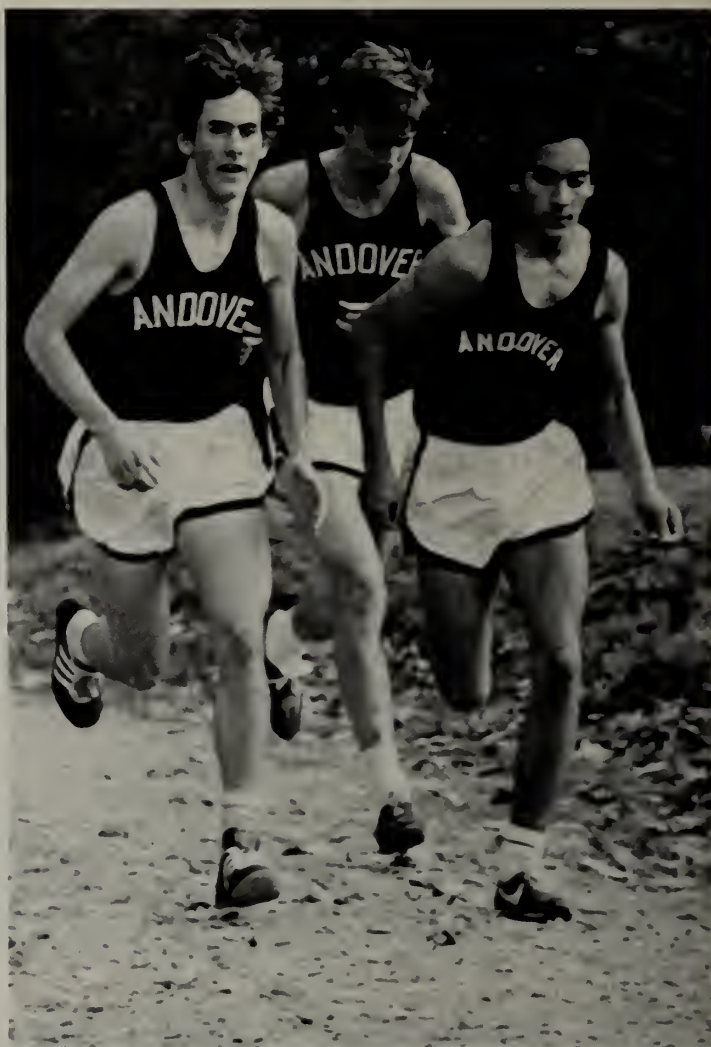


# CROSS COUNTRY

CROSS Country — its a disease which infects the human body in mid-June and is usually conquered by late November with the N.E.P.S. championship meet. Doctors tend to agree on the symptoms — an urge to run five to fifteen miles a day over hot, dusty trails or bustling city streets, or to toil over a hundred miles of double workouts during a week of training camp. Some talk of a cure, but people just won't donate to the cause. Unavoidably, this year's Cross Country team was left helpless — attacking hoards of football players singlehandedly, or sporting bright, blue tights topped with yellow turtlenecks, members of the squad ran themselves silly, babbling all the way to the Interschols with an unblemished record.

All the hard work paid off. Andover left the 1976 Interschols with three prize-winning teams: an undefeated varsity, an unscored upon junior varsity, and an unbeatable girls squad led by two uppers. Great teams, however, need more than just determination and hard work to win: they need high morale, respect for each other, and, above all, high regard for their coach. Ron Schloss's rigorous workouts and smiling encouragement gave us the strength and will to be winning teams.

The season is over, but those who will remain and those who will leave will have something in common for the future — the memories of the good times with our amiable co-captains, Tom "Frenchie" French, and Ed "Coolie" Suslovic.







# BOYS SOCCER

EVEN though our record might not seem impressive, our season was a success. From the beginning in early September to that icy field at Exeter, the varsity Soccer team played, worked and stuck together as a team. Overall, we won seven games and lost five, with four of the losses to college squads. The single prep-school loss was to a powerful Deerfield squad.

Throughout the season, seniors and underclassmen alike helped to hold the team together in practice and competition. But the two people who helped the most were Mr. Price and Mr. Koolen; their superb coaching and never-ending encouragement was undeniably instrumental to the team's success. Co-captains, Bill Yun and Mark Caputo, with their fine leadership and tireless play, also aided in bringing solidarity to the large squad of talented players.

When we outplayed, outhustled, and outscored the Exeter opposition, 2-0, it was a real team effort culminating in the biggest win for Andover soccer this year. For the second year in a row, Andover had upset a favored Exeter team.













# FOOTBALL

THIS has not been a good season for the Andover varsity football team. Just a few points in a couple of crucial games could have made all the difference in the world. The first game of the season was against Worcester and the squad regarded the contest as little more than a scrimmage. Worcester has seldom been a football powerhouse and when they handed the Blue their first loss of the season, the Andover squad was surprised and blamed it on the short pre-season practice period. The loss against Choate was discouraging but the hurricane conditions made normal play impossible. Choate got lucky in the miserable weather and managed to come out on top. The squad felt that there was nothing they could have done to win this game; PA was at the mercy of the elements and just did not get the breaks they needed.

The biggest blow of the season was the Lawrenceville game. Andover outplayed the Larries in every way and were superior in every single statistic except the one that counts. It was this 16-14 loss which really destroyed the confidence the team had in themselves. The lack of confidence was very

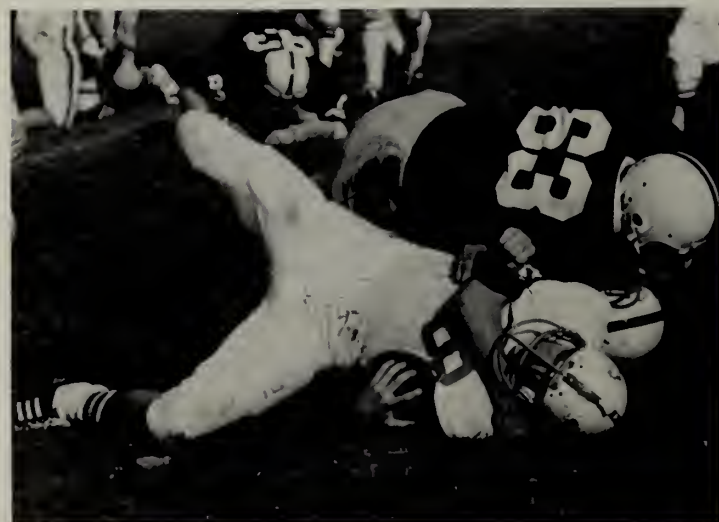
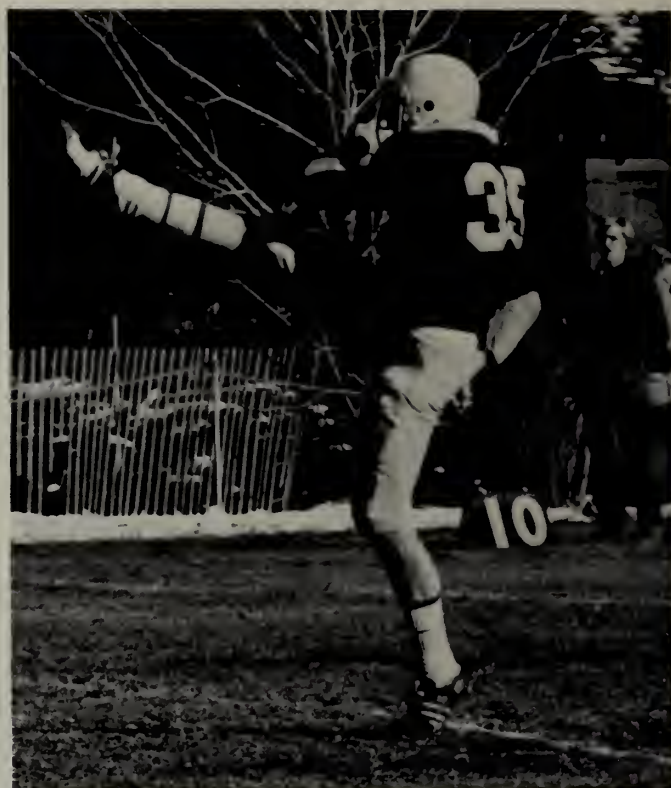
apparent in the Mt. Hermon game the next week; Andover lost again, 14-12. The same pattern developed in the Deerfield game: Andover pushed well down into the Deerfield end of the field six times and only managed one touchdown. The Blue came out of the game with an 8-8 tie, but felt they should have won it. The Tabor disaster was the product of four losses. The Tabor team was undefeated, Andover had not won a game, and the Blue went into that contest with a negative attitude. After Tabor got out to an early lead, the Blue would just as soon have conceded the contest they were so offensively impotent.

There were some very talented football players on the team, but the squad lacked depth. Captains Buck Burnaman and Gerry Harrington were encouraged by the development of surprises like Jorge Virgili, Bill Best, John Lyons, and Mike Taylor who really came into their own during the season. The addition of gifted PGs like Preston Wright, Dave Gutzke, Doug DeSimone, Tom Bresnehan, and Joe Zeoli helped the squad, but, as Burnaman commented, "You can't build a team around PGs. You need the depth which we did not have."













## PI-2 IN THE SKY

THERE'S always something in the air on Andover-Exeter weekends, but this year the air was especially full. The weekend began prematurely when two of our students inhaled a heady draught of the school spirit which had by midweek laced the air; off they went, into the wild Red yonder where they swooped low and trajected a pie-plate full of gooey, dubious judgement, a recipe for trouble. This bolt out of the Blue was coolly received by both its target, the Exeter Headmaster, and various leaders of the Andover community. Hot controversy was next in the air as campus leaders debated the fate of the two students and then dismissed them, with reapplication possibility left up in the air. Whether the decision was just or not, the climate and the weekend took on a sudden chill, which the weather promptly matched.

At Friday night's Pep Rally, another kind of atavism filled the frigid air as a modest tribal contingent blue with more than loyalty sent up torch and other fumes, peppered cheerleaders with snowballs, demanded warlike speeches, fired an A, and left the rest to chants. Ubiquitous Bicentennial filmmakers lent the occasion harsh lights and self-consciousness.







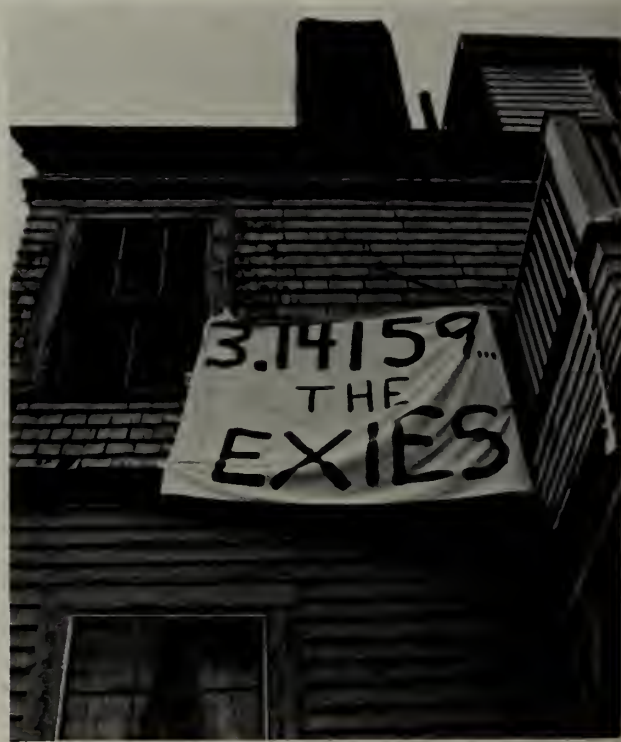
Saturday morning arrived harshly before dawn with P.A.'s brassy band blasting tradition through the dark, icy air all over the campus. In an astonishing reflex of spontaneous spirit and unity, hundreds of aroused students rolled traditionally over and went back to sleep. Awakening a couple of hours later, they found hanging in the air neither frozen drum beats nor the band conductor, but a score of painted bed sheets bearing immodest proposals. A linen sign flapping from an upper window in Churchill House had the crust to pick up the week's pastry motif and toss the football team a hot pun:

### 3.14159 THE EXIES

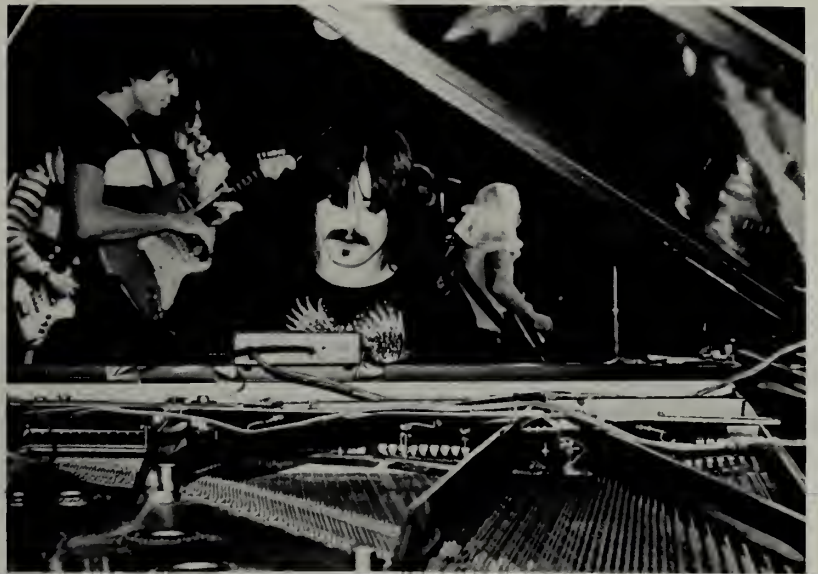
Time alone would tell how much math the football team knew, or whether they could solve the problem. As that time approached, hundreds followed their white breaths, past anachronistic vendors waving souvenir banners and plastic horns, and filed through the gates to the field. In the two hours which followed, a wondrous assortment of Things filled the air: the crunch of hostile shoulder pads, Exeter passes, SHRED THE RED, a slogan-trailing monoplane, an Exeter field goal, drum beats, feeble sunlight, hurtling Exeter running backs, a film-making helicopter, the sound of a helicopter supplanting quarterback signals, frantic administrative arms waving the helicopter away, Andover punts, Colonel Bogey's halftime March played by a sleepy and frozen band, another kickoff, SCREW THE BLUE, plastic horn blasts, a mounting Exeter score, a gradual shifting of noise from the west to the sparse east side of the field, and parting shots — the defense played well, but the offense never got off the ground.

After that downer, many students began to get up for the weekend's other dessert, the James Montgomery and Poussette Dart Band concert, the final course of repast that had thus far been as cold and flat as a November pie in the ski.

— David Cobb







# THE STAGE





In the DRAMA LAB at 7:00

Wednesday Friday

Thursday Saturday

## FOUR PLAYS BY ALBEE

### THE AMERICAN DREAM

with Rachel Shub  
Jim Spader  
Tod Randolph  
Taiyi Greaves  
Chris Ratte

### THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH

with Tony De La Rosa  
Mac Johnson  
Rebecca Lish  
Kosta Demos  
George Greene  
Suzy Page  
Garrett Randolph

### THE SANDBOX

with Ben Batchelder  
Joanie Kubisch  
Stuart Fullerton  
Seth Lloyd  
Debbie Bedford

### ZOO STORY

with Maged Tomeh  
Steve Posey

THIS year was a learning year for drama at P.A. The vacuum created by last year's departed Seniors created many vacancies to be filled by the up and coming new talent. This proved to be just as exciting for me as last year's season because I was able to watch and help people develop their skills and abilities. They all learned very quickly, and everyone was amazed at the scope and talent that was present. People like Steve Posey, Garret Randolph, Rachel Shub, Maged Tomeh, and Steve Schwartz blended well with the old hands like Jim Spader and Becca Lish.

It was also a year for variety and multi-media on the stage. Robert Smythe's controversial production of The Point utilized music, dance, mime, puppets, and slides to produce a coherent drama form. There were powerful plays like Zoo Story, and No Exit; musicals like The Me Nobody Knows, Trial By Jury, and Cabaret; and comedies such as Scapino and Butterflies are Free.

All in all, it was a very productive and enjoyable year for everyone involved in Phillips Academy Drama.

— Chris Randolph



# THE ZOO STORY



DIRECTOR Harold Owen initiated the Fall term in the Drama Lab with a series of four short plays by Edward Albee: The American Dream, Zoo Story, The Death of Bessie Smith (directed by Christopher Randolph), and The Sandbox (directed by Rebecca Lish). Producing the Albee Festival was an interesting experiment because, although none of the plays is a dramatic "classic," each one represents a different aspect of Albee's development as a successful playwright — Dream: biting satire on American values; Zoo Story: a desperate quest for personal identity; Bessie Smith: a tragic study of racial discrimination; and Sandbox: a fifteen-minute existentialistic portrait of death. All four combine comedy and social comment in a manner characteristic of Albee's more well known works.

## THE SANDBOX





## THE AMERICAN DREAM



## THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH

# SCAPINO







ENGLISH Instructor Donald Goodyear staged the first mainstage performance of the year, *Scapino*, a modern adaptation of Moliere's play, transformed by Goodyear into a farce of the *comedia dell' arte* genre. *Scapino's* plot was a confusion of mischievous deceptions, silly problems of unrequited love, and a lot of jumping around. All the actors, whether clowns or straightmen, performed their parts as beautiful cameos, and Tom French, who played the title with boundless energy, displayed remarkable versatility in some unforgettable hilarious stereotypes. The play emerged as a unified, quick-paced comedy that left the audience in high spirits.



# WHO KILLED SANTA CLAUS?



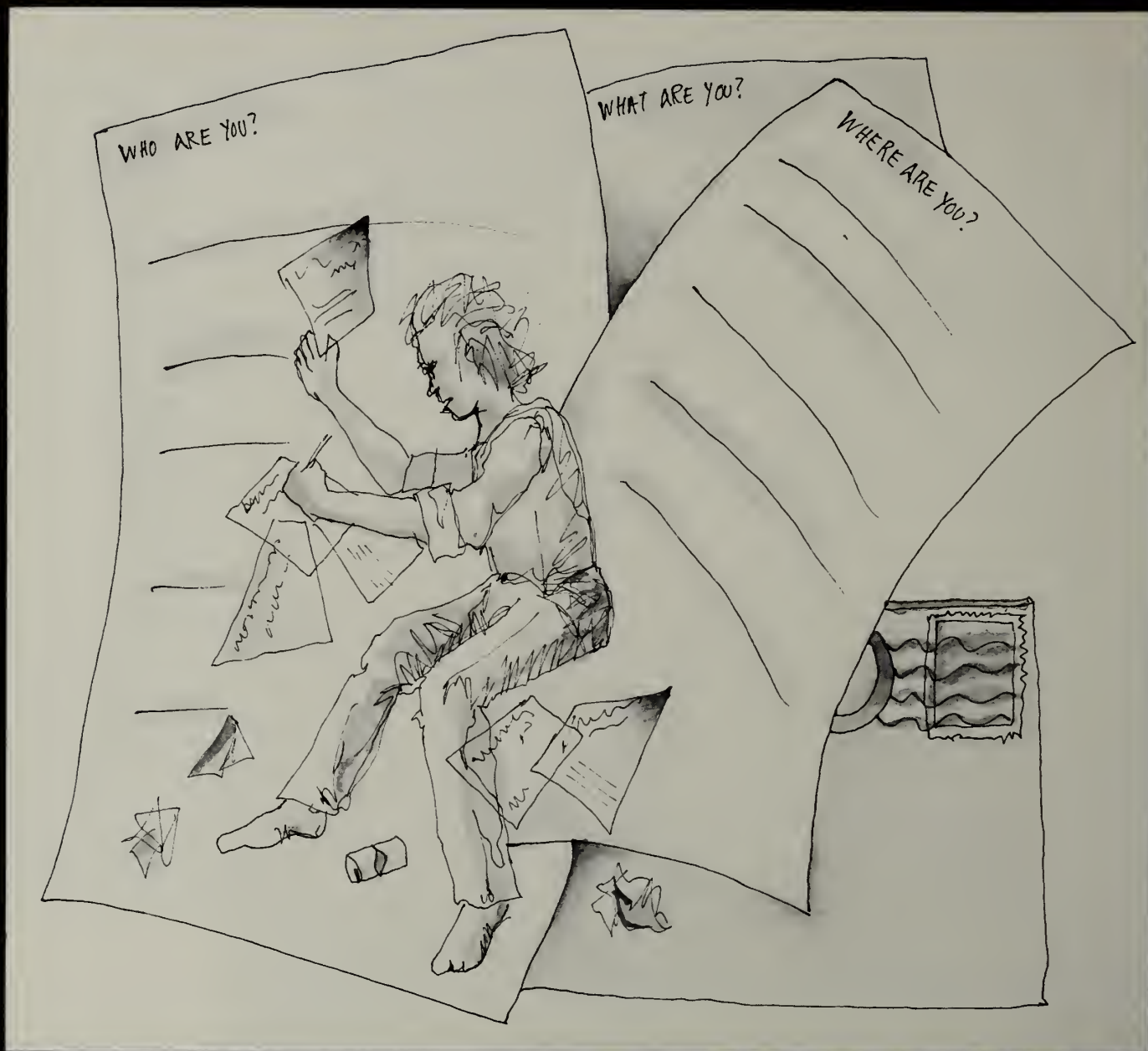


BRITISH murder mystery by Terrence Feely was the final mainstage production of the term. The plot revolved around a death threat to Miss Barbara Love, a prominent T.V. "Auntie," the lovely sophisticated hostess of a popular children's T.V. show. The shrewd and devious superintendent Moore from Scotland Yard Shows up to aid Barbara and ends up going to her Christmas party, where all the staff of her T.V. show are assembled. There is a murder and

Detective Moore spends the rest of the play finding out "whodunit."

Who Killed Santa Claus? proved to be a most amusing and baffling play. The cast enjoyed themselves while performing and the set, designed by Rich Ward, was amazing. All of this combined with the spirit and thought of Christmas made it a most fitting ending for the fall term.





# THE ESSAY





FALL term was characterized by the recognition that sustenance of previous academic achievement and that successful completion of college applications were all-important to our collegiate futures. An acceptance from the first-choice in spring meant certain happiness forever after. It is understandable that, when every individual has a private preoccupation, a pensive mood prevails. The pre-matriculation syndrome might be named singularly responsible for the sobriety of the fall, and since substantial time is devoted, in particular, to the college essay, we have chosen to symbolize the cool quietude of the fall with "The Essay."

The blank sheet of paper stares innocently while you skim through your mind searching for some infallible something that would doubtlessly inspire any bleary-eyed admissions officer. After forty-five minutes of futile thought, it is a matter of course that the task is postponed til' the morrow.

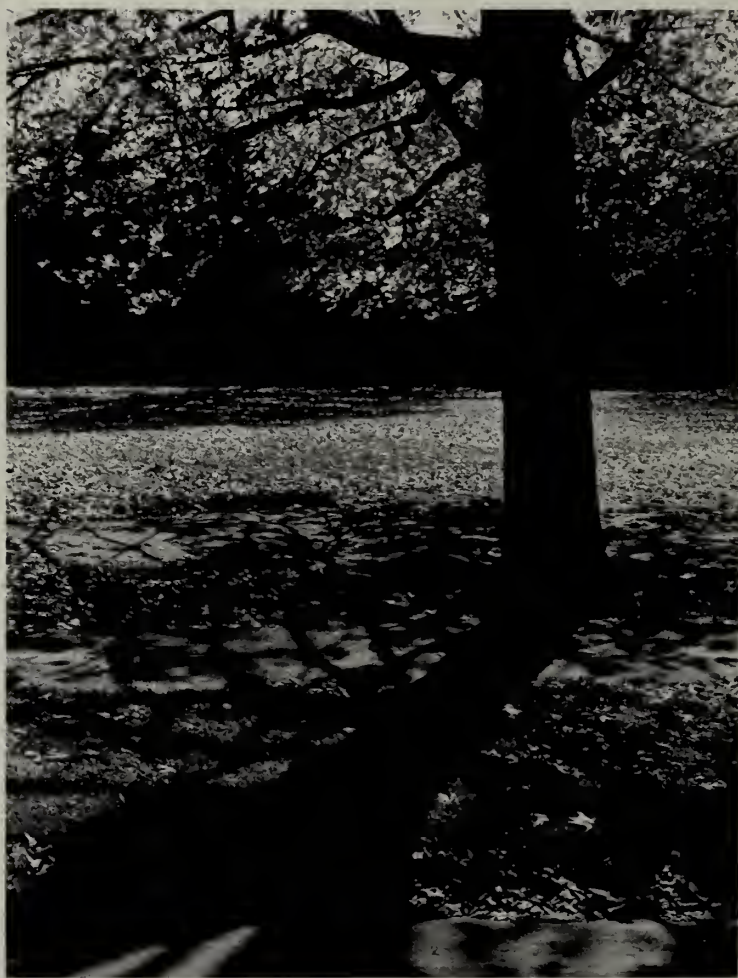
The blank sheet of paper stares innocently while you skim through your mind once more — hopeless again. Procrastination provides its customary, temporary relief.

The following day brings a shocking transformation: where once stood elegantly thin, white innocence, now stands a terrifying ebonite shaft. Fear convinces you of the lack of time at that moment and of the rationalization that tomorrow, for sure, will be more conducive to creativity.

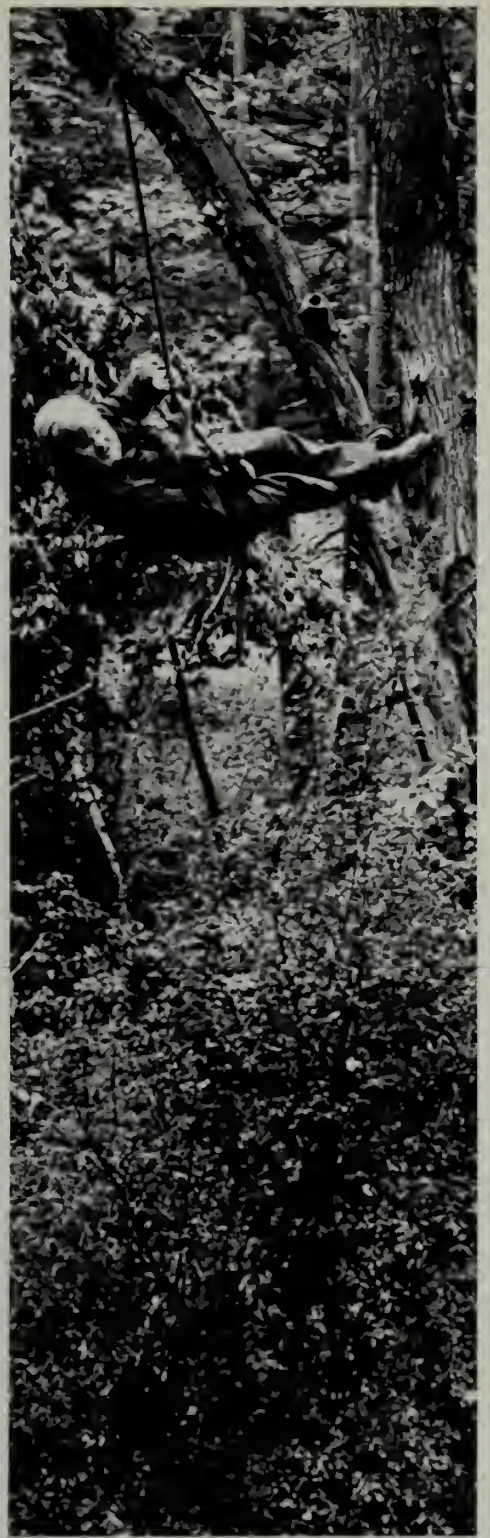
That irrationale is proven incorrect, inevitably, as each day the dark, painfully pointed shaft grows larger, becoming unbearably obtrusive as January fifteenth draws inexorably nearer. Fortunately, this glistening monument to procrastination is not immovable. Driven by panic, you lapse into fierce concentration, and soon discover a palatable topic.

Triumphantly, you begin to immortalize your ideas and goals with deft strokes of a formidable pen.















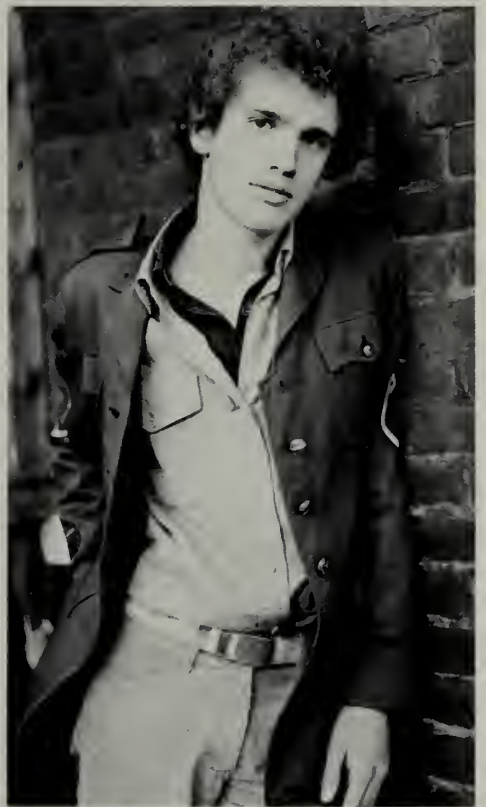














the Book You'd Like to Write" — (about the agony of precipice college decisions); or "Build a School And Describe the Faculty, Life-style and Curriculum" — (it would sit in the town of Andover and the Headmaster, tall and vigorous . . .).

Some questions test your imagination, some merely ask you to cut yourself open and spill your guts out — but neatly — and some ask you to give them a general overview of the world in a specific way. In five hundred words or less "Comment on the most important global issue confronting the international community" or even better "What would you tell a summit conference of world leaders?"

Then after you've painstakingly committed yourself to paper comes the Brag Sheet routine. "Tell us about your accomplishments outside of the classroom. You may consider student government, athletics, music, literary arts, journalism, forensics, visual and plastic arts, dance, community and service activities". Well, I consider them all, opted for frisbee, My Brother's place and meaningful relationships, and somehow it doesn't look so good on paper.

Then, when you're really down, they hit you with the big one — they want you to know that college is school and they pontificate. "This college's program concentrates on the development of critical intellect, aesthetic sensibility and practical knowledge corresponding to the needs and talents of each student. Please identify those special talents and personal qualities that would identify you as one who would make productive use of the college experience." This is getting really heavy.

I have this vision of myself hopping freights, moving endlessly across the country, searching, ever searching for the perfect college. By lantern I take out my stubby pencil (Mrs. Finbury says to use a pen) and write, "No Man is an Island", but I'm just a student and I feel like one in the eye of a storm and the seas around me are pretty stormy.

Or maybe I'll just tell them the truth: I'll tell them I'm applying to college because it seemed logical at the time and my father wanted me to.

— Marion Finbury

WHO are these guys? What do they want from me? It is hard enough to figure out what size college, where, how and most of all why college — but now this. Mrs. Finbury says it must be neat and grammatical; Mr. Crawford warns us that we can blow ourselves out of the competition with a sloppy essay; but have you seen those questions?

Those guys are either sadists or the world's most curious people. The questions they think up: "No Man Is An Island" — comment. (A desert island with no schools!); "Describe Yourself as a Woman of Forty" — (plump and nearsighted); or "Tell Us About





## Heads of Undergraduate Organizations 1967 - 1977

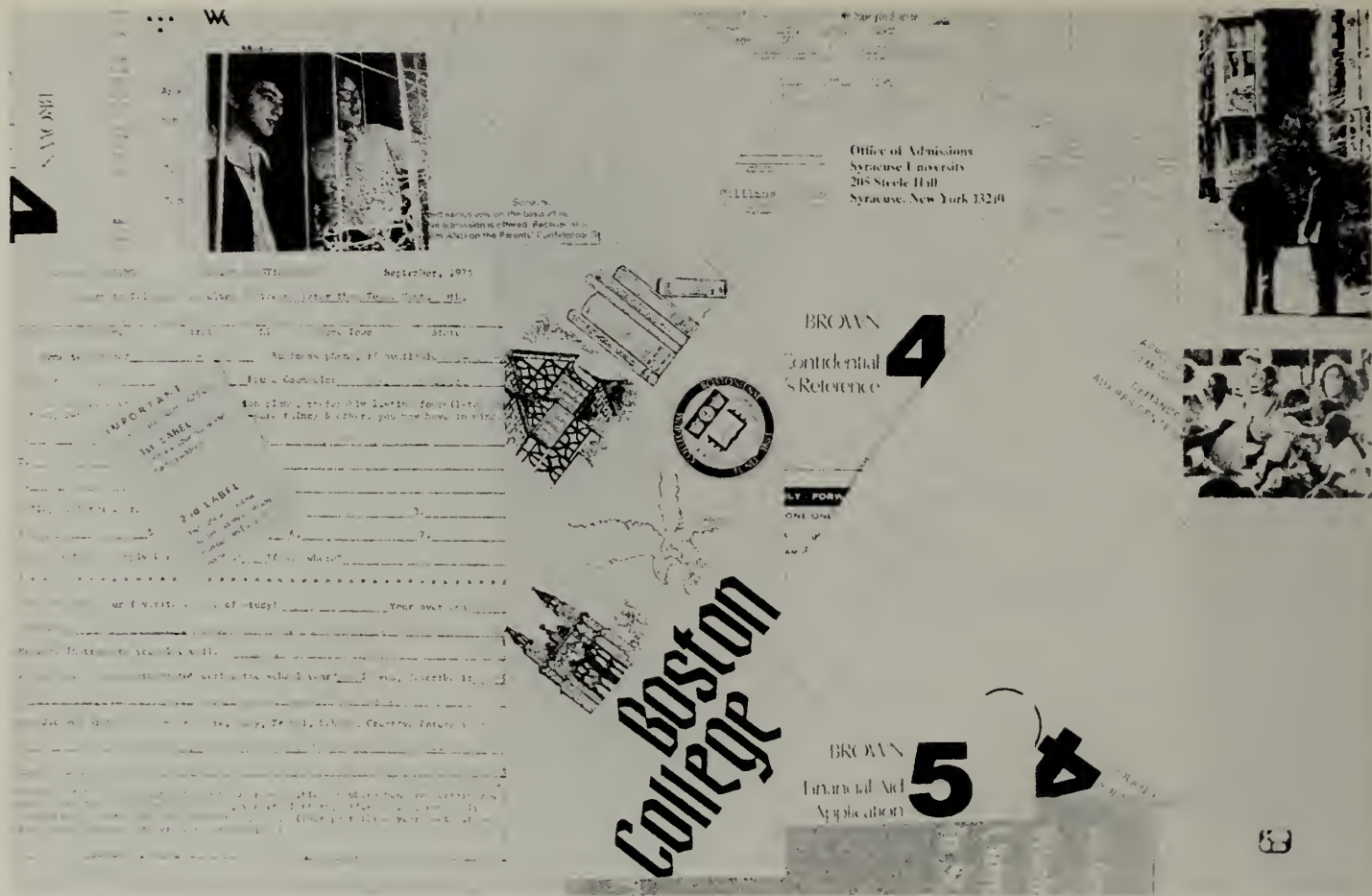
|                 |                                       |                                         |
|-----------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| President       | Afro-Latino-American Society          | Lillian Cardona                         |
| President       | Amateur Radio Club                    | Theo M. Pozzy                           |
| President       | Andover Foreign Students Union        | Najib Khuri                             |
| President       | Andover Student Political Union       | Bruce Wilson                            |
| President       | Anglers' Club                         | Naji b Khuri                            |
| President       | Astronomy Club                        | Theo M. Pozzy                           |
| President       | Band                                  | Benjamin Lloyd                          |
| Chairman        | Blue Key                              | Caroline Cunningham                     |
| *President      | Brass Choir                           |                                         |
| Director        | Bureau of Tutoring                    | Peter Stein                             |
| Editor-in-Chief | Caucus                                | George Greene                           |
| *President      | Chamber Music Society                 |                                         |
| President       | Chapel Council                        | Judith R. Sizer                         |
| Head            | Cheerleaders                          | Robert Ker                              |
| President       | Chess Club                            | David Davis                             |
| President       | Chorus                                | Joyce Rogers and Judith R. Sizer        |
| President       | Coin Club                             | Paul J. Robertz                         |
| President       | Day Student Union                     | John DeNuzzio                           |
| *Director       | Drama Workshop                        |                                         |
| President       | Duplicate Bridge Club                 | Daniel S. Weld                          |
| President       | Eagle Scout Club                      |                                         |
|                 | Post 107                              | William F.L. Rodgers                    |
| President       | Fidelio                               | Christopher Cole                        |
| Co-Presidents   | Forum for Congressional Review        | Edgar Davis Jr. and George Young, III   |
| Co-Presidents   | French Club                           | Alain M. Schwartz and Polly J. Hoppin   |
| Co-Presidents   | German Club                           | Peter Stein and Peter King              |
| Co-Presidents   | Jewish Student Union                  | William Cohan and Steven Schwartz       |
| President       | Magicians' Club                       | Jay D. Gale                             |
| *President      | Mechanics Club                        |                                         |
| President       | Meteorology Society                   | Michael E. Somers                       |
| Editor-in-Chief | The Mirror                            | William W. Daniel                       |
| Co-Presidents   | Model Airplane Club                   | Jean-Pierre Clejan and Jay Gale         |
| President       | Model Railroad Club                   | Ford D. Cavallari                       |
| Co-Presidents   | Natural History Club                  | George B. Allen and Richard W. Samsel   |
| President       | Newman Club                           | Brian Loughman                          |
| *Concertmaster  | Orchestra                             |                                         |
| Co-Presidents   | Outing Club                           | Gary R. Levine and Garrett Randolph     |
| President       | The Phillippian                       | Hamilton Mehlman                        |
| *President      | Philomathean Society                  |                                         |
| Editor-in-Chief | The Pot Pourri                        | Philip J. Balshi                        |
| President       | Pre-Law Society                       | Jean Enriquez-Cabot                     |
| President       | Pre-Medical Society                   | Michael E. Somers                       |
| President       | Press Club                            | Edward J. Suslovic                      |
| President       | Radio Broadcast Association (WPAA-FM) |                                         |
| President       | Russian Club                          | Walter Wheeler, IV                      |
| Commodore       | Sailing Club                          | Julian Chang                            |
| President       | Ski Club                              | Robert P. Canning                       |
| *President      | Social Functions Committee            | Timothy B. Higginson                    |
| President       | Spanish Club                          | Jean Enriquez-Cabot                     |
| *President      | Stage Crew                            |                                         |
| President       | Stamp Club                            | M. Joseph Sweeney                       |
| Co-Presidents   | Student Alumni-ae Association         | Christopher Cole and Elizabeth Laverack |
| Co-Chairmen     | Student Bicentennial Committee        | Barbara Trafton and Laurie Parsons      |
| Co-Presidents   | Student Pilots Association            |                                         |
| President       | SUMOP                                 | Albert Tyson, IV and Walter Wheeler, IV |
| President       | SWAG                                  | Alfred A. Colby                         |
| President       | Table Tennis Association              | Catherine Deyo                          |
|                 |                                       | Peter Stein                             |

\*To be elected in the Fall

NOT long ago, I knew a little brown-eyed boy who like to spend his time tripping gaily through green meadows and sparkling brooks. There was usually a warm breeze to help him along, and he could lie down in the cushy-cool grass with the buttercups when he pleased. His hair was sandy and silky straight; his skin was brown from the sun and very smooth. When he grew hungry and cold, there was a little cottage he could go into, where a little woman was always ready with big juicy steaks and lambchops garnished with his favorite lemon sauce. She also kept exotic cheeses and big steins of dark syrupy beer that would make him laugh and love the world. He slept very soundly on a goosedown mattress and woke every morning to do what he wished. There was a wide, flat field not far from the cottage, where poppies grew all year-round, and he liked to roll around in this field with his little blue and green-eyed friends, giggling at clandestine humor and staring at the clouds. He also liked to swim in the chilly streams with little waterfalls and whitewater, bordered by smooth rocks with slippery-green algae surfaces. He always took a little transistor radio on his daily excursions — a little radio with a very big sound — and sometimes he spent entire afternoons lying in patches of clover, melting in the music. This little boy was comparatively happy and contented. He occasionally squabbled with his little blue- and green-eyed friends, or sometimes the little woman neglected to have his dinner ready on time, but he had a habit of quickly forgetting his anger and tears. His life was very limited, and he had no wish to extend it:

Well — almost no wish.

Away across the poppy field, around the back of the tallest mountain in the area sat a small group of red-brick buildings, clustered in the foot-hills. The little boy had once been hiking on a beautiful day and had looked down on the little buildings. (The mountain was not very tall, even if it was the tallest.) He had seen people milling around, going from place to place among the buildings, and he had never seen so many people in one place before. So when he got home, he asked the little woman: she told him that people from all over the province went to stay in the cluster of buildings, living, eating and sleeping there, and learning. The little boy wanted to know what they were learning, but the little woman didn't know that they were learning anything in particular, just learning. This explanation puzzled the little boy, but he soon sat down to a stein of beer and a gigantic brie and forgot all about it . . .



But not for long, for a short time later, he heard one of his friends talking about a big cluster of buildings — almost as big as the province itself — that could be found by the delta of the big river that started behind his house as a tiny stream. The little boy asked what people did there, and his friend answered that they talked too much and didn't come out into the sunshine too often; he had met an old man with a long, white beard, who had spoken of a sort of town in a distant province with a low wall around it where all anybody did was to listen to music and try to imitate it. Before long it seemed like all the little boy's friends talked about was these clusters there; the problem was that nobody knew exactly what they were, and so, the little brown-eyed boy (being the most obstinately curious of his friends, and also the one with the most determined) one morning put some corned beef and some pumpernickle bread in a blue cardboard shoebox and started walking toward the mountain.

That morning, the sun was bright, and the poppy field was very beautiful. The mountain stood majestic in the distance, framed by the deepest of blue skys. The little boy was entranced by the gently rolling clouds and the silent rumble of the wind in his ears, so after sitting down to eat his corned beef, he reclined, licked his lips, and fell into a lengthy daydream about a sultry olive-skinned, girl. Upon awaking, he found that the sun had sagged low over the horizon, so he jumped up hastily and ran off

toward the mountain.

As he reached the foothills, the terrain became rougher, the paths steeper, and he wondered if night might fall with a cold blackness around his ears before he reached the little cluster of buildings. He walked on hurriedly, slipping from time to time and brushing his knees, trying to spot the little patches of damp moss in failing light. The rocks began to hurt his feet and his back began to ache with every bounding stride. Just as the last glimmer of orange was smiffed out by the creeping horizon, he saw little square yellow lights in the distance and he knew he could make it.

After a few more minutes of stumbling around in the dark, he reached a tall, black cast-iron fence with ugly, Gothic spikes on the top and little curls and hearts on the bottom. He followed the fence around a few hundred yards, slapping his cardboard box against the rails, until he reached an iron gate bearing a sign that he was too short to see and a huge, fat padlock that was without a doubt very much locked. He shouted and screamed for someone to come open the gate, but his voice was small and very squeaky and was swalled by the blue blackness before it could reach the little yellow windows. So, thoroughly exhausted, the little boy curled himself up against the chilly night air and fell into a fitful sleep full of dreams of hairy black creatures in dark caves with the blood and shrunken heads of little, brown-eyed boys on the walls.



He was awakened by a vague, misty rain and a very grey day. The side he had slept on was covered with mud and had a bone chill that would not be shaken, even when he stood up and ran in place and did jumping jacks. The gate was wide open, gaping onto a wide, flat boulevard with big, redbrick buildings on either side. Here and there, dark brown and grey trench coats hurried from between or within the buildings on little black legs. He began to tip-toe cautiously down the boulevard and could see between the red-brick buildings little spider web pathways, courtyards, and more buildings of various shapes and sizes.

After wandering quite a distance with nothing visible ahead but thick mist and more brick buildings, he mustered the courage to approach one of hurrying trench coats to ask a few questions about the what, when, and why of the cluster of buildings. The first trench coat did not even stop walking and rudely splashed muddy water on the little boy's already shivering legs. He watched a few more pass by and then tried another one, this one with a little, white terry-cloth hat on top of it. The coat bent way over, and a pair of bushy black eyebrows with tiny, shiney black eyes underneath them peered out and knitted at the boy's question. After considering for a moment, the figure turned in the direction opposite the one in which it had been going and, with a jerk of the little white hat, began walking. The little boy was hard pressed to keep up and arrived sopping wet from the splashes of the trench coat's big black shiney galoshes. The coat paused for a moment, then left the little boy before a pair of gigantic, oak doors, studded with ornate foliage and mythical nymphs.

He stood for a moment looking at the doors, shivering and wondering what lay behind them. He then approached timidly and pulled on a huge iron ring on the right hand door; he had to pull with all his might before he could open it just enough to slip inside. Within it was quite warm and there was a green and yellow carpet on the floor that whispered when he walked. The lighting was bright but very cold, and just inside the door there stood a coat rack with many trench coats on it. The air smelled like mildew, hanging heavy with moisture against the high, frosty windows at the back of the room. The first thing he saw was a green, metallic desk piled high with papers, and behind it sat a woman with long-straight brown hair and bright blue eye make-up. She chewed gum and talked on the telephone, while trying to put red polish on her finger-nails at the same time. As the little boy approached timidly, she put her palm over the edge of the desk at him. He asked her haltingly if she could please take the time to tell him something about the cluster of buildings. She peered down at him warily for a moment, as if he had spoken in some foreign tongue, then shuffled her papers around, handed him a big, fat book, a big fat envelope, and continued to talk on the telephone.

The little boy wanted to cry at this point, having come all the way from home, and not having had

anyone tell him anything about the cluster of buildings, and not knowing what to do; but his curiosity stifled the tears, and he sat down on the floor and opened the big fat book. Inside, there were photographs of panoramic views and pretty young girls and warm rooms on winter nights. He looked at the book for quite a long time — almost an hour — then he looked up again at the blond woman who was still talking on the phone, stood up with a sigh and decided to head back home.

It was raining very hard he got back outside, so he tucked the book and envelope under his jersey and headed for the iron gate where he entered. The rocky path was very slippery and the trip very slow; he had a couple of nasty falls and was lucky not to have hurt himself badly. His cheeks took a chill, and the sky growled menacingly from time to time. He had a decided limp by the time he reached the poppy field, which was soft and treacherous but safer than the rocks. He was very hungry and felt that his very liver and kidneys were shaking with the cold. He lay down for a moment as the grey sky grew greyer, but jerked himself up abruptly, fearing that if he fell asleep, he might not wake up.

Finally, the little house appeared in the brackish distance and then grew larger as he stumbled desperately through the mud. The little woman was appalled at the bruised, shivering, pale little figure that burst in and fell on the floor, and it was not until he had a few spoonfuls of mushroom soup that she even recognized him as her once cheery little boy. She bandaged his wounds, fed him an antibiotic, and tucked him into the warm goose down.

The morning was warm and sunny, as many mornings had been in the past, and the little boy woke with very dim recollections of the previous days. What started him wondering again was the fat envelope on the coffee table, the surrounding circumstances of which were something of a mystery in his memory, so he rushed through his breakfast and opened it up. In the envelope there were sheets of paper of all different colors, with big, bold numbers and countless curious questions. Is your mother dead? If not, why? Where were you born? If not, why? Do you plan to apply for financial aid? Cash or charge? The little boy was not the ignorant sort by any stretch of the imagination; in fact, he was highly regarded as quite clever by his blue and green eyed friends, but still he could not begin to understand the strange contents of the envelope. He handed it to the little woman who told him that it was an application form. When he asked her what an application form was, she said she didn't really know that applications forms were good for much of anything, but that she had seen other people write on them and send them away. The little boy was dumbfounded; all morning he sat fingering the colored papers and the photographs in the big book, remembering the gray mist and thinking vaguely that such an awful place should be forgotten. But his curiosity was yet to be subdued.

That afternoon when he went out to play with his friends, he took the fat book and the fat envelope. When they had all gathered, he found out that some of the other little boys had already been to the same strange place or the other places like it that they had been discussing in the previous weeks. He was a bit angry that they hadn't told him about their adventures before and wondered why they would want to conceal them. Once on the subject, they began chattering frenziedly about things being sent and received, teatime talks with trench-coat people, and what was going to be done with sunny days in the future. The little boy felt a little odd at such talk of the future — a future absent of wide meadows, cottonball clouds and milkweed chases — and he abruptly stood up and started back to the little house, leaving his friends bickering among the rushes.

The dinner table air was different, and the little woman asked the little boy if he wasn't sick; he said he thought he was, but in an indescribable sort of way, a remark that puzzled her greatly. He went to bed early and could not sleep, strangely enough, considering his usual good health and carefree spirit. After turning over and over in bed for hours, he got up determinedly and strode into the living room to get the big fat envelope. He read the instructions fully 17 times and then took out his best black crayon to write in the spaces after the questions. His answers were, for the most part, garbled explanations for his inability to answer and the whole thing began to get very messy. Where there were questions about things he'd never heard of before, he made up the answers, hoping that the blond woman would be on the telephone and glance very distractedly across his application form. There was one question with a lot of empty space following it, so he wrote a story about a billy goat who lived on the very same mountain where the cluster of buildings was; the blond woman would certainly be pleased with this, he thought. When dawn began to swell, he could hardly read most of what he had written, but he felt purged and exhausted. He put the envelope back on the coffee table with a note instructing the little woman to send it and not to wake him at the usual time.

The boy slept and slept with dreams of almost nothing at all, and he awoke very surprised to find no demonic, fire-eyed beasts chasing him out of bed, yet no voluptuous, flaxen-haired girls to be torn away from by rudely-blinking eye-lids. The sun was bright and very hot on the next day, and he gulped down countless gourds-full of fruit juice, with thoughts of traveling to the sea side and splashing in the whispering brine. Once again, the night's rest had almost bled him of all strange memories, and though he knew something had changed his life a bit, it certainly had not been so drastic that he couldn't ignore it. So, after spending the morning painting a lush verdant landscape on the back of the cereal box (he had grown bored of the dull advertisements), he skipped out the door towards the poppy field, for a raucous game of tag with his friends.

Many days passed this way, with nothing but sunshine, and it seemed as if things were exactly the same as they had always been. The little boy spent

many hours rolling in the poppy field after hard afternoons of play and often walked across the open meadows with one or two friends, conversing on subjects of illimitable controversy and meager consequence. The green grew greener and the blue bluer, and the rich, blacksoil underfoot sprouted thousands of pink and orange petals. Life had returned to normal, only it seemed more normal than before, and the little boy was happy and contented once again.

Then one morning, the little boy awoke from dreams of bluewhite waterfalls tickling the edges of wide, flat palm leaves to find a little white envelope on his bedside table. He thought for a moment of who could have sent him a letter, because he had no recollection of talking or writing to anyone whom he did not see every day anyway. He opened the letter, and in the top, left-hand corner was printed in blue ink a little picture of a brick building and a wide, flat boulevard; he pondered for a moment, waiting for his memory to burst and spill out, but some how it wouldn't. He didn't really understand the letter, but it had a lot of apologies and many nice things to say. The writer thanked him profusely (for what, he didn't know), and closed with more apologies and wishes of best luck. The boy was a bit confused though, and groped around in the back of his head for an explanation; he knew that the recollection necessary to clarify matters was in there, somewhere inconspicuous for a nap. All the same, he was very pleased at having received such a nice letter, and put it carefully away at the bottom of his wicker trunk, where nobody would ever find it. He was also very pleased with himself, realizing that he must have done something very kind and helpful to merit such a letter; over breakfast he glowed with pride and gave the little woman an extra kiss on the forehead, which surprised her very much. He then stepped out into the sunshine, turning the radio to a sensuously, snaky, song, and lay down to wait for his friends, on a well-trimmed meadow that stretched as far as he could see toward the horizon.

In fact, he waited quite a long time, but his friends did not appear. When the sun sank and the blue deepened in the sky, he got up to go home, a little disappointed, but looking forward to a scrumptious dinner and a stein of beer. The next day he went to lie in the poppy-field and daydreamed the whole day away, with only a very brief realization of not having seen his friends. The day after, he got up early, packed a lunch and set out to explore the province for companionship. He danced through little hills and stopped to cool his toes in crystal streams, exhausting himself thoroughly, but there was no one around. Over dinner that evening, he stared out at the orange sunset, feeling vaguely empty and curious, wondering what had happened. He knew from past experience though, that his unsettlement would be painlessly transient. The next day, he lost himself in a field of tall, tall rushes and lay down to watch the puffy-white clouds roll by. To the best of my knowledge, he is still there, and doing quite well.

— W.W. Daniel

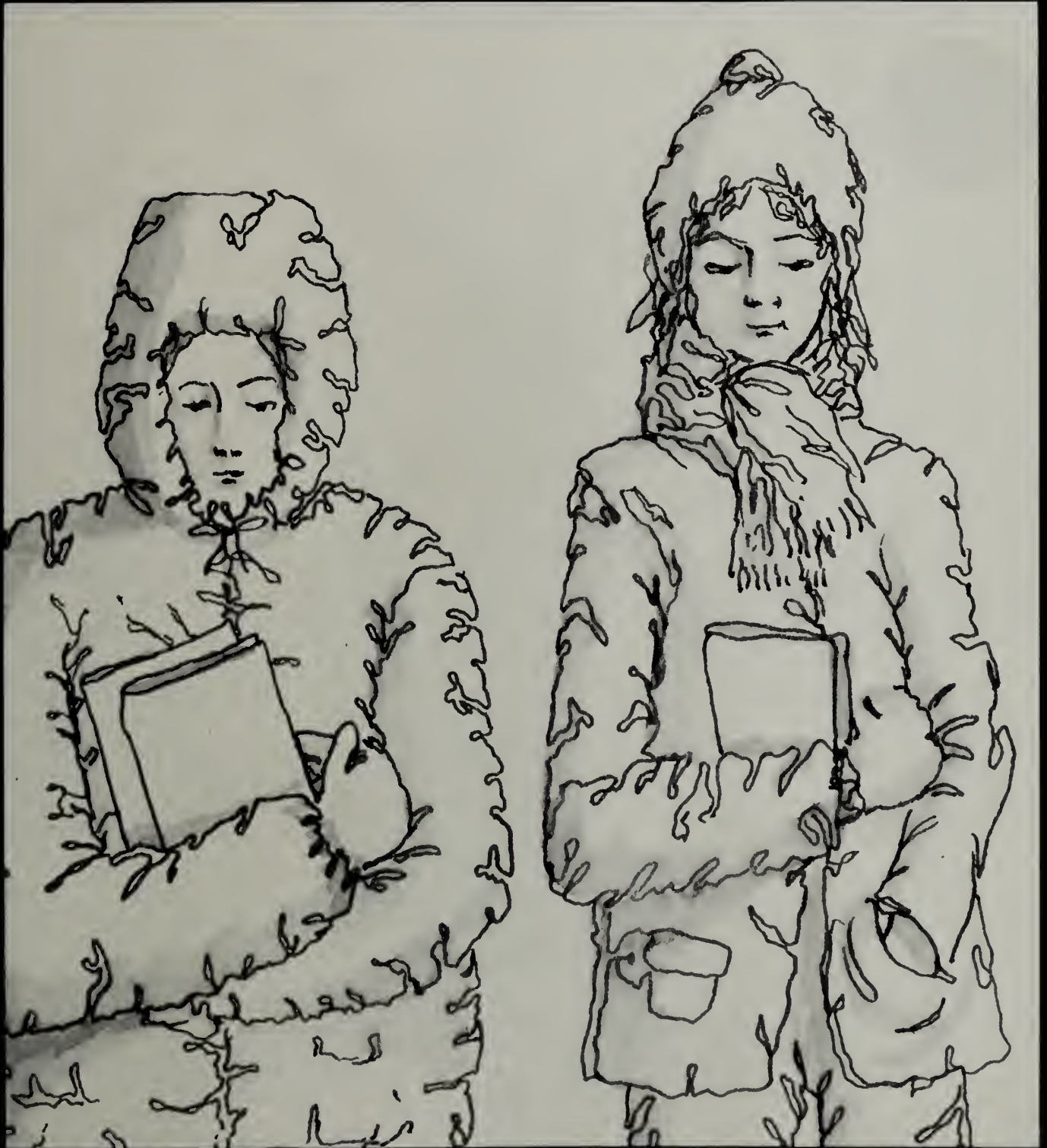


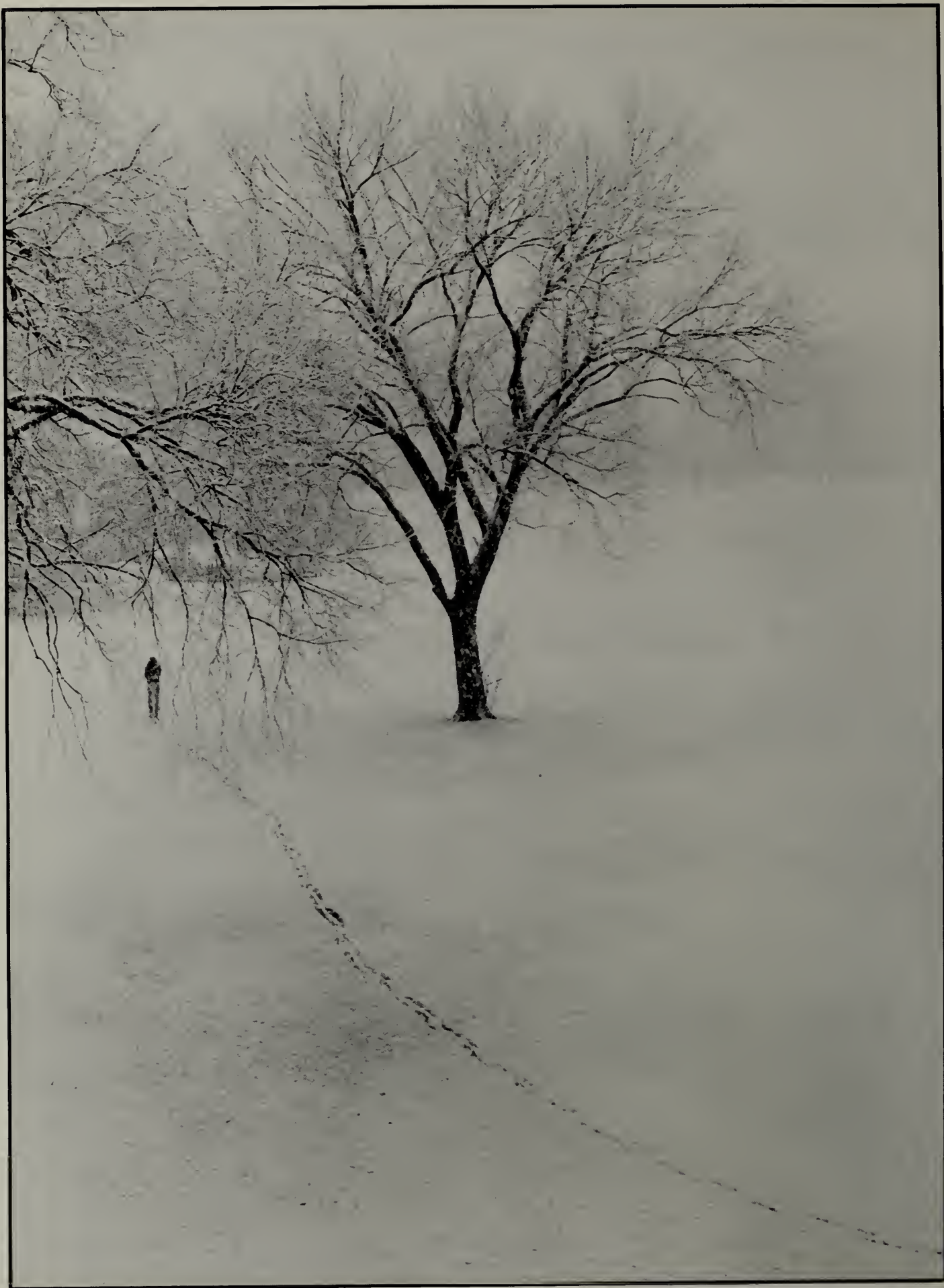






# THE SNOW







IF for no other reason the Class of '77 will be remembered for their courage and fortitude in the face of the bite and snarl of the worst winter in recent memory.

The advance guard of Old Man Winter's forces was welcomed by most, perhaps because it signaled the advent of the Yuletide. It was exhilarating at first, but the North Winds brought treachery. The drudgery of

bipedal locomotion transformed routine into monstrous obstacles, and normally difficult achievements became impossible. Alas, sad is the day when such virgin whiteness, such crisply crystalline beauty wreaks such havoc with men's lives. Few survivors will ever sing White Christmas without memories of cold noses and soggy socks.























# THE GYMNASIUM





# THE PARABLE OF THE LOWLY JOCK

ONCE there walked upon the earth giant men, gigantic not in size of body but of mind, and they were wont to gather in a certain place whereat they did attain great highs of academic prowess. For in this place they sat far into the night or even to the break of dawn, filling the cavities of their heads to overflowing with exotic information. One of them could tell you to the last digit the most precise and exact value of 256K. Another could recite without pausing in one breathe the phylum, class, order, family, genus and species of every living thing. Yet a third could discourse most clearly and profoundly on the writings of Nostradamus, Moliere and Camus, and in any foreign language too!

Into such a company as this, there came one day — it was, methinks, 1929, or it might have been 1969 — but, come when he did, he came. And he was like unto the members of that company in naught but the numbers of his features and his limbs. No, he could not claim, like them, an abundant brain, but some few things he did and did them well. He had found within a secret place, whether on the earth or not I can not tell, a pointed ball. Being pointed, when it rolled across the earth there were none who were able to judge with the eyes into which direction it next would bounce. This man of Jock would take the pointed ball into his hand and hurl it with what I now foretell man of some future day will call pinpoint accuracy. Within a range of fifty paces, he could strike the mark upon a dime. Again, when the spirit moved him, he would drop the pointed ball into the void and, where it touched the surface of the earth, he would propel it with the instep of his foot so far that I cannot even tell and, were I able to tell, oh you of little faith, you would ne'er believe it. Another time he would take his pointed ball in the cradle of his arm and with it nestled there he would run in such a dervish-winding way and with such celerity that none who tried could lay a hand upon him. And he was large withal; he tipped the sales nigh unto eighteen stone.

But he was lonely there. In the evening, when their time was free, his academic betters would make fun of him. ('Twas well, for then they did this because they were no good at any other sport.) One of them would ask him: "Pray tell me, stupid Jock, (this was

their friendly name for him) what makes two plus two?" And off as not, the boy with the pointed ball would say seven or even nine. Then laughed they all most gleefully. Another would query him: "What is the meaning of l'amour, toujours l'amour?" and he with hesitating words would venture: "I think that was when mighty Caesar would call unto his troops: 'Armor, to your 'armor.'" Now they would hold their sides and roll with laughter upon the floor.

So it went for one year, two years — count them — three and four. And when their appointed time was consummated, each one of the scintillating scholars, who are in this tale our chief and sole concern, received as proof of his distinction a scroll of fine, white paper. Upon each man's scroll inscriptions had been made in a strange and ancient language that no man alive upon this earth can any longer read for us. One scroll bore cryptic legend: Artium Baccalaureus, Cum Laude. Another read: Artium Baccalaureus, Magna Cum Laude. A third declared, I would suppose, words of even higher praise: Artium Baccaiaureus, Summa Cum Laude. Then they fared forth into the world to make great profit from their learning. But to the Jock with his pointed ball, they gave a paper bearing scarcely any words at all. Thereupon he might have been sore dejected. Might have been, had not a man of boundless wealth chanced to come to him that day. (There are some who say that he came two full months before.) And opening his mouth the man did say: "Oh Jock, what would you take to do your things for me: to run, to throw and to kick your pointed ball? Woudst thou do it for thy supper?"

Bowing low before this man of trade and commerce the guileless Jock replied: "Oh generous sir, not yet quite for my supper."

The mighty man saw his strong advantage and pressed on: "Not quite for thy supper, you say. Well then, what shall we make it?"

And bowing lower still in comely modesty the young man soft whispered: "Let's say a million bucks."

— Bill Buehner

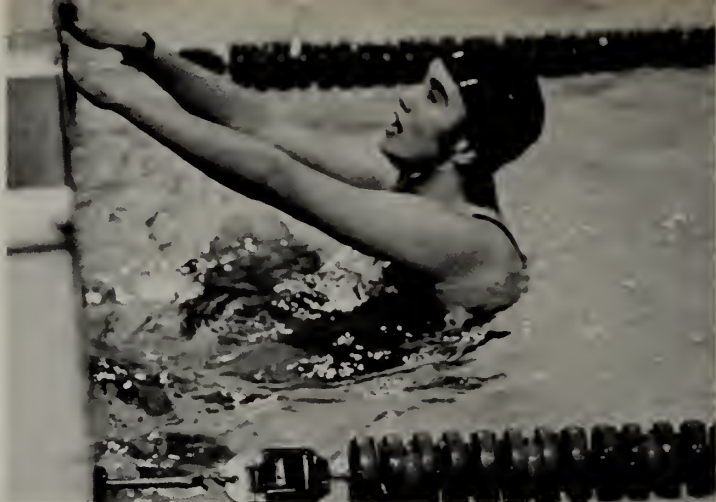






CONSTANT improvement characterizes the four year's existence of the girl's Varsity Swim team. This year we kept our spirit high during the long winter season although we faced very stiff competition on the college, YMCA and prep school levels. An intensive two week training period proceeding the Exeter meet and the Interschols resulted in dramatic drops in our times and the shattering of four school records.

Andover hosted the Interschols meet this year which meant the boys locker room was taken over for the day by 200 girl swimmers and divers. The highlight of the season was the 400 yard freestyle relay event at the Championship meet. Out of the eleven participating schools, Andover was in fourth place before the race, but to retain that position the relay team had to beat the first seeded Hotchkiss team. Pressure was on and we responded by finishing the race an impressive 5 seconds under the school record and beating Hotchkiss. Most of the team is returning next year, so Andover can expect another improving season.



## SWIMMING



FROM the standpoint of wins and losses this year's swimming team was not very successful. However, the team was young and inexperienced and lacked a star in any event. This is borne out by the fact that we did not qualify anyone in the finals of the New England's. Despite this, every one of the group made fantastic improvements in their times and worked extremely hard throughout the season. It is conceivable that they might have become discouraged, but their spirit held up until the very end. Because of this spirit and willingness to learn and work hard, I have found it one of the best groups to work with in all my many years of coaching. This group proved to me that "winning isn't everything."

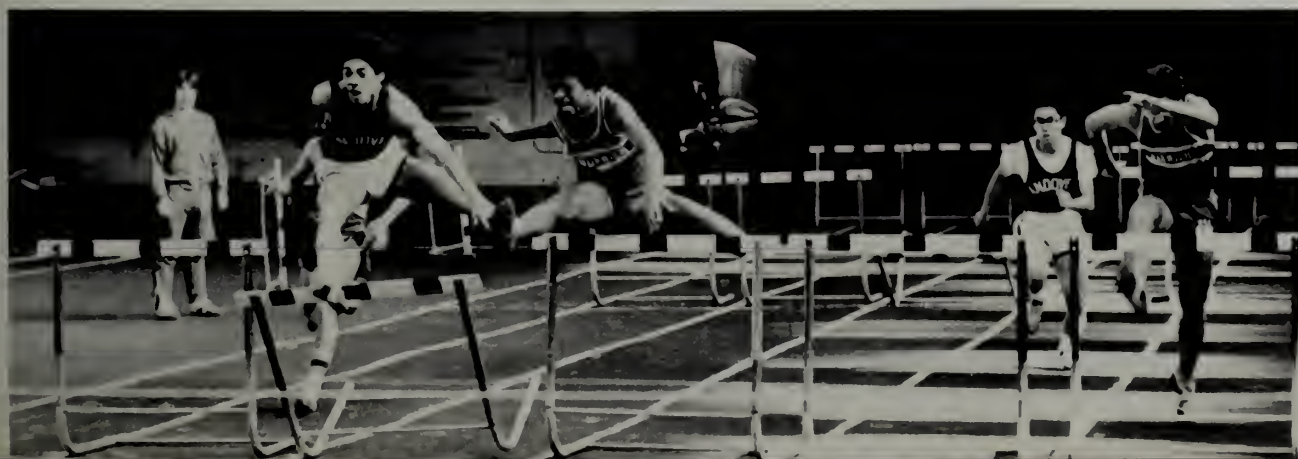
— Jack McClement



# TRACK

THIS year's winter track team finished one over 500 with a 5-4 record. The squad started the season extremely well, winning 5 of the first 6 meets, losing only to the Dartmouth JV's. During the 59-54 loss to Holy Cross, the team's spirit came to a climax; unfortunately, so did the season as the club went on to lose the last two meets.

Chris Spanos and Andy Brescia were consistant winners all season in the 1000 and mile respectively. Through his long jumping and high jumping ability, co-captan Ying Dat Ho helped to strengthen the team tremendously. Pete — the executioner — Pezzelli with the weight and Everett Hill in the 50 and hurdles had commendable seasons. Despite the complaints, the echos of "Hey Al" will surely be missed next year.





# SEARCH AND RESCUE



I call to mind pleasant things: eating watermelon on Moosilauke in October and pineapple on Lafayette in May; "snow hogging" on Monadnock in January; stepping back into space from the top of the Bell Tower; skiing on a cold day with wax that works; the satisfaction of following a compass bearing through a swamp and hitting your objective dead on; the joy of finally making it right up the middle on Den Rock's toughest climb.

I also remember the unpleasant things, and who's to say we don't learn more from them? Climbing icy trails by flashlight long after someone should have called a halt to set up camp; the gripping feeling in the pit of your stomach when you realize your tentmate isn't faking, she really is suffering from hypothermia; humping those heavy packs through brush and deep powder snow, off the trail because someone lost the bearing; the doubts that assail an instructor who beats a group to the end of a tough orienteering course (Jesus, I waited twenty minutes after they'd all gone before I started, and I sure didn't see any of them out there. Where are they?)

We are not running a program for experts, and I hope we don't appear to be: Den Rock is not the Eiger, the White Mountains are relatively neighborly as mountains go and our time framework can hardly be compared to a month long Outward Bound course or the brutal three week canoe trip required of the "new boys" of Canada's St. John's Cathedral School. But within the limits of a tightly structured academic program that emphasizes and rewards individual achievement, we try to provide a challenging outdoor activity that stresses interdependence and the importance of community, as well as the traditional goals of individual self confidence and success.

If you learn anything at all from going over the Wall, setting up a tent in a blizzard or rappelling down the Bell Tower it's that you're doing these things with other people. If you succeed and your group fails, then you have failed too. The depth of commitment you make to your group is just as important as the commitment you make to yourself.

— Vic Henningsen











# SQUASH



DESPITE a disappointing loss early in the season to a much improved Brown Varsity, the women's squash team went on to win every remaining match. The 9-1 season reflected hard work and an enthusiastic attitude. With five returning letterwomen and the addition of Wendy Sonnabend, Polly Hoppin, and Leslie Swensrud, we had great depth and a determined spirit. After beating a weak Harvard Varsity, the Dartmouth Varsity, and every prep school played, we traveled confidently to Exeter for the Interscholastics. However, St. Paul's barely defeated us by one point in a confusing scoring system. Although we won three out of five separate tournaments, including numbers one, three, and four, St. Paul's had players in each of the five finals. The following week, we defeated Exeter 7-0 in a somewhat anticlimactic match. The vast improvement of each team member was due almost entirely to coach Zab Warren. His endless patience and encouragement gave us new confidence and greater skill. Throughout the long season, we learned a tremendous amount and also had a great time.





## HOCKEY

The biggest question at the beginning of this season was: Will this year's team be as good as last year's? With the departure of many top players, the most likely answer was "no." The season began and all the old players as well as the new ones knew that we had to play together every game if we wanted to win. We didn't have the talent of the 75-76 team, but one important aspect which stuck out over last year's was that we had better team spirit, the spirit that helped us through the hockey season with a satisfying and respectable record, of 13 wins, 12 losses and 2 ties. The only conclusion that can be made about the season is that we were honored to play under the leadership of a man with a vast knowledge of the game, Mr. Fred Harrison.







M & M'S, broken bleachers, and assorted injuries blessed the start of the Alpine girl's season. The Alpine team won all of their school races with Mimi taking first place in every one. In Eastern competition, Gay earned a place on the New Hampshire State team to the Alpine Eastern Junior Championships.

The Nordic girl's team suffered through wooden skis,

wrong wax, and rainy races but still had a great season. Three new skiers to the sport improved a great deal and gained much experience, some humiliation and most importantly some confidence. Jenny was usually the first girl from Andover to finish and her excellent skiing earned her a position as first alternate to the Nordic Junior Nationals.

The strong skiing abilities of both teams helped girl's skiing to be recognized and thus assisted in the establishment of a 1978 Girl's Interschols group.

# SKIING



THE best description of Andover Skiing lies somewhere between "organized confusion" and "confused organization." Assembling, driving, controlling, withstanding, and understanding Alpine skiers, jumpers, and cross-country skiers is not an easy task, but somehow Coaches Best, Hannah, and Johnson managed to succeed. The result was another strong year for the Andover Ski team.

The Alpine team, led by seniors Lars Waldner and Matt (Tanka) Tanaka and supported by Jeff Segal, Tim Reeder, and Hofer Nelson, performed better than any team in recent years. The Cross-Country Team, led by Captain Tom French and senior Bruce MacWilliams and strengthened by Warren Paterson and Shane Elder, proved to be one of the best Prep School teams in New England. The jumpers sailed far, with French, Richard Bissel, and Colin McNay flying farthest.

It takes a lot of dedication to give up most of every winter weekend to touring New England in Rally Wagons, and it is this dedication (insanity?) that makes the ski team successful. Skiers are not, however, fanatical masochists. They find incentive to act this way in the joy of competing, the satisfaction of performing well, and most importantly the rewarding experience of training, traveling, racing, and relaxing with other members of a closely knit team.





THE Girls' Varsity Basketball team had a disappointing season with three wins to five losses. The Varsity team morale was low, generally, since key players were incapacitated by injuries and illnesses, and, as a result, inexperienced players from the J.V. team were called upon as replacements: Due to frustrated attempts toward cohesiveness, the team's potential remained undeveloped.

I have high praise for my captain, Susan Jameson, who was a tremendous asset. She was a powerful leader in her own quiet way.

— Shirley J. Ritchie

## BASKETBALL



THE 1977 Andover Varsity Wrestling Team enjoyed its best season in the past three years ending with an 8-2 record and a third place finish in the interschols. Garrett Randolph (145 lbs) was the lone undefeated wrestler for Andover. Randolph topped off his season with a first place finish in the Interschols. The duo of Captain Jorge Virgili (167 lbs) and Buck Burnaman (177 lbs) proved to be the horses for the blue, combining for a total of 19 pins during the season.

The team started out the season with a 47-14 rout of Worcester Academy. Governor Dummer was the next victim of the Blue Machine, falling 33-13. Tewksbury, who later captured the Mass. State Championships, disputed the outcome of the match because of a controversial call by the Official. Outstanding for Andover were Peter Crowley (127 lbs), Doug Amster (160 lbs) and John Pucillo (heavy weight); Randolph, Virgili and Burnaman all won by fall.

Riding high after the upset of Tewksbury, Andover dropped their first match, a tri-meet loss to Mt. Hermon 28-22. The meet was close and came down to the power of the Blue lineup — the Heavyweights. Both Burnaman and Virgili dropped their only matches of the season and Mt. Hermon cruised to a victory. St. Paul's fell victim to the Blue in the other half of the tri-meet 49-12.

Hyde School was Andover's next victim. In a solid team effort, Andover romped over a weak Hyde squad. Doug Amster sustained an ankle injury and created a hole in the Blue line-up. This didn't bother the Wrestlers, for whom Lowell H.S. was the next victim. Winston Wycoff (121 lbs), Will Ireland (133 lbs), and Brian Durrett (152 lbs) were standouts for Andover in this victory. Randolph, Virgili and Burnaman each won by fall.

Then came what could only be called a "grudge match" with a squad from Buzzards Bay, Mass. Tabor Academy has been accused of creating a team in the Admissions Office and this year appeared no different. Tabor jumped out to an early lead, but Andover roared back sparked by a pin by Garrett Randolph. Andover's comeback bid fell short however, despite a pin by Virgili, and

Burnaman's defeat of a Heavyweight opponent 80 lbs heavier than himself.

Andover entered the interschols with only one first seat in Garrett Randolph and looking for revenge. Several strong efforts gave the Blue three first places and three seconds. Will Ireland won the championship in overtime at (133), Garrett Randolph won as expected at 145, and Buck Burnaman revenged his only loss of the season while triumphing at 177. Winston Wycoff, Brian Durrett and Jorge Virgili all finished second with fine efforts. Although Andover had six at the top, the rest of the team placed third behind Mt. Hermon and Tabor.

The final match with a weak Exeter squad was a real anti-climax. Andover was not mentally ready but shelled out a victory. Randolph, Burnaman, Wycoff, and Virgili won by fall.



## WRESTLING



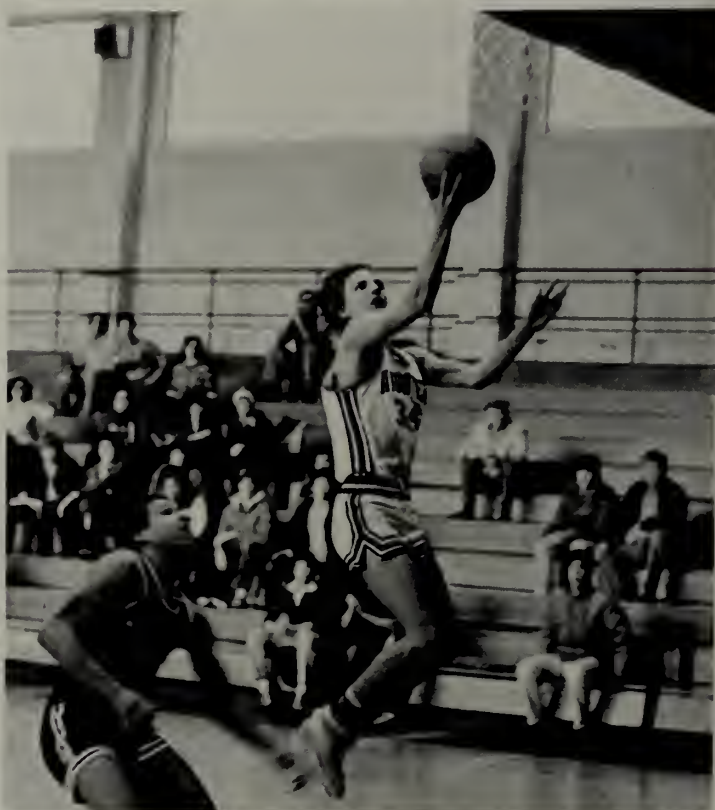




# BASKETBALL

THERE has never been a more successful basketball team in recent Andover history. Out of sixteen regular season games, we won thirteen. If not for two inopportunately sprained ankles we might have gone undefeated. We were honored as one of the six teams selected to compete in the New England Prep School Championships. Often scoring more than 100 points, the team played a fast-break offense which was strengthened by a clever set of plays drilled to perfection by Coach Kalkstein. Our defense was an aggressive, hustling man-to-man.

One of the keys to our success was good communication, both among the team members and Coach Kalkstein. Greivances were unveiled and problems were resolved, no matter how long it took.







The contributions of the post graduate players Dave Gutzke, Steve Lankton, Tom Mannix, Dave McLeod, and Dean Nelson, along with the fine leadership of Upper co-captains Jimmy Demetroulakos and Steve Pangiotakos, and a new Upper, John Barres, cannot go unmentioned. Not just in talent, but in enthusiasm for a good team game, each gave his all, for himself, the team, Andover, the girls, and Mom and Dad. While the team had stars aplenty, there was no selfishness. We are all very proud.



# GYMNASTICS



AS captains of the gymnastics team, John Evans and I have several reasons to be proud of our boys. For one thing, we are the pioneers of male gymnastics at PA, and after almost 200 years, it is about time.

It certainly was a challenge to form a team from a group of beginners, during the early part of the season. Not a single member had previous competition at high school level, including us. However, everyone involved was sincerely devoted to the sport, and with the help of our coach Bob Citro, we led the boys through intensive workouts and teaching sessions.

Unfortunately, we were able to schedule a meet only with Northeastern University. Since this was the team's very first meet, we were expecting to be defeated by an embarrassing margin. Yet the result was 72-59; a score which even as a defeat displays how much effort our "young bucks" gave in against men who actually have had years of experience.

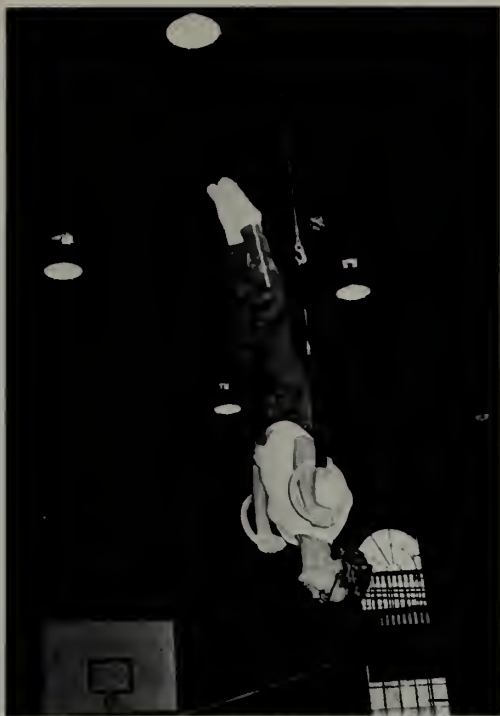
The coed Gymnastics Exhibition with the girls varsity team was an excellent culmination to this year's season. Naturally, the girls proved to be exceeding talented, but the boys impressed the audience as well.

Next year, the team will have the honor of celebrating its first year of official participation in the New England League.

— Jol. Evans and Fabian Castro  
Co-Captains

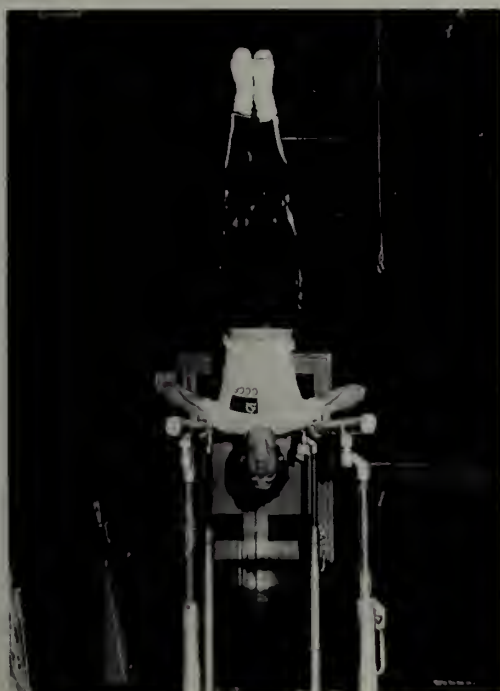






THIS year the girl's varsity gymnastics team was full of energy and enthusiasm. We were all determined to do our best. Any concern we felt about getting a new coach was soon forgotten after the first few practices with Sally Doolittle, who proved to be a good and dedicated coach. Although our won-loss record was not impressive and some of our competition was out of our league, we achieved many personal victories by performing to the best of our abilities.

The new talent was abundant. Virginia Santos and Ellen Solowey demonstrated exceptional ability, and Sally Doyle, Abigail Saltonstall and Amy Morton showed much promise. Returning members Connie Barrett and Sue Prochniak perfected their beam routines while Amy Haigh and Vicki Hull worked hard on their tumbling. And Linda Petrucci was always improving her tricks on the uneven bars. We also owe a lot to our manager, John Evans, who provided everything from spotting for back tucks to moral support.



# THE THEATER





The Andover Touring Company  
of  
PHILLIPS ACADEMY  
presents:

# ARTHURBER CARNIVAL

## The Cast:

Deborah Bedford  
Michael Cannell  
Christopher Cotten  
Lisa Johnson  
Rebecca Lish  
Christopher Randolph  
Steven Schwartz  
Rachel Shub  
James Spader

## The Quartet:

George Hicks  
Brian Linse  
Stanley Monroe  
Paul Robertz

Directed by: H. H. Owen Jr.

Assisted by: Christopher Randolph

Technical Direction by: Theo Pozzy

THE combination of music and drama formed the special note for Winter Term drama. All of the shows actively involved music; three out of four included singing. More people got the nerve up to test the water in the Drama Lab, with quite successful results, and mainstage contributed two highly varied productions to the P.A. Community. As more and more newcomers got involved, the stage came alive with the fresh vitality of an exciting, different experience.

— Chris Randolph



# TRIAL BY JURY

GILBERT & Sullivan's short operetta, Trial By Jury, proved to be one of the most successful Drama Lab Productions of the Winter Term. Majed Tomeh directed and starred as the Judge in this humorous tale of love between a maiden and a cad. Ben Lloyd was in charge of the orchestra which played the standard Gilbert & Sullivan pieces with style and competence. The production went smoothly, and the audience had a thoroughly good time.



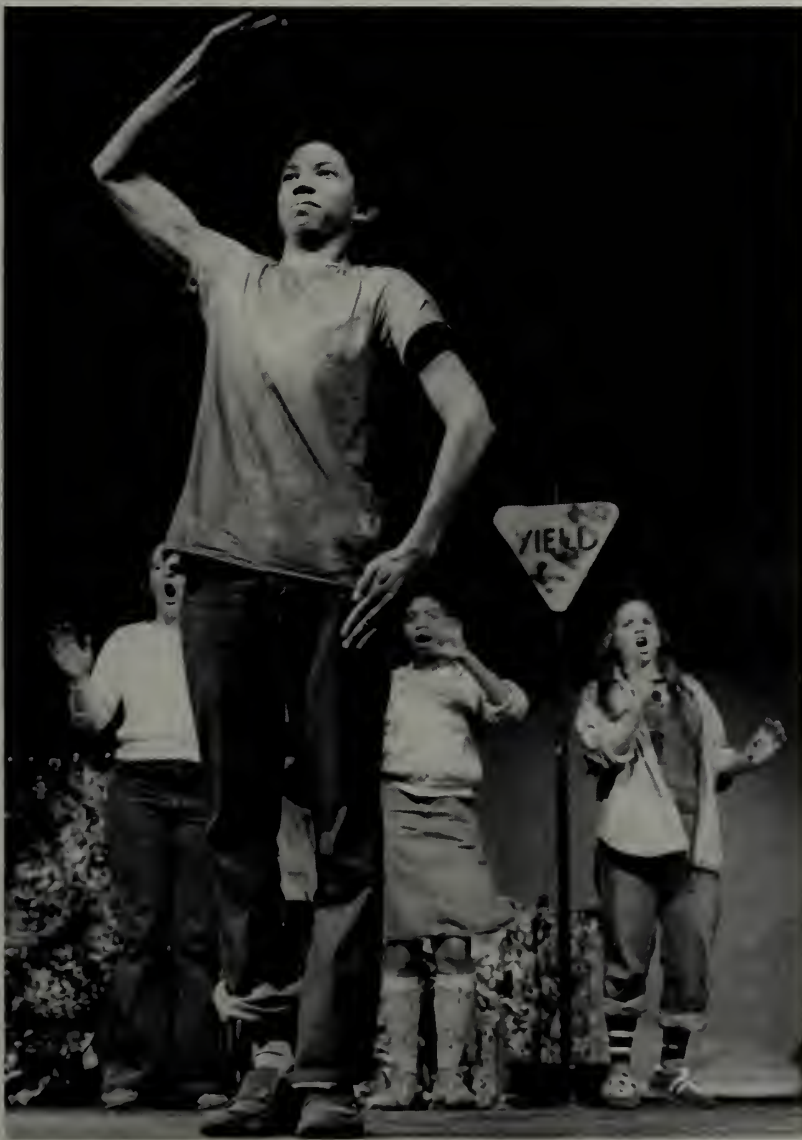
# THE POINT

ADAPTED from Harry Neilson's T.V. production for children, The Point was the first Drama Lab Production of the Winter Term. Director Robert Smythe combined music, dance, mime, drama, puppets, and slides to present this fairytale story. The plot revolves on Oblio, a young boy who was born with a round head in a land where everyone else has pointed ones. He and his dog Arrow are banished to the pointless forest where they encounter many strange characters.

The music, arranged and conducted by Mark Krebs, was originally composed by Neilson, and the cast did an admirable job in its presentation. The show was highly amusing, and was an appropriate way to begin the Winter Term Drama productions.







THE Winter mainstage musical this year was written not by veterans of Broadway, but by nine and ten year olds from a New York City ghetto. The Me Nobody Knows was a series of related skits about a slum in New York; these skits progressed through the early morning to the late evening, and concerned subjects from religion to drugs. The music, including Gospel, Soft Rock, and Blues, was conducted by William Thomas, Chairman of the Music Department.

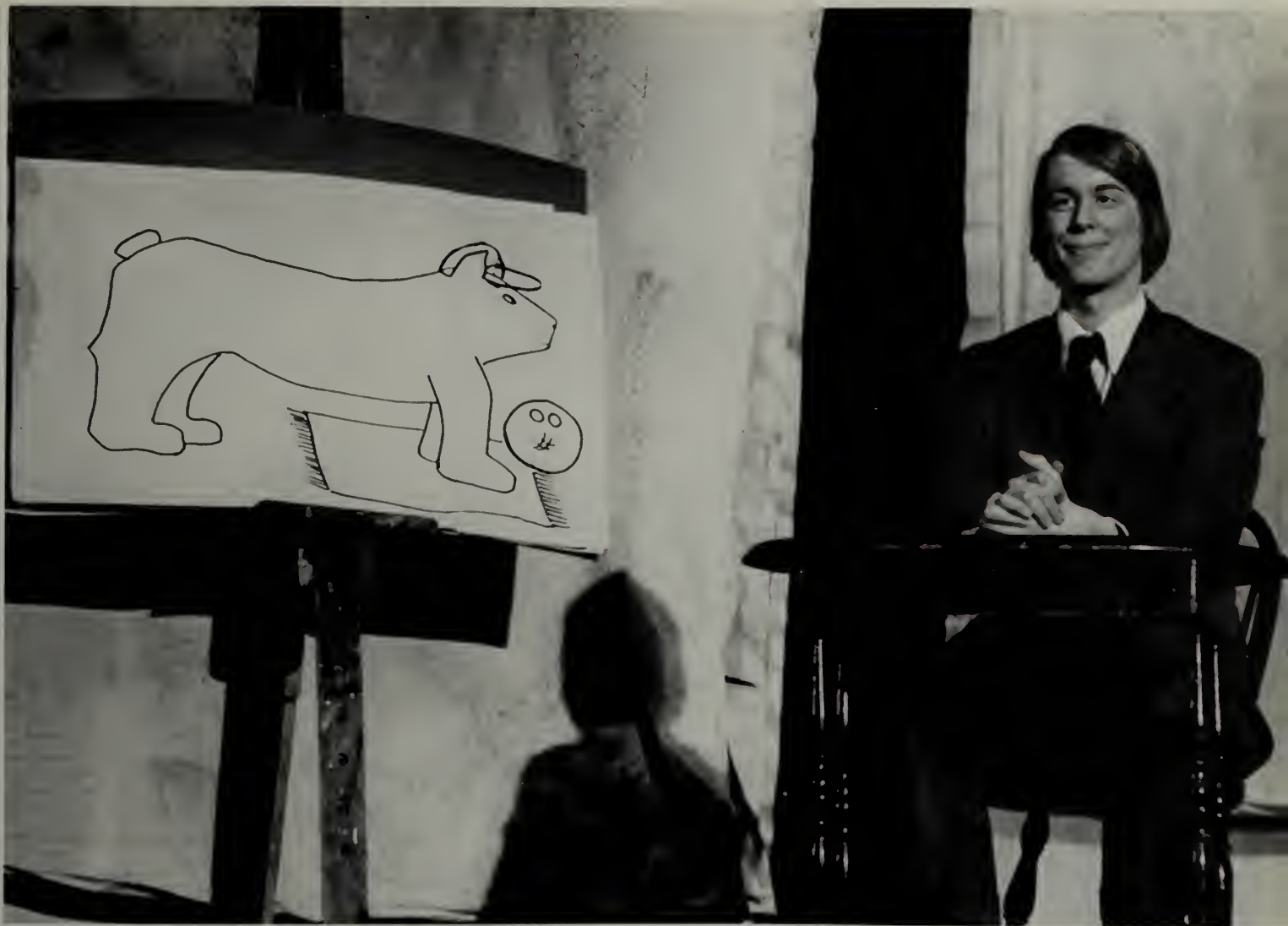
The show was unusual in that it had twelve leading roles, with no supporting cast. All the cast displayed ability in acting, singing, and dancing, and seemed to have the time of their lives during the performance. The set, designed by Toni Egger, presented a conceptual view of the ghetto that was very effective. The show played to a full house both nights.

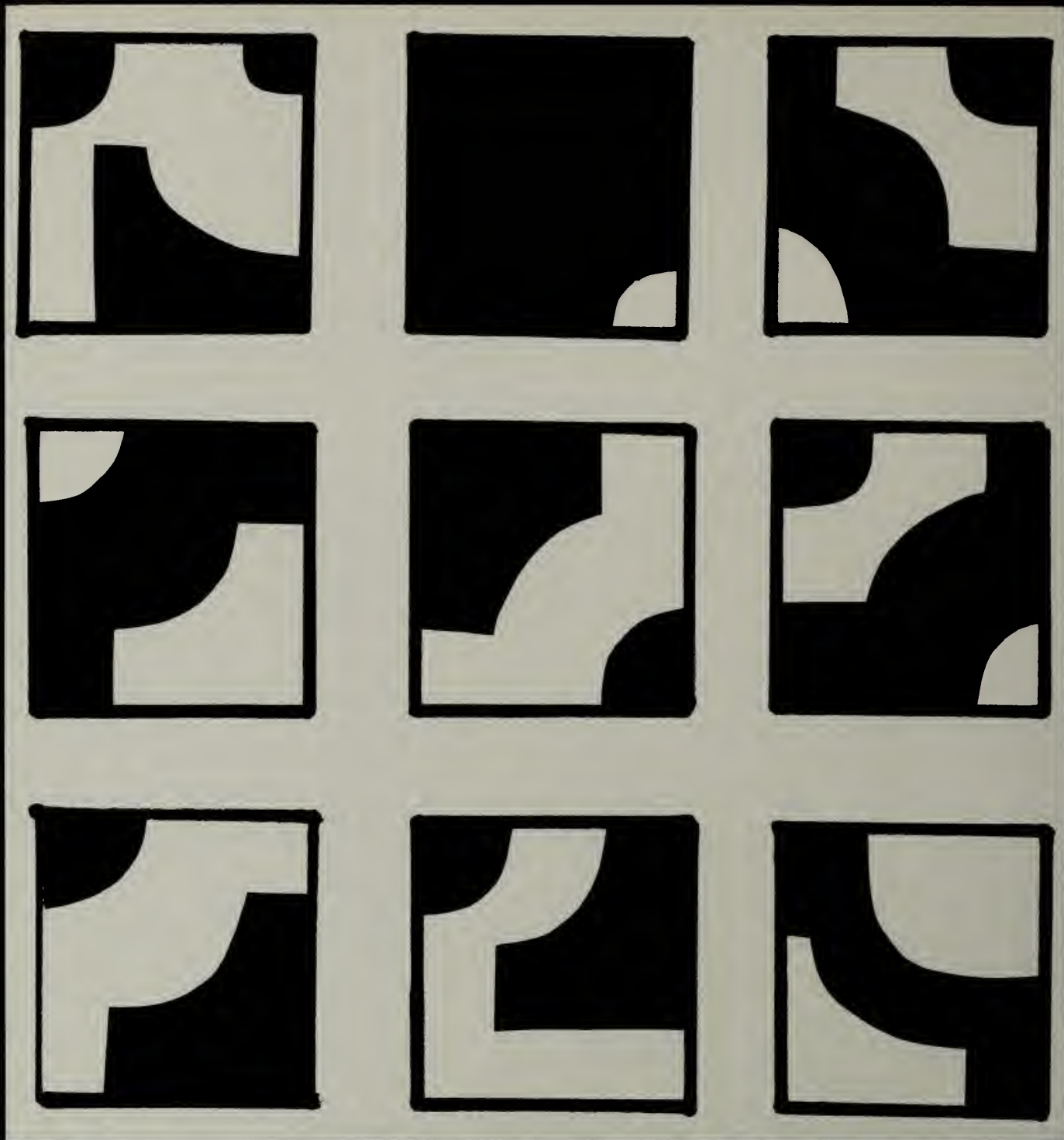
## THE ME NOBODY KNOWS

## THURBER CARNIVAL









## THE DIVERSIONS



# MIRROR WIBBOB



# THE PHILLIPIAN

PERHAPS I should be bitter, now that the last Thursday dawn watched from Evans Hall creeps up on me. I think of my trite articles — I actually wrote a "smoking at PA" feature — and the wasted time. The horrid upper year competition soured me, as my smirking editors dangled board positions before us. I doubted the Phillipian's sacred cow status in the college sweepstakes, and hated the false sense of superiority we board members developed, even in this elitist community. Graduated acquaintances, who might have become friends had not this paper obsessed me, remind me of my questionable sacrifices for this rag.

Through the articles I attempted to write, I gleaned a vaguely cynical view of this school. The dated sexist, racist, and elitist attitudes surfaced subtly even in the most openminded individuals. Isolation from other ways of living severely warps students' perspectives on the problems and joys at PA. In an institution with two hundred years of tradition, one accepts these influences, as concrete change would require a bulldozing of Sam Phil, a new admissions policy, and mass alumni defec-

## The PHILLIPIAN

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dent

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tions from the Bicentennial Fund Drive. The silence speaks more explicitly than any editorial I might have scribbled, and eventually absorbed my will to break it. Or, more accurately, I permitted myself to lie quietly.

In that sense, this board failed. I sincerely wanted to tell Phillips Academy a little bit about itself, in hopes of encouraging some kinds of improvement. But with the consuming drive to produce eight pages of headlines and captions, we lost any focus on our duty to create a statement. Feature meetings passed without much thought about the paper's direction. Previous boards felt similar inadequacies, but I hoped we would learn from their examples.

Despite my frustration, I discovered a much more significant Phillipian somewhere between the layout sheets and my innumerable interviews. Once I turned off the tape recorder, the people I talked with in these years gave me precious insights into their ways. The collective intelligence and perceptiveness of my peers always impressed me, and I gained respect for the faculty for their genuine dedication to our inexperienced minds.



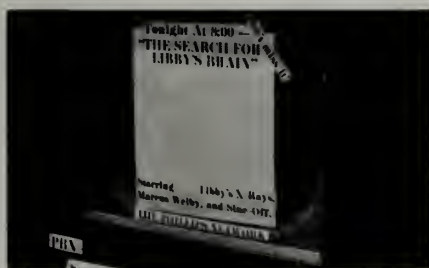




## We've Come A Long Way, Baby

Amazingly, everyone forgave my sloppy academics and Phillipian-induced crabbi-ness. Elitist or up-the-organization attitudes assume less ominous proportions when one knows the fine people behind them. The Phillipian guided me into invaluable breaks in the intellectual masquerade of this community.

In the same manner, the people who survived this journalistic insanity with me gave me friendship that reached through our pretensions. No one cared about varsity letters or upper left seating assignments when we missed deadlines. Complete disorder calmed frazzled nerves here, as the paper was always in worse shape than you



were. And we were so funny! As the minor traumas pass into a contented memory, I cannot articulate these moments. Somehow, a loving unity, cemented in blood, kept us afloat.

And if the "meaningful" articles never were written, I don't care. The good times and humility, I hope, are etched within us. If any of that wandered into the product, or if this board understands people a little better, then we, the Phillipian, succeeded. So I'll walk to breakfast, now, with a few rotten scars, a wild sense of loss and gratitude, and a really good feeling.

— Pam Scott

# ART AND PHOTO PLACES















## AF-LAT-AM

THE Afro-Latino American Society was established in 1967. Its purpose was to aid black students in their adjustment to Phillips Academy. Since then, the society has changed not only to promote more black-white oriented activities but also to accommodate the needs of new Latin students in academic as well as personal and social problems. Many new black and Latin students have difficulty adjusting to a community such as P.A.'s with its rigorous and demanding academic program. The Af-Lat-Am society serves as a place where students can relax from academic pressure and provides a loose atmosphere for students to "get away from it all." In addition, the society offers a tutoring program for those members with academic problems.

The society now functions in Peabody House and sponsors a variety of activities for its fifty members. Past activities include Sundaes on Sunday, a Disco Dance, a weekend at the Log Cabin, and a Senior Tribute Banquet held annually in honor of graduating Seniors. The society continually encourages support and participation from the students and faculty in its efforts to improve black-white relations and to increase its involvement in the school community.

— Jackie Bracy





## SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

"I have come that you may have life and have it more abundantly."

— John 10:10

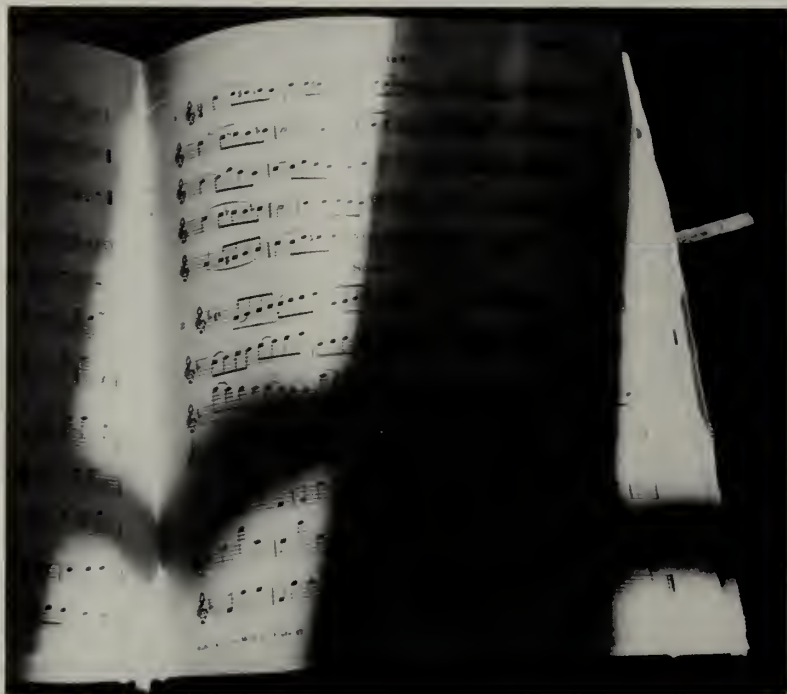
This verse is found on a poster hanging on the wall at the Schloss and Company World Headquarters on the second floor of George Washington Hall, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. Chairman of the Board Ron Schloss, strongly believes that if God wants us to have abundant life, "then who are we to get in his way by having boring Saturday nights here at P.A."

The Schloss and Company Board also believes that Phillips Academy can be a fun place to be on Saturday nights, as 40-60 students consistently show up on Monday nights for meetings. A lot of work goes into a successful Saturday night, and these hard-working, enthusiastic students are what make it all go.

Movies, dances, coffee houses, senior beach trips, sports events, formal dinners, concerts and a prom. Every student was a share-holder in the Schloss and Company Enterprises. Hopefully, very few, though, were dissatisfied members of the bored.

— Ron Schloss





## MUSIC

### Music at P.A.: "Git Down to th' Funky Sound"

Many musicians at P.A. see the musical scene as a form of release and a means of dedicating their time and energy towards some self-satisfying creative end.

Through many hours of individual practice and group rehearsals, musicians not only benefit themselves with a feeling of accomplishment, a growth of technical ability, and the satisfaction of feeling the joy of making music, but they also create a tangible means of expressing their devotion; the concert. The concert is the only opportunity for the public to appreciate these emotional and physical energies, and yet attendance of students at concerts is generally small and somewhat disheartening to the performers. The Orchestra, for example, devotes 30 or more hours of rehearsal time a term in preparation for a one half-hour concert, and the audience is usually made up of a comparatively small number of students and faculty, their ranks supplemented by parents of the performers and interested townspeople. The musicians here would be more inspired and would anticipate greater satisfaction in their artistic expression if they were assured of larger attendance at their performances.

Instrumentalists and singers from the

three major musical organizations, The Band, Chorus, and Orchestra, often combine their talents to form smaller groups of concentration on special forms of music. There exist many of these groups, and they include the Chamber Music Society, Brass Ensemble, Woodwind Ensemble, String Quartet, Fidelio Society (an a capella singing group selected from the chorus). The Cantata Singers and their accompanying group of instrumentalists, the Jass Band Pit Orchestras put together for musical-theater productions.

Although certain musicians may perform in as many as four or five of these organizations, some of the most exciting music making is done in small student-run groups, such as the Impressions Jazz Quintet and various other ensembles, including the rock bands that regularly practice in Abbot's "108."

Much of the motivating drive behind P.A.'s musical endeavors stems from a dedicated music faculty led by William Thomas, the department chairman. These faculty members regularly perform in their own concerts in the Addison Gallery and are responsible for organizing rehearsals and letting the students receive the utmost enjoyment from their efforts.

P.A.'s musicians generally do not form a distinct clique that ties them together for a great deal of time outside the practice rooms, but rather they lead two separate lives, that of the student and "person-about-campus," and that of the musicians. Unfortunately, there are a number of musicians on campus that don't join any organizations, either through lack of confidence in their abilities or a reluctance to make a commitment of a sizeable portion of their free time. This doesn't need to be the case because there are invariably organizations, such as the Chamber Music Society, that both require a minimum time commitment and have room for players of all levels of ability.

The music scene this year at P.A. is thriving but can profit from increased student participation and a greater willingness among the members of the community to support the efforts of it's musicians through increased publicity and interest in upcoming events and greater attendance at concerts.

— Walker Stevenson & Tom Lloyd





# WPAA



"You'll have to hold on a minute — the President's calling." Thus did Bert Lance, President Carter's OMB director, send the entire panel into mild ecstasy. Mr. Lance was being interviewed by Fritz Allis, Gil Sewall, Tom Lyons, Harry Bull and I on WPAA's Andover Forum.

What started as an effort to bring the Andover community weekly discussions on topics of current political interest mushroomed into a bi-weekly radio panel involving nationally known participants. Bill Wexler and I found that those individuals, regarded as out of reach, were indeed happy to talk when we contacted them. Andover Forum was aired on the following Monday nights from 7:30 until 8:00. Andover Roundtable, Bill's program, was played Thursday evenings. Each show entailed a similar format. Panelists, differing from week to week, would question the featured guest, and Bill or I served as moderator. The topics covered in our programs were as varied as our guests. In the course of the year, we talked about government reorganization, Watergate, tariffs and international trade, the revitalization of the city of Lawrence, energy conservation, civil rights, black education, auto insurance rates, the 1976 presidential election, White-House-Congress relations, the CIA, China, and the economy.

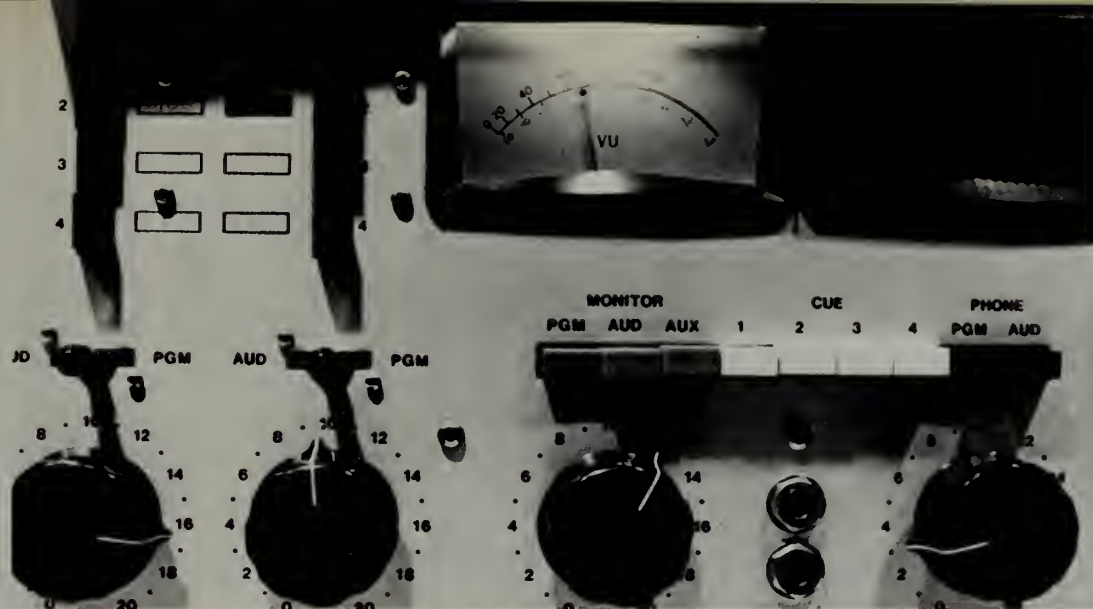
On our first show, we analyzed the results of the 1976 election with representatives of the Carter and Ford campaigns. On the second program, Dr. Sizer and I talked with Walter Leonard, assistant to the President of Harvard University and the President-designate of Fisk University, about the state of black education in America. John Lewis, the guest the following week, discussed his view on the history and future of the civil rights movement. Gil Sewall and Jim Bunnell interviewed Daniel Minchew, Chairman of the United States International Trade Commission. On the next show, Bert Lance from the White House talked about his position and responsibilities on the Office of Management and Budget, as well as the President's latest actions. U.S. Senator Herman Talmadge discussed Watergate on the following program. Soon after, George Bush, former Director of the CIA, Republican National Chairman, and U.S. envoy to China, was featured on the Roundtable. John Doar, former counsel to the House Impeachment Committee, was featured the following Thursday. U.S. Representative Paul Tsongas of Lawrence talked about local affairs. We examined the Boston situation with Joseph Tierney, Chairman of the Boston City Council. Governor Mike Dukakis was a guest one week. Dan Tate, President Carter's assistant in charge of Senate relations, spoke to us about the President's proposals.

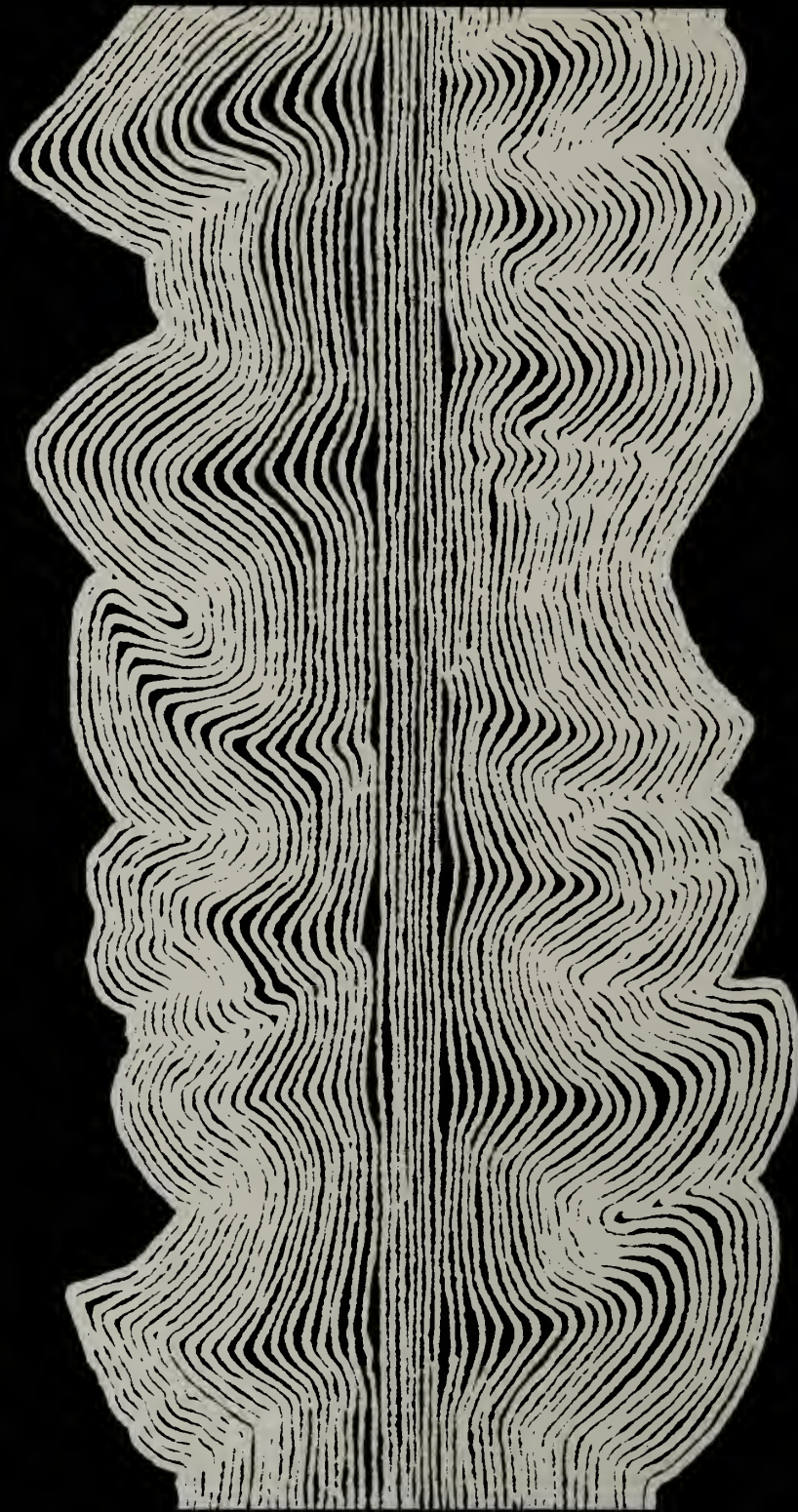
Whether the topic of discussion was President Carter or downtown Lawrence, we thoroughly enjoyed producing the Forum each week.

— Charles Elson









# THE ESSENCE



IN "The Essence" we portray a more universal prospective of the school through the experiences that are a vital part of daily living at P.A. We hope this chapter will incite memories of that much needed cup of coffee at Senior Tea, the chaos of Commons, the dog who came to your 10:00 every day, and the parties that kept you sane.



# THE PUB



"Better Lite than never."







"I'd rather fight than Schlitz."



ONE of the most outstanding features of the PA community is the Oliver Wendell Holmes Memorial Library. For those of us who dislike running back and forth between dorms and different appointments, the library serves not only as a hothouse for the nurturing of the minds of young intellectuals, but also as a snack bar, meeting house, and game room.

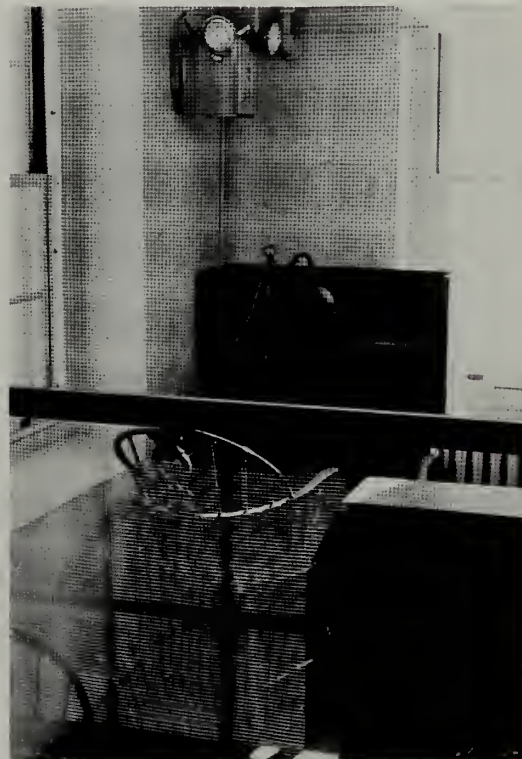




If, for instance, on a given day one misses breakfast, he can usually find an orange or grapefruit unguarded in the Garver Room, which you can then take upstairs and eat, safe from the wary eyes of librarians and janitors. One excellent mental exercise consists of solving the problem "How can I get this Coke past the front desk?" Turning left and going up the marble staircase and then back down through the stacks, hiding it under voluminous clothing and walking gingerly so as to avoid making splashing sounds usually works.



## THE LIBRARY



As far as silence is concerned, no part of the library is truly sacred. Except for the hours of 9:00-11:00 A.M. and 3:00-5:00 P.M., during which time various elderly ladies maintain order in the Garver Room by staring balefully at unruly students, the situation is essentially chaos punctuated by tenuous silence. I remember one incident, when, as a student guide, I led a prospective student's parents up the pigeon-dropping-laden steps and into a frisbee game which had developed in the unattended front lobby. I hurriedly led them through the stacks and into the Copley Wing where some students were playing catch with a brick. Although I explained that such a situation was abnormal in the library, I doubt they agreed.



Students involved in intellectual pursuits at the library often take a few minutes off to relax. The most common diversions are picking up a magazine in the Garver Room and visiting the bathroom. The former can prove frustrating, especially if the only current issues to be found are Motorcyclist, Soviet Life, and U.S. Navel Institute Proceedings. Visiting the john, on the other hand, always proves rewarding; with the janitors frequently scrubbing the walls, there is always a rapid graffiti turnover. While some people prefer figuring whose name is written the most times, different headings, such as "Metaphysical Graffiti" appeal to the more intellectually oriented student.







Nobody, however, can deny that P.A. students enjoy one of the best secondary school libraries in the world. With 100,000 volumes and a friendly staff (the short one, the kind-of-small one, the mean one, the tall one, and the dynamite young one), Phillips Academy students may consider themselves truly lucky. No one, however, has ever managed to answer that one persistent question: "If the library closes at 9:30, why are you turning off the lights at 9:28?"

— Joe Sweany



# COMMONS

ONE might expect to find the most important event taking place at Commons to be eating. Not so when, after considering that Commons food is too often the brunt of cruel jokes (Why did the chicken cross the street? — a neighbor asked as he gleefully tossed his drumsticks and wings towards Benner House) and after observing the mountainous quantities of slop and the playful camaraderie with which students deposit food-stuffs on most available surfaces, including themselves, one realizes that it could hardly be gastronomy which drives students to Commons as many as three times a day.

It is reasonable to ask then, what does drive students to Commons as many as three times a day? The answers are many, but here are a few of my thoughts on the matter.

I am convinced that some students desire to be seen in connection with food. This is not to say that I think students use Commons as a social showplace to display eating habits or etiquettes. Rather, I feel that students are seen at Commons solely for evoking sympathy in the hearts of compatriots. Most students simply want attention. Take the nocturnal student who prostrates himself on a table after an all-nighter and calls for intravenous infusions of coffee. Please. Take him to the Infirmary where a patient is recovering from burns contracted when one morning, oblivious to the real world, he put his hand in the toaster. And take the athlete who, despite his obvious capacity, eats only crackers and toast and drinks only water because he has a meet. These athletes must take out

their carnivorous frustrations in dimly-lit corners, crushing glasses in their hands and bending silverware around their fingers. Pity the ambitious studier who has only one bowl before his AP's so that his blood goes to his brain and not his stomach. And the stoner who has only one bowl. Pity he doesn't have more. Sympathize with those gorgeous waifs who force down a cottage-cheese and water pep-drink with all the relish that a gorgeous waif can muster. And for those of you unable to recover from the condiments in the last sentence, pity the humorist who goes to dinner and finds nothing funny about the entire situation.

I am also convinced that a great number of students desire to be obscene in connection with food. I am an old hand at displaying the tufted wad of napkin of the masticated morsel at an appropriate point in a conversation, but some of the things they do to food disgust me. I am not referring to the pre-school mentality who plays "peek-a-boo" with his entire meal, gazing openmouthed at his victim for more than minutes. Nor am I referring to the inventive prankster who manufactures intricate contraptions with peanutbutter glue designed to confound and surprise the average Commons-duty worker. No, I am taking about a nouveau genre which makes the most graphic of our present-day performances sickly pale by comparison. The new group of artists uses no optical illusions, no false gimmicks, no mirrors. I have heard tell that they merely eat the food.

— Mark Krebs













# RELIGION



FOR me the most significant moments of this year occurred as I lay on the grass of the Sanctuary in the shadow of the log cabin in the early spring. There, in words and music, with culled flowers and planted tree, a group of men and women struggled to express the meaning of life and their love for the person who lived it, Annie Wagner of the class of '78, killed in France while on SYA. Stammered words, tears, melody and ritual conveyed inarticulate knowledge and intimate emotion to release in the warm spring sun.

Halting phrases caught in the throat extended an invitation to me and bore them unease, hesitation and embarrassed respect before the most personal of all human secrets and the greatest of all human freedoms: the search for and the crafting of meaning in life. There was a time, in this school as elsewhere, when such things were articulated strongly and with a certainty that overrode doubts and self-searchings. The rituals were sacred and imposing; the words massive, sure and ancient, the beliefs clear, the tradition strong, the buildings solid, rich and full. Yet so overpowering were these structures that the searching and freedom of the human spirit which had cultured them slept in their shadow. Meaning was inherited and not fashioned. But no more. The building stands empty, the words are abhorred, a numbed silence reigns and the question is denied. All answers are equal and all seekers fools. The baby is thrown out with the bathwater. Yet not quite. In the champagne life of a long-haired girl the quest arose anew. Under the open sky and stretched upon the grass answers were shared. A priest was trusted to speak as one who also seeks.

It was a small incident and largely unnoticed. Yet from it I draw hope that the questing will again be open and vigorous, that the answering will be freeing and creative and that the trust may once more grow strong between those who seek. Such a process leads not into old buildings but into new life.

— Vince Avery







SOMEWHERE between birth and death lie several harrowing sessions in front of a computer terminal. Most students have to write a few programs before they graduate; they discover the true nature of the computer, that obedient electronic marvel. It is run by little gremlins who never do as they are told. If you type:

10 IF A=1 OR 2 THEN PRINT "A IS 1 OR 2"  
the gremlins snicker. Of course they know what you mean (don't they always?), but they refuse to admit it, and snap back:

ILLEGAL CONDITIONAL CLAUSE AT LINE 10.

Desperately, you try many similar statements, but to no avail. To relieve your frustrations you kick the terminal, swear at it, and type:

GO TO HELL!

The gremlins smugly reply:

ILLEGAL LINE NUMBER.

Vowing "never again" you walk away.

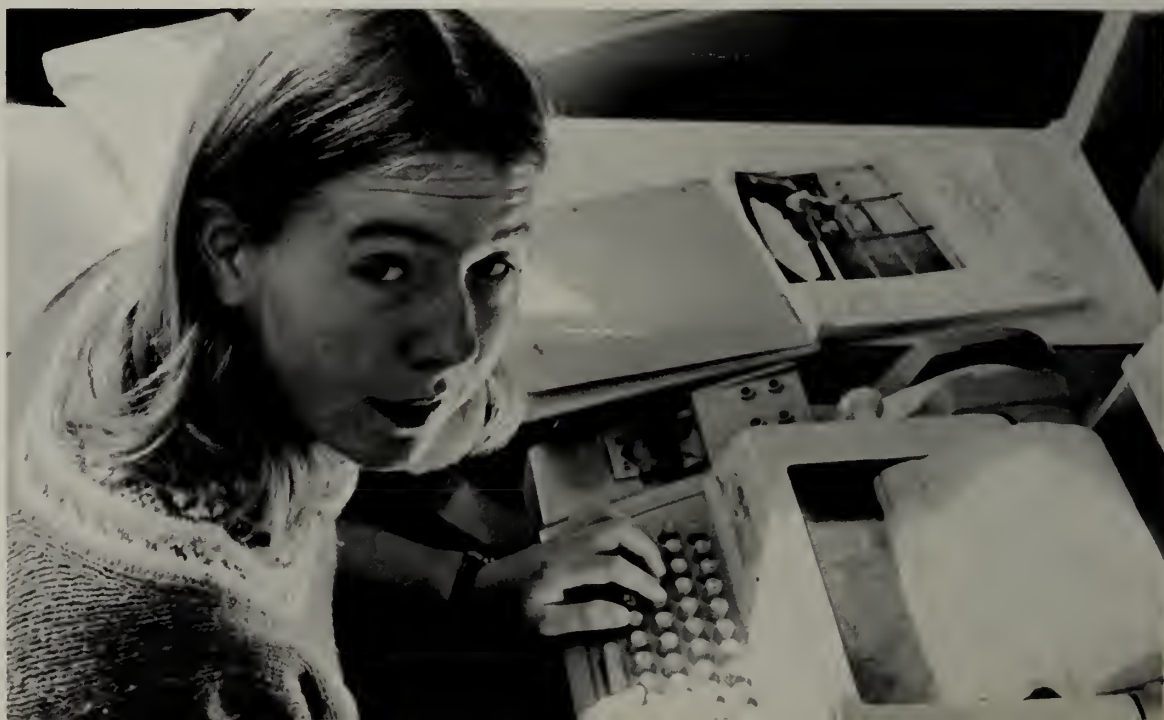
Strange as it may seem, a small group of students find this treatment challenging, and try to uncover all they can about the rules the gremlins play by. The math department flatteringly dubs these devotees "computer bums," among other titles, which are unprintable. Unfortunately, the learning process can be very disruptive. The aspiring computer jock monopolizes at least one terminal, probably more, for an afternoon at a time. And new ways to wreak havoc always have a special fascination.

There is a feeling of accomplishment, though, in beating the beast and getting a long program to work. The feeling is especially sweet when a program makes the computer act as if it were intelligent. I find it difficult to explain why the computer has fascinated me; perhaps the best answer is "because it was there." It was an enjoyable mountain to climb, and I thank Andover for providing it.

— Ross Boylan



## COMPUTER







## BILL PEDLER

TWENTY-Five years ago, almost to this day, about ten additions were made to the adult community of the school. As of the beginning of this year, a softspoken and reserved (?) quintet remained. In addition to the writer, this includes a Director of Athletics who quietly explains our athletic offerings three times a year, a Director of Admissions who enthusiastically voices his feelings towards any worthwhile goal and admits only our very best, a scheduling officer who "hints" to students the workings of Arena Day, encouraging the use of pencils, and the man we honor here who adds a contralto voice to the quintet and who in so many ways for twenty-five years has added so much to the workings of the school, yet often unrecognized. It is for this reason that we were happy when Ted Sizer gave the school a day off in honor of Bill Pedler's retirement from Phillips Academy.

Bill Pedler often did the impossible; he helped organize the mail department to include a post office box system geographically replacing the "bird collection" now in Evans Hall (the mail must go through, through storm and flood and even "Black Monday"); he distributed supplies of all sorts to faculty and students ("You want two paper clips; we only have one but I'll try to hunt up another," and he did); he produced printed material almost before it was ordered ("with Barbara on vacation, Stan's wife having another baby, and Loretta misplacing the mailing machine, I'll never get it done") but Bill always came through.

Quick of wit, my favorite story about Bill concerns a day when former registrar William R. Bennett, Jr. and I were sipping coffee around the round table in the faculty mail room. Bill Pedler was quietly sorting mail into the faculty mailboxes, paying absolutely no attention to any of us but, as usual, going about his work without distractions. The dialogue went as follows:

Bennett said, with tongue in cheek, "that Pedler

sure does good work around here."

"Yes," said I, "few appreciate him."

Playing along, Bennett said, "he should be appreciated more by all of us."

I answered, "yes; I stood up for him the other day. Mr. Kemper said that he wasn't fit to eat with pigs, and I said he was."

The silence was finally broken, and with his usual "deadpan" expression Bill Pedler looked at me and said, "well, Bill, when are we going to eat together?"

We wonder whether Bill took offense when he was played a record of a song written and sung by Tom Lehrer, famed Harvard mathematician and musical satirist, written during the early "drug age" and entitled "The Old Dope-peddler." Bill Pedler was anything but a "dope."

Bill left us in May, after twenty-five years of service to the school, not to retire but to do a few things he had not had time to do before. He returned to his family homestead on Tower Hill in Lawrence, where he claims to have plenty of work to catch up on. He, his wife Lilly, his daughter Gail, and his son-in-law Mike, with his two grandchildren, summer on Meredith Neck, New Hampshire, where Bill has a summer home recently renovated to accommodate an expanding family.

Bill sits on his dock and waves at boats passing by. As I passed by one day, my boat's motor started to smoke and I was afraid of a fire. Had Bill been present on the dock, I am sure he would have yelled an encouraging word or offered to send out some tap water to put out the fire, but he claims he wasn't home, not just hiding from me!

Seriously, though, he has left behind him a well qualified and dedicated staff, the Service Department at Phillips Academy will not seem the same without him. We wish him the best of luck and a happy retirement with his loving family. We hope he will be back to visit the school often.

— William F. Graham

# DOGS AT ANDOVER



THEY live like the Hell's Angels, brawling and chasing mates. I used to humor prospective applicants with the trivia of our 47 registered faculty dogs, not-to-mention the sometimes resident strays which wander into dorms exhausted after the night's chase, a good lay or even a successful evening in the commons. Lokey, Eric, Lolo's little black scruffy, Toby, Mr. Allis's ferocious automotive setters, the Richard's Plunkett and Bali, Mr. Brown's inquisitive new Corgys, and Gil Sewall's "nice little puppy" each added their special touch to the school, the grounds, and their bark to the air throughout the fall.

Beowolf, clearly the most outspoken, couldn't express his thoughts in enough different ways from his hitching-post soap-boxes at Pearson and near Kemper. He still doesn't know the difference between a flying buttress, a hierarchy and a lowerarchy, and he may never be able to quote Keynes accurately, but, uh, if I can just get the next slide, we'll move right along.

All winter our faithful canines worked their ways through drifts shoulder-high to leave their tidy packages and plashes painted to the snow, yellow snow. And still more did they leave for spring to discover, or for the plow, or Frank Zappa(!) When the snow caves were in, so were the dogs — regularly. And when spring melted their private parlours, they carried on with the little doggy chores they had grown bored with in the fall.



I guess there are nerd dogs ("arf-arf"), freak-intellectual dogs ("bow-wow, man"), your basic muts, jock dogs (bovine-canine), and preps ("woof"), but no dining hall has them all. Granted, Hamilton's dear old Guinness doesn't make it upstairs very often and stays a week when he does, but the strategy is migration or mutation, and only the fittest survive, sometimes having to haggle with students for their scraps.

Where there is food, there are students and, inevitably, dogs. And all those alumni thought how "nice" it was that dogs visit informally with the Seniors in the Underwood Room three days-a-week. But like envious Uppers, they sneak a marshmellow-air cookie quickly to their cheek, swallow hard and beeline for the door, tail between their legs, trying to fake a good waltz to Krebs' piano. Then into the courtyard they escape for a leisurely picnic in the sun, knowing full well that our next tray won't be sweet air-cookies, but peanut-butter on Ritz.

Upper year, when Mr. Brown's Walter died one morning crossing Main Street in the fog, I was sad. Dogs make a special feeling of community at Andover, an all-in-the-family feeling; I'm glad to remember them.

— John Chamberlain







## BOSTON MAN & SOCIETY

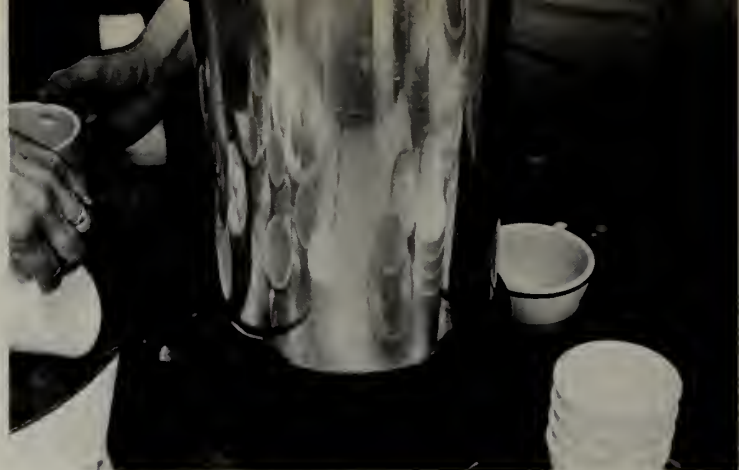






## WASHINGTON INTERN PROGRAM





SENIOR TEA was as much a “tea” as Mrs. Munroe’s costume was dungarees and T-shirt. Sure, we stood and sat around in the U-room sipping and conversing, and often we dug our heels into those comfortable tables for a quiet meditation, but from the broadest perspective Senior Tea was but a tiny microcosm of the smorgasbord of eyes, ankles, breasts, knees, fingers, hair, and expressive mouths that constituted the Class of 1977 in all its glory.

Reliable sources have established that an astonishing 93% of us slid through the glass doors between 9:30 and 11:15 Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday mornings, ten weeks to the term, three terms to the year, in service and respect to the Tsarinas of that place at that time, Mrs. Kemper and Mrs. Munroe. Without those two heroes our all-nighters, athletic sores and stiffnesses, and academic exasperations would have remained unsoothed and fermenting.

That incomprehensible business of colleges turned Senior Tea into an especially important institution. Besides being a teeming source of independents for Mr. Crawford to corral into attending his meetings, Senior Tea served as a rallying point for the tears, hugs, handshakes, kisses, smiles, and bewildered frowns of “Black Monday.” Whoever coined that phrase should have been shot, but whoever instigated the first Senior Tea should have received a little white envelope with a thousand bucks inside.

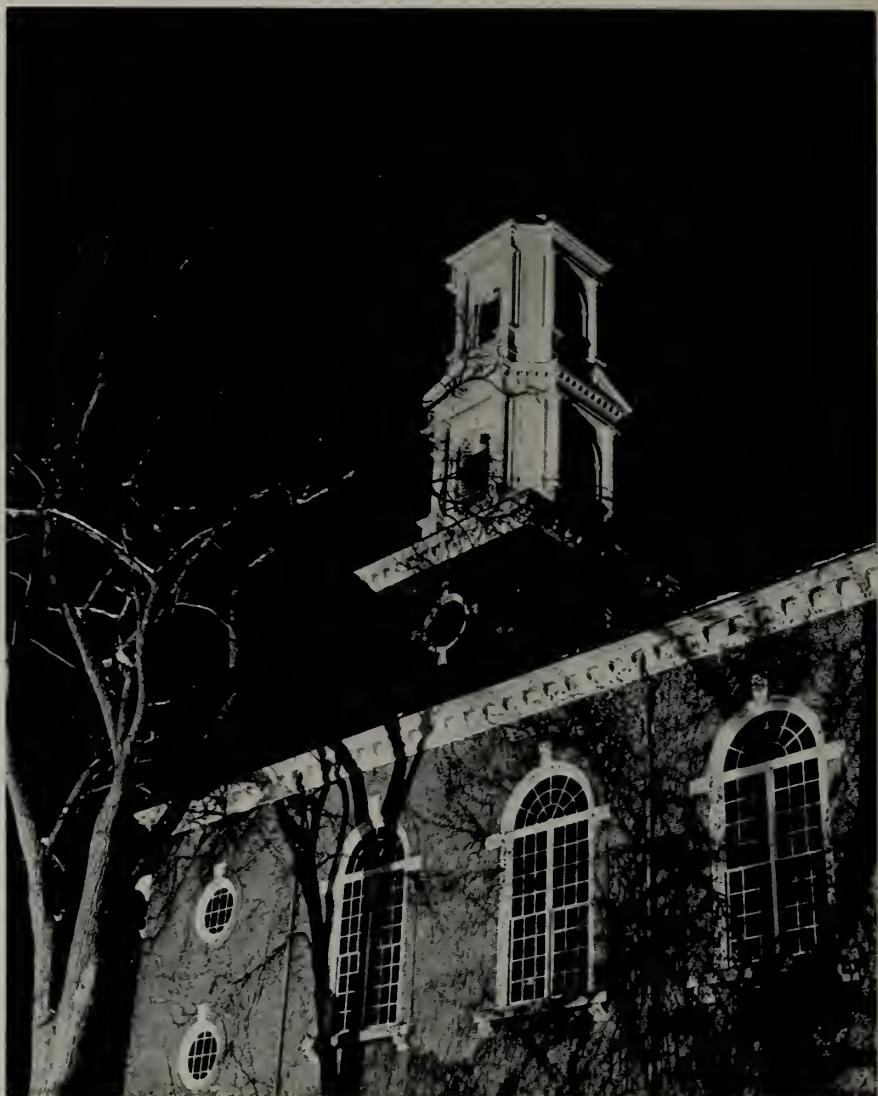
We are grateful for all, particularly those styrofoam cups and fresh lemons.







# NIGHTTIME







IN the 1977 Senior Poll, all the people in the "Bizarre" category were from Abbot. That's the kind of place it was. You had to be a little crazy to put up with that walk up the hill when it was six degrees out. But you did put up with it, and you put up with it in reasonably good spirits because maybe you'd had cocoa for breakfast. That's the kind of place it was; you took the good with the bad.

There was plenty of both, but in retrospect, the happy moments outweigh the sad. Which is to say that images of cluster "B" soccer will linger on when O.P.P.'s pillage of Draper Hall has been forgotten. By definition, O.P.P. could only destroy Abbot physically; they couldn't touch the spirit of the place.

A sort of "we're all in this together" feeling ran through everything. Everyone knew each other, people had common experiences and common problems. The result was an extraordinary ambience of interchange. In this sense, at the worst, Abbot was what every cluster aspires to be.

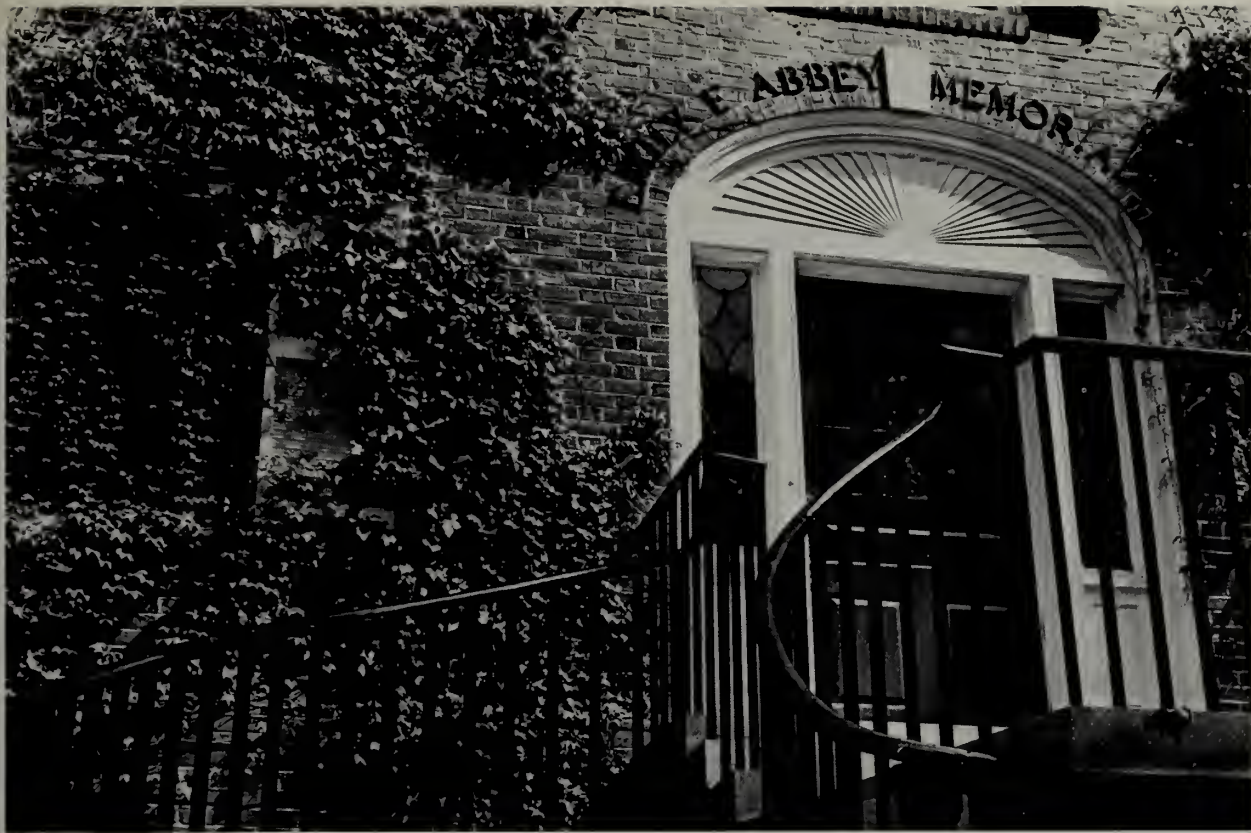
Its closing is one of many trends towards uniformity and efficiency. Its closing is a tragedy. Nonetheless, in the minds of the people who lived in it, there will always be images of Abbot; images of cluster soccer or Sunday Picnics or the Fourth floor of Draper, or of the Christmas dinner. There will be images, and there will be these pictures...

— Peter Collery

## ABBOT







ABBOT HALL  
 ERECTED FACING SCHOOL STREET  
 1828  
 REMOVED TO THIS SITE AND REPAIRED  
 1888  
 RECONSTRUCTED FOR A  
 SCIENCE BUILDING  
 BY GIFTS OF  
 MRS. HELEN G. COBURN  
 MISS ANNE M. MEANS  
 MISS MARY M. G. MEANS  
 1906

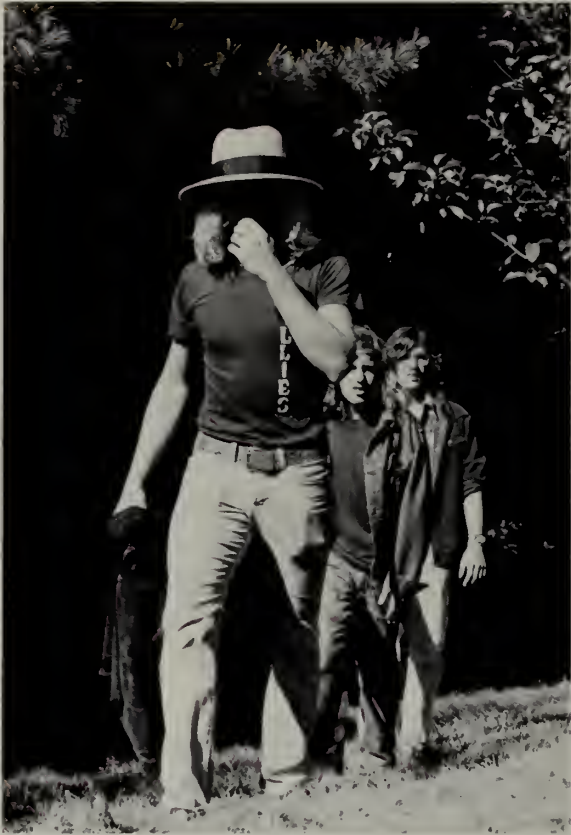








# PARTY





















MARK ALFINO

DEAN ALMY



TODD ANDERSON

"I have seen the Tao and traveled the middle way. I have heard the word and spoken the word. I lived in the flesh and I have eaten the flesh. I have been blinded by the light . . . And now I believe in the supreme and mystic darkness of nothing, in the deepest reaches of the immaculate void, in infinite nothing, in the unremitting realms of nothing, in the abundance of nothing, in the incomprehensible infinite of untold nothing, in absolute nothing."

— Hawkwind, '71







## GEORGE ALLEN

"IF we are anything, we must be a democracy of the intellect. We must not perish by the distance between people and government, between people and power, by which Babylon and Egypt and Rome failed. And that distance can only be conflated, can only be closed, if knowledge sits in the homes and heads of people with no ambition to control others, and not up in the seats of isolated power."

— J. Branowski



## LLOYD AIELLO

"LEARN as if you were to live forever  
Live as if you would die tomorrow."

— Isidore



## NED ANDREWS

PAM BABBIN



MEG AZZONI

"TO my friends  
Contemplating a voyage  
I would say go."  
— Joshua Slocum



PAUL ANGELCHIK

"LOVE when you can, cry when you have  
to; be who you must, that's part of the  
plan. Await your arrival with simple  
survival and one day we'll all understand  
. . . one day we'll all understand."



## ELI AVILA

"FINALLY, one day through two dark and endless eyes, I came to see the truth — the truth which makes up . . . Life."



## JOHN AVERY

"I have become aware of the old island here that flowered once for the Dutch sailors' eyes — a fresh, green breast of the new world."

— F. Scott Fitzgerald



JOE ANDROSKI

## JESSICA BARTON

“‘On with the dance, let joy be unconfined’  
is my motto, whether there’s any dance or  
any joy to unconfine.”

— Mark Twain

PAUL BADE



DR. PHIL BALSBI “ALL right, buddy!”







NINA BARRETT



## LUNDY BANCROFT

"THEY move fast, they tell me,  
But I just can't believe they really mean to  
There's someone, to tell you.  
A course towards a universal season  
We've moved fast  
We need love  
Apart we offer is our only freedom."

— Yes



MAREILE BAYARD

## DEREK BLOOM

"ANDOVER — Thanks for the memories. You might have been a headache, But you never were a bore."



## STEVE BERNARD

"IT is very hard to be simple enough to be good." — Emerson



PETER BEH





DEBBIE BEDFORD

"SET your sights on the broad daylight  
on those dreams inside of you  
ready or not  
give it all you got  
and the sun will shine on you."  
— Andy Pratt



BARRY BENTLEY

"PLAY it as it lies."



BOB BENNER

“YOU can be sure, and confident, even if it happens to be that time of the month.”

PAKORN  
BOONYAKURKUL

BECKY BOYD



PETER BOIT

“THEY gave me money,  
To find the sky.  
And I took it with no question,  
Didn't even ask them why.”

— Jorma Kaukonen







## ROSS BOYLAN

"I used to think until you're eighteen nothing matters," said Mary.  
 "That's right," Abe agreed.  
 "And afterward it's the same way."

— F. Scott Fitzgerald



## LOUIS BOORSTIN

"THERE'S no such thing as a free lunch."



## BURNIE BOND

"SOMETIMES I can laugh and cry  
 And I can't remember why  
 But still love those days gone by  
 Hold on to them close or let them go  
 I don't know I just seem to sing these songs  
 And say I'm sorry for the friends I used to  
 Know."

— James Taylor

"OMNE Graecum mihi est, autem Graecum scio."

CHRIS BROOKSBANK

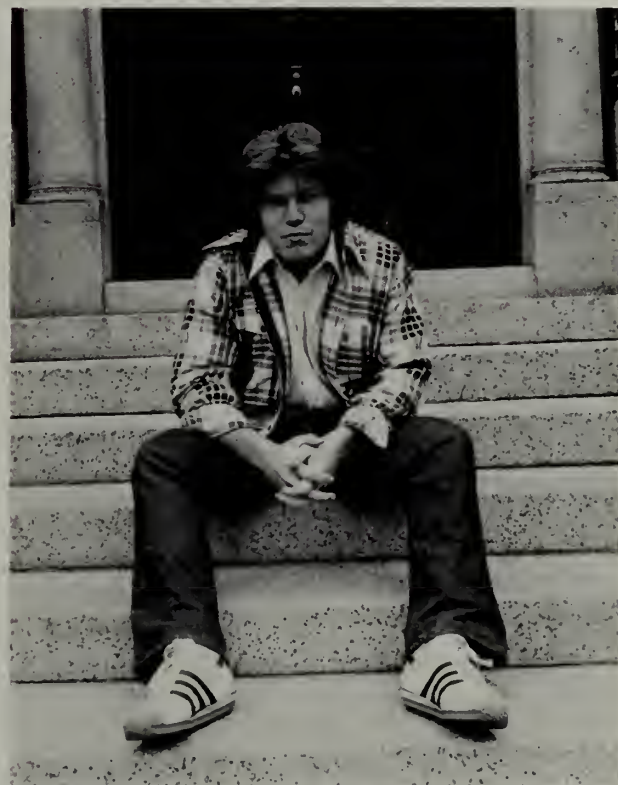






BETH  
BRODIE

"VAHEVALA!"



THOMAS BRESNAHAN

ANDREW BRESCIA

"KNOW ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain."

— I Corinthians 9:24

"IT'S not the size of the dog in the fight,  
it's the size of the fight in the dog."

BUCK BURNAMAN



DAVE BUCK

"NOW I got to get away . . . I can see what is coming  
. . . I think I've been around too long."

— Burrito Brothers



JEROME BUTTRICK

"PERSONS attempting to find a motive in this  
narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to  
find a moral in it will be banished; persons  
attempting to find a plot in it will be shot."

— Mark Twain



BILL BUNNELL



HARRY BULL



MOLLY BURKE

JO ANNE CAMERON



MIKE CAMPBELL

"I was wondering if I  
could possible borrow a  
cup of Johnnie Walker  
Black Label." — Somerset  
Importers



TIM CAIN







MARK CAPUTO

"If I had my way, I would  
move to another lifetime, I'd  
quit my job; ride the train  
through the misty nighttime.  
I'd be ready when my feet  
touch the ground.

— Steely Dan

ELLEN CARLEY



DUNCAN CAMPBELL



ROB CANNING

## JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

"I thus come to the cheerful conclusion that life is still worth living because it is sufficiently unpredictable to be interesting."

## FABIAN CASTRO



## CLIFTON CHANG







FORD CAVALLARI

# DENNIS CATE

"IMMORALITY  
— that's the  
morality of them  
who are havin' a  
better time than  
we are."

— Smythe



BILL CHAMBERS



"STEVEN prospered in his time;  
Now and then, though, he may decline.  
Did it matter? Does it now?  
Can you answer? Yes, I can.  
But what would be the Answer Man?"



ANN LIH CHUNG



"NO matter how hard things get, just keep on trying, because life is worth it."



DAVID CHOQUETTE

"I am not afraid of girls . . .  
I can beat 'em up."



DANIEL CHEREN



VIRGINIA CHAPMAN

"PERHAPS the thing then is to eat  
flowers and not be afraid."

— e.e. cummings

MICHAEL CLEARY

BOB COLOMBO



CHELSEA CONGDON

ELLEN COLLETT



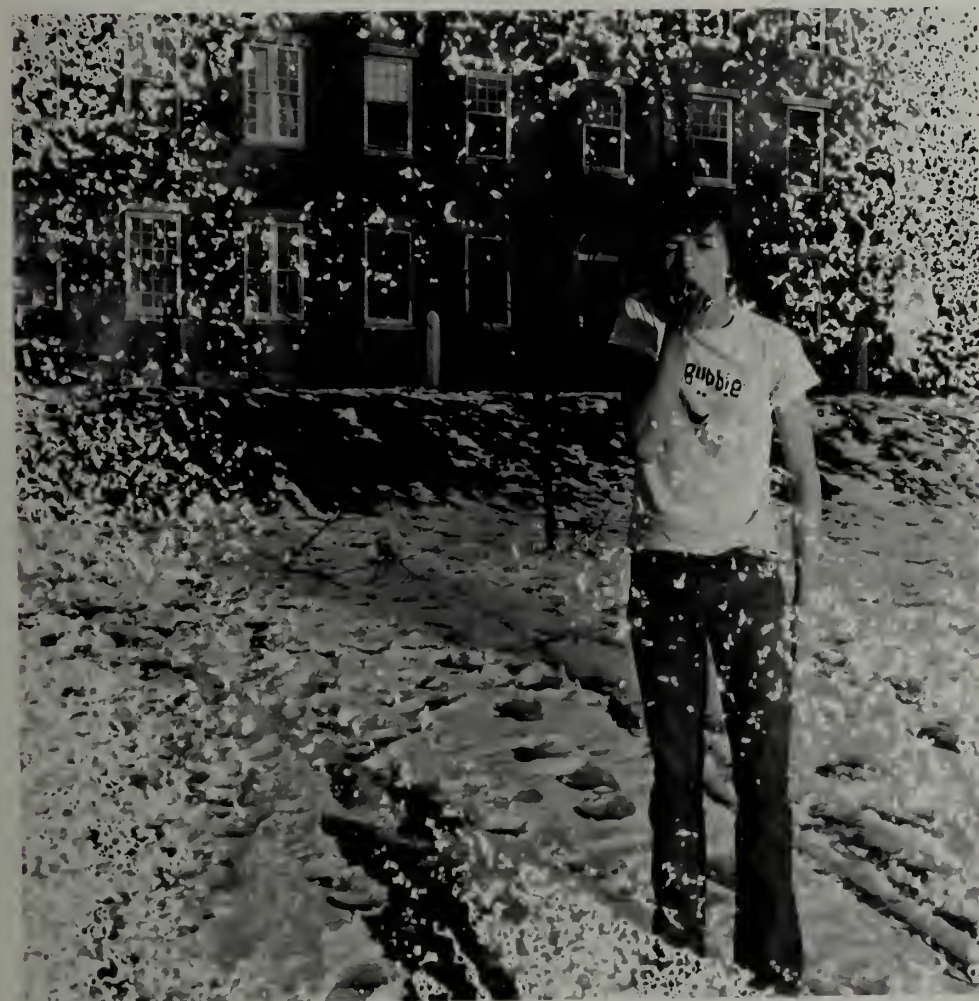




CHRIS COLE

### AL COLBY

"THE smartest boys go to Andover!"



### PETER COLLERY

"Do you realize that this is the very past that goes into Milkwood, and that if you let it, it might take you to the Lonely Mountain or even further, and to worse places?"

— J.R.R. Tolkein



CHRIS COTTEN

"KISS today good-bye,  
And point me toward  
tomorrow."

JUDY CONROY

"I'D rather be dead than wear  
red on my head . . ."



JOHN COX







PAT COSTIN



NANCY COOPER

"A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of shoe, the horse was lost; for want of a horse, the rider was lost; for want of the rider, the battle was lost; and for want of the battle, the kingdom was lost.

— Benjamin Franklin



CARLA CONTARINO

"PERSECUTION you must bear  
win or lose you got to get your share  
Get your mind set on a dream  
You can get it though hard it may seem now."

— Jimmy Cliff

## A black and white portrait of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is smiling broadly, showing her teeth. She is wearing a dark top with a light-colored, possibly floral or patterned, collar. The background is out of focus, showing some indistinct shapes and light tones.

## A black and white profile photograph of a young man with dark, wavy hair. He is wearing a white baseball cap with 'WILSON' printed in bold letters on the side and a light-colored jacket. He is looking towards the right side of the frame. The background is a brick wall.

BOB CRANE





## ELLIE CUNNINGHAM

"A growing thing  
bends towards  
the light . . . bye babe . . ."



BERNARD CRESPI



LIZ CROWLEY

"LE Club 4:00"

WILLIE DANIEL



MARTHA DEAN

as happy, I knew that. While experiencing  
iness, we have difficulty in being conscious of it.  
when the happiness is past and we look back on  
we suddenly realize — sometimes with  
ishment — how happy we had been. But on this  
an coast I was experiencing happiness and I  
v I was happy.”

— Nikos Kazantzakis



ED DAVIS

“You can’t beat fun at the old ballpark.”





JOHN DENUZZIO

"HORSE sense is what keeps  
horses from betting on people."  
— W.C. Fields



DOUG DESIMONE

"I'M outta here."



DAVID DAVIS

"AIN'T it funny how you feel,  
When you're finding out it's real."  
— Neil Young



CATHY DEYO

"YOU shall possess the good of the earth and sun (there  
are millions of suns left),  
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand  
...  
You shall not look through my eyes, nor take things  
from me,  
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from  
yourself."

— Walt Whitman

BILL DUPUIS

"WE may never pass this way again." — James  
Seals



JEFF DOYLE

"DON'T worry about it."



BRYAN DURRETT

"A Phillips Academy education is like  
skydiving. First there is the fall into  
nothingness — it is brief. Then there is  
a slight jerk and one realizes that he is  
safe. The solid, sturdy ground is there to  
meet him as he slowly drifts to security.  
And then the re-jump into college  
begins."





DAVID DREYFUS

"JUST what you want to be, you'll be in the end."



MARY DOWD



NANCY DIAMOND

"YOU'VE known that hollow sound Of  
your own steps in flight."

— Jackson Browne



BRIAN ELLOWE



PAM ENDO





## PETER ENGEL

"THIS land is made of mountains, this land is made of mud,  
This land has lots of everything for me and Elmer Fudd.  
This land had lots of trousers, this land has lots of mousers,  
And pussycats to eat them when the sun goes down."  
The Firesign Theater



## CHARLIE ELSON

"FORSAN et haec elim  
meminisse juvabit"



## GINGER EHRLICH

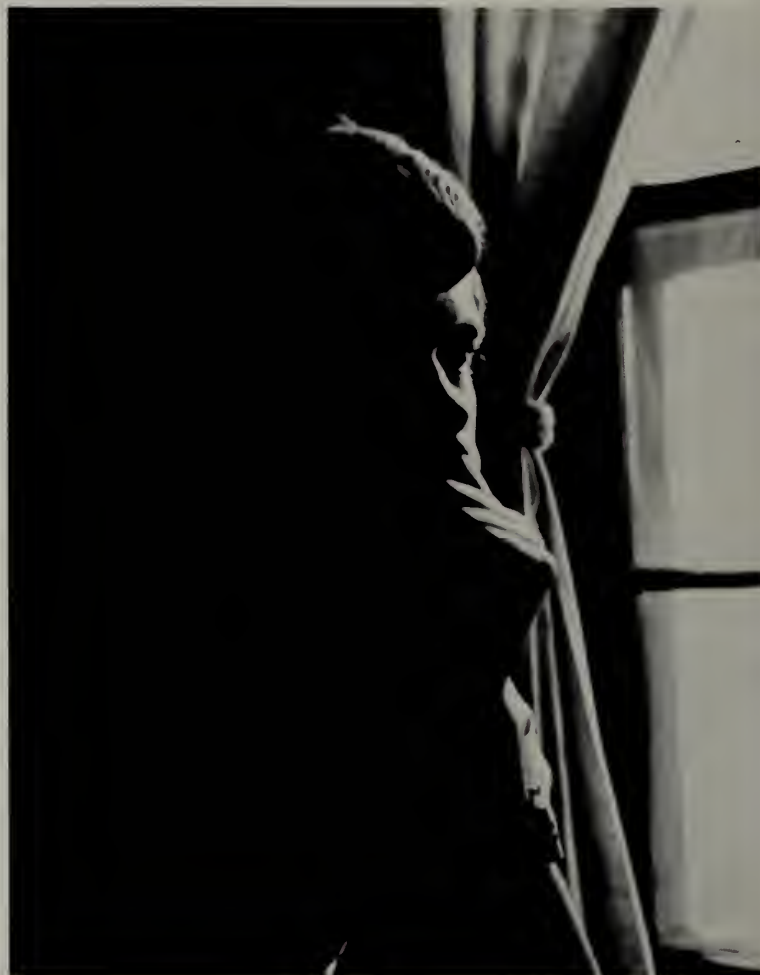
"THERE are two types of people in the world, my grandmother used to say, the haves and the have nots."

— Cervantes

KATHY EPLER

"YOU are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy."

— Found in Old St. Paul's Church,  
Baltimore, dated 1692



TOBY EWING

"FROM your youth up choose instruction, and until you are old will keep finding wisdom. Come to her like one who plows and sows, and wait for her good harvest. For in her service you will toil a little while, and soon you will eat of her produce."

— Sirach, 6, 18-19





## CHRIS FARRELL

"SOON Oh Soon the Light  
Ours to shape for all time, ours the right  
The sun will lead us  
Our reason to be here  
. . . Nous sommes du soleil"

— Yes



## JOHN EVANS

"LIBERTY is the luxury of self-discipline."  
— The Gar



## TED EVERTS

"TO link oneself with the masses, one must act in accordance with the needs and wishes of the masses. All work done for the masses must start from their needs and not from the desire of any individual, however well-intentioned. It often happens that objectively the masses need a certain change, but subjectively they are not yet conscious of the need, not yet willing or determined to make the change. In such cases we should wait patiently. We should not make the change until, through our work, most of the masses have become conscious of the need and are willing and determined to carry it out. Otherwise we shall isolate ourselves from the masses. Unless they are conscious and willing, any kind of work that requires their participation will turn out to be a mere formality and will fail. There are two principles here: one is the actual needs of the masses rather than what we fancy they need, and the other is the wishes of the masses, who must make up their own minds instead of our making up their minds for them."

— Chairman Mao

STEVE FINNEGAN

"AND the night shall be filled with  
music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away."  
— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



DONNA FERNANDES

"SENTENCED to drift far away now,  
Nothing is quite what it seems,  
Sometimes entangled in your own dreams."  
— Tony Banks



STEVE GERST

"DO you ever get the feeling that everybody  
seems to be on the stage, and you're the only  
person sitting in the audience?"



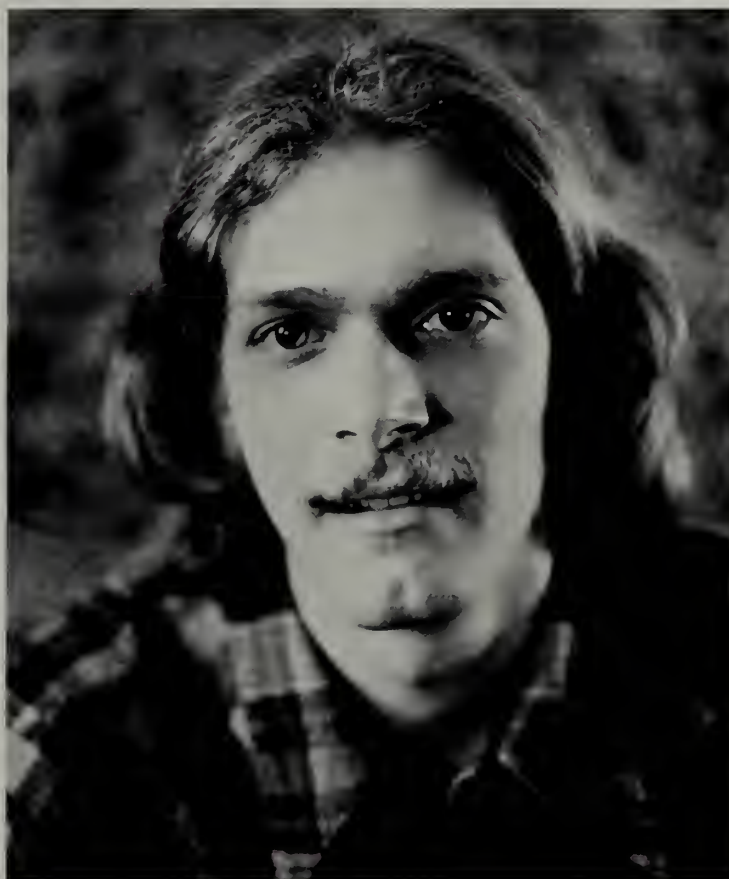
TOM FRENCH



ED FRECHETTE

"I feel fine, anytime . . ."

— James Taylor



ROGER GALLAGHER

"SOMETIMES we live no particular way but our own,  
Sometimes we visit your country or live in your home,  
Sometimes we ride on your horses,  
Sometimes we walk alone,  
Sometimes the songs that we hear are just songs of our  
own."

— Robert Hunter

SUSAN GOLDBERG

"HOLD fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken winged bird  
that cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams go  
Life is an empty field  
Barren with snow."  
— Langston Hughes



JAY GOODMAN

"I.A.T.M.O.T.C.W."  
— C.S.W. Felders



TOM GIBBONS







FRANK GOODMAN

BORIS GONZALEZ



HALLIDIE GRANT

"LET me not neglect any kindness, for I shall not pass this way again."

GERRY HARRINGTON



GEORGE GREENE



JEREMY GURALNICK



DAVE GUTZKE



LUCY HANNA

"EDUCATION is what you have left over after you have forgotten everything you have learned."



NICK GUTFREUND

## TOM HARTMAN

"I once asked the principal of a pregressive school,  
 'Have you any love affairs in the school?'  
 'No,' he replied gravely. 'But then, we never take  
 problem children.'"

— A.S. Neill

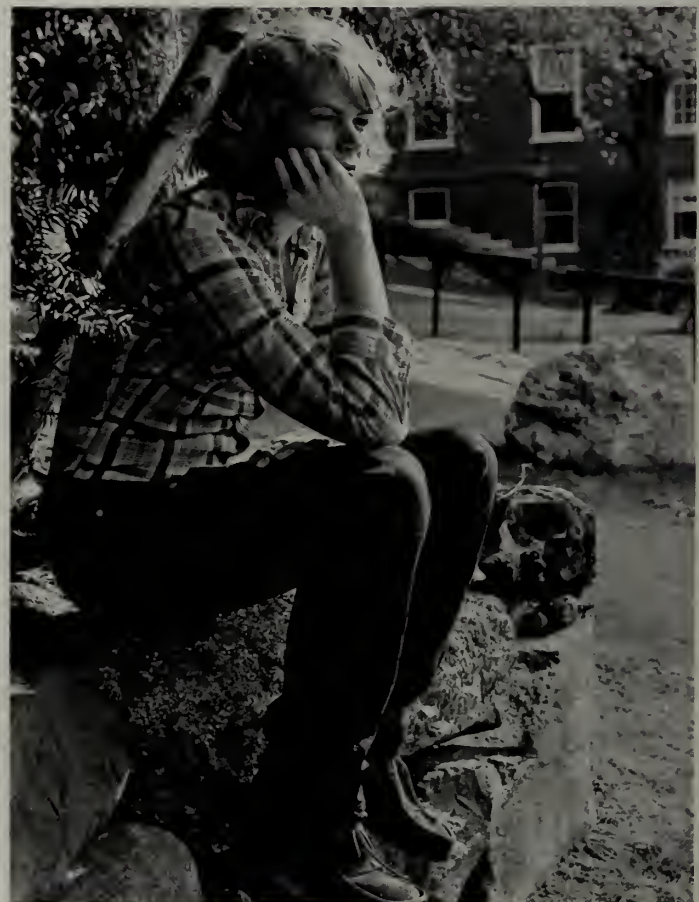


## DAVID HENDERSON

"THE evil that is in the world always  
 comes of ignorance, and good intentions  
 may do as much harm as malevolence, if  
 they lack understanding.

On the whole, men are more good than  
 bad . . ."

— Camus







## TIM HIGGINSON

"BUT, he said, in substance, to himself, that if the earth and the moon were about to crash, many persons would doubtless plan to get upon the roofs to witness the collision . . . Yet the youth smiled, for he saw that the world was a world for him."

— Stephen Crane



LILI HILL



## STEVE HARRIS

"DAMN this New England weather!"

JEFF HIROTO  
FRED HANNIGAN

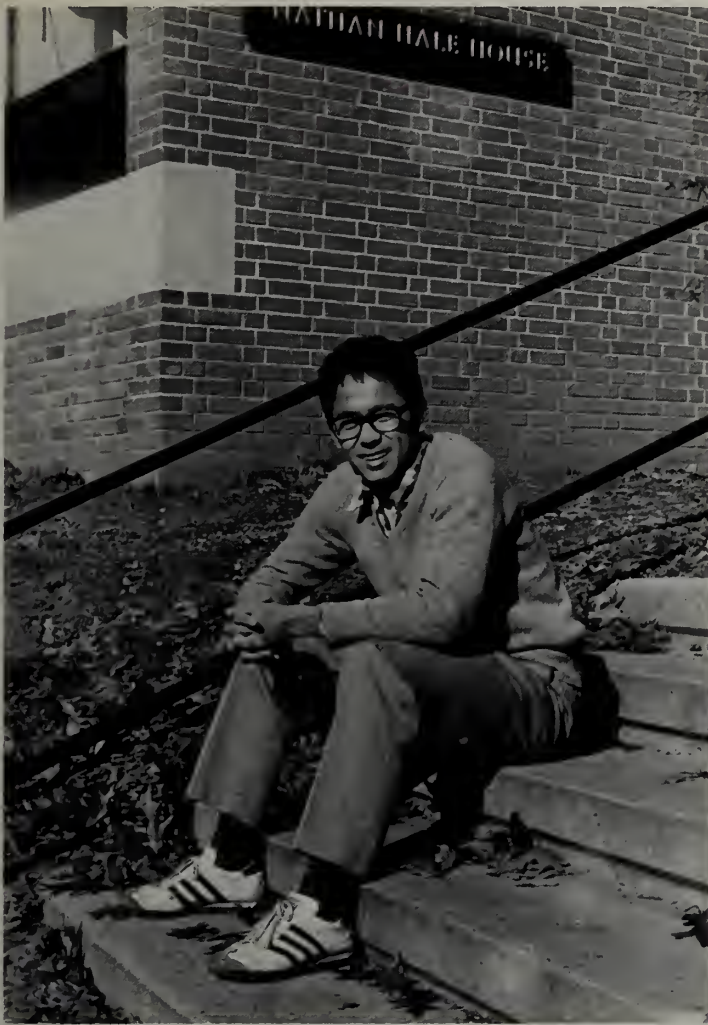


LIBBY  
HOAGLAND

"WHAT game shall we  
play today?"







YING-DAT HO

EVERETT HILL

"ALWAYS do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest."

— Mark Twain



JIM HOEY



POLLY HOPPIN

"YOU often say, 'I would give, but only to the deserving.' The trees in your orchard say not so, nor the flocks in your pasture. They give that they may live, for to withhold is to perish."

— Kahlil Gibran

## TIM HUSTED

"I represent a party which does not yet exist: the party  
of revolution, civilization.

This party will make the twentieth century.  
There will issue from it first the United States of  
Europe, then the United States of the World."

— Victor Hugo



## MIKE ISSENBERG

"GOING to class at P.A. is like being a  
mushroom, first the teacher puts you in the  
dark, then he feeds you s\*\*\*, and then he cans  
you."

## GRACE HUANG

"AND I will friend you, if I may, In  
the dark and cloudy day."

— A.E. Housman



## SUSAN JAMESON



TIM HUDNER



BRIAN HUSSEY



WILLIE ISELIN

"SMALL things like reasons are put in a jar,  
what ever happened to wishes wished on a star.  
Or was it something I made up just for fun . . ."

— Jefferson Airplane

GEORGE JENKINS

“ . . . FUTURE

Money and Time are my keepers  
With both, I'm free to choose my future  
Without, I'm a prisoner of life  
And a victim of fate.”



HARRY JEWETT





ELLEN JEWETT

### MAC JOHNSON

"WILD man's world is crying in pain  
what're you going to do?"

Everybody's insane  
so afraid of one who's afraid of you  
What're you going to do?"



MARGO JONES



# SALLY KEMP

"DO not grieve for the past — go out and grasp new people and new experiences, but always remember the past and what you learned in it and from it."



LAURA KARPMAN



NANCY KEATING



JOHN KASLOW

"I would if I could, but I can't, so I won't!"



SUSANNA JONES



JEAN KENNEDY



KEVIN KEHOE

"If you ever want something so desperately, let it go and if it doesn't return, it was never yours to begin with."

JIM KNOWLES

"LAST week I sowed my wild oats. The fun starts in two weeks, when I try to kill them all."

— Jim Ahle



RAB KER





PETER KING



NAJIB KHURI



CHUCK KIMBALL

"THERE is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about."

— Oscar Wilde

ANDREW KRUMPE

"SET your sights on the broad  
daylight, on those dreams inside  
of you; ready or not, give it all  
you got, and the sun will shine  
on you."

STEPHEN LANKTON



MARK KREBS







## LIZ LAVERACK

"AND it goes on and on  
Watching the river run  
Further and further from  
The things that we've done  
leaving them one by one.  
And we've just begun  
Watching the river run  
Listening and learning  
Run river run."

— Loggins and Messina



## MARTY KOFFMAN

"THERE was a stupid man.  
He wore a stupid hat . . ."

— W.W. Daniel

## CHRIS LAIDLAW

"DON'T believe in miracles  
I do believe in love  
Don't advise you to stick to rules  
There ain't no need to push and shove  
Or in the you'll reflect the pool  
Reaching for the sky above."



LEISA LING

"... FOR that happy day for that happy  
day."

— Cat Stevens

JIM LETTS



DANIEL LIEBERFELD





## BRUCE LENES

"DON'T let the world around you squeeze you into its mold, but let God remold your minds from within, so that you may prove in practice that the plan of God for you is good, meets all his demands and moves towards the goal of true maturity."

— J.B. Phillips



## REBECCA LISH

"WASN'T this supposed to be the bus to Des Moines?"



## ANTHEA LETSOU

"TONIGHT I will do nothing and that includes not expecting the unexpected.  
But if it should come . . ."

— R. McKuen

KATY LOEWALD

"FARE thee well now  
Let your life proceed by its own design  
Nothing to tell now, let the words be  
yours  
I'm done with mine."  
— Bob Weir



RICK LOPEZ







BEN LLOYD

"WE can't appraise the time in which we act. But for the folly of it, let's pretend we know enough to know it for adverse."

— Robert Frost



BRIAN LOUGHMAN

"MORALITY is simply the attitude we adopt towards people whom we personally dislike."

— Oscar Wilde



HEATHER LITTLE "GLOWORM glowlight on a grassblade . . ."

— T.S. Eliot

ROLF LUNDBERG

"NOW, is that a real poncho  
or is that a Sears poncho?"

KEN MACKENZIE

(Missing)





SARA MCLEAN



GAY MACOMBER

"IT isn't much fun for One  
But Two, can live together  
Says Pooh, says he  
And that's how it is says Pooh."



ALEXANDER MAGOUN

"ASK a flower to kneel when you  
pray to the runner."  
— Jon Anderson



ROBERT MANN

"IF you wake up breathing, things  
can't be all bad."

LISA MANZI

"THERE a lot of things I ain't never done.  
But I ain't never had too much fun."  
— Commander Cody and his Lost Planet  
Airmen





## JUDY MATHEWSON

"IF I can stop one heart from breaking  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain."

— Emily Dickenson



## GINNY MAYNARD

"LE Club 4:00"



## BAMBI MARKEL

"IN watermelon sugar the deeds were done and done  
again as my life is done in watermelon sugar."

— Richard Brawtigan

MARK MCDONNELL

"I did it for Mom and Dad."



ANDY MCCARTHY

"IT'S been actual."



DAVID MCLEOD





JAY MCCOSKER

"IT were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse-races."

— Mark Twain



LISA MCGOVERN



KENT MCCUE

"THE countless visions that are drifting  
The silver dreams you hate to lose.  
There's no harm. We've all been waiting.  
So keep your faith. Do what you choose."

— Journey



ANDY MORSE

"AT least we bow politely . . ."  
— Andrew Plummer



JOHN MEEHAN

CYRUS MILLER

"THE strongest man in the world is he who stands  
most alone." — Ibsen





## TOM MORSE

"I would prefer for us to consider the idea of a yearbook presumptuous in that are we that significant? Should we press to rekindle the thoughts of the past? I think it would be better if we took more awareness in the now and sought improvement in our mind and body because it's fun to be closer to that which we want."



RICK MOODY



## HAMILTON MEHLMAN

"GATOR, Rogue, Tool, Donkey, Brad, and all that to you, too."

MICHAEL NEUMAN



DEAN NELSON

"IF you think you will be broken . . . You are  
If you think you dare not . . . You don't  
If you'd like to win but think you can't  
It's almost sure . . . you won't  
Life's battles don't always go to the  
strongest or fastest or smartest  
The person who most often wins is  
the one who thinks he can."

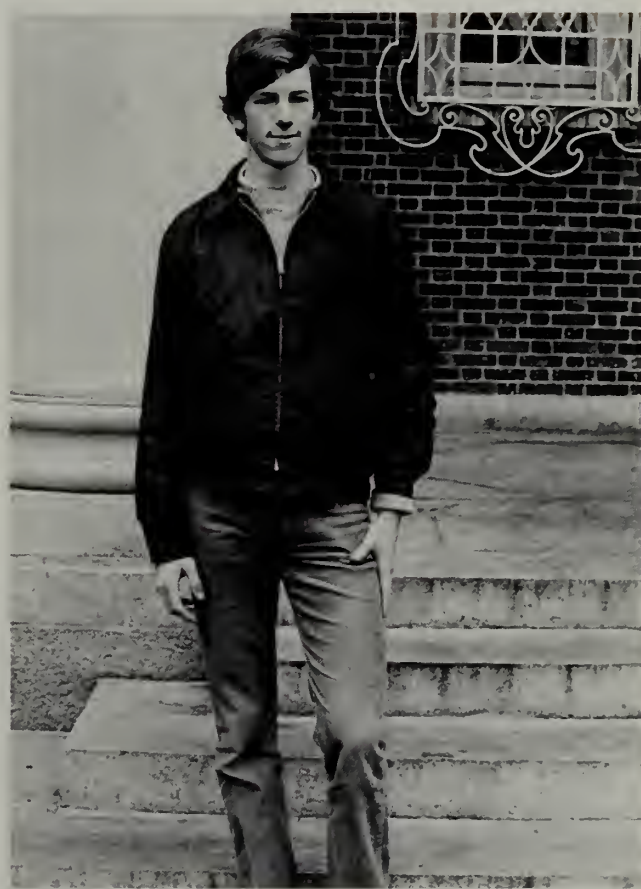


ANNIE MURRAY



JEFF STONE JIM SMITH BRIAN NELSON

"MORNING has broken, thank God!"



FRED MUELLER

ROBERT MULDOON

"NOTHING in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; Nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; Unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education alone will not; The world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent."

— Unknown

STEVE OKADA

JEREMY ORGEL

"WE doctors know a hopeless case if — listen: there's a hell of good universe next door; let's go."

— e.e. cummings



JOHN NORDELL



"THE whole idea of the band is to set a standard that's so high, that that's what every band has to shoot for."

— Buddy Rich

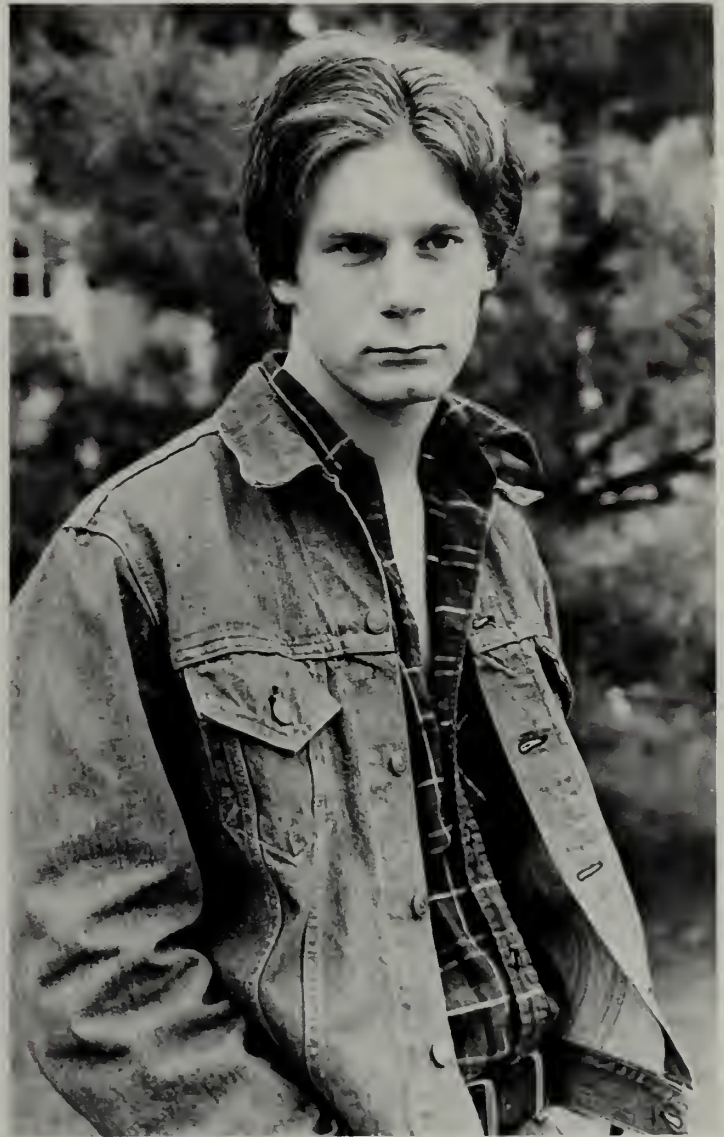


## DAVE PARADISE

### LISA PARK

“‘A planet doesn’t explode of itself,’ said drily the Martian astronomer, gazing off into the air — ‘that they were able to do it is proof that highly intelligent beings must have been living there.’”

— John Hall Wheelock



### RICHARD NOONE

“ANYWAY, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field at rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody’s around — nobody big I mean — except me. And I’m standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff — I mean if they’re running and they don’t look where they’re going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That’s all I do all day. I’d just be the catch in the rye and all. I know its crazy but that’s the only thing I’d really like to be.”

— J.D. Salinger



PETER PEZZELLI

"TRY, try again. Ninety-nine percent of success if failure."



JEFF PERLEY





## ELEANOR PIEL

"SINCE all things are either concave or convex, all our dreams must be of sex!"



## STEVE PETERSON

"OF all the wonders of nature, a tree in summer is perhaps the most remarkable, with the possible exception of a moose singing Embrace You in spats.  
— Woody Allen



MARK PIERCE

# RACHEL POPKIN

"THE holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime . . ."  
— Mark Twain



# THEO POZZY

"LIFE'S a bitch, intense and insane . . ."



# PATRICIA POTASH



# ANNETTE PORTER





### CHRIS POLSON

"TO die — without the Dying  
And live — without the Life  
This is the hardest, Miracle  
Propounded to Belief."

— Emily Dickinson

### SARAH POST

OPEN up your eyes P.A.  
realize the average man and  
sail a 'junk' through the world  
of reality. I sang. Yours,  
Rhudaba Ker."



MARY POLK



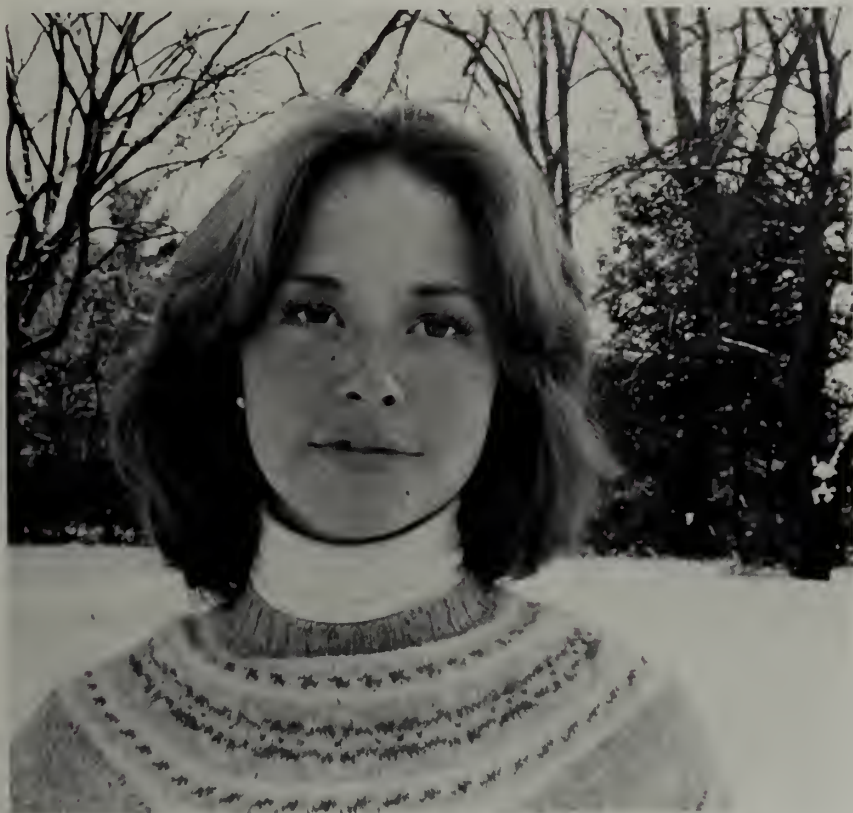
**GARRETT  
RANDOLPH**

"ALL I want to say is God  
bless you Prep Lowers  
and Juniors. There will be  
times when you will want  
to whip the books out the  
window and go home, but  
don't; sticking it out is  
worth it."





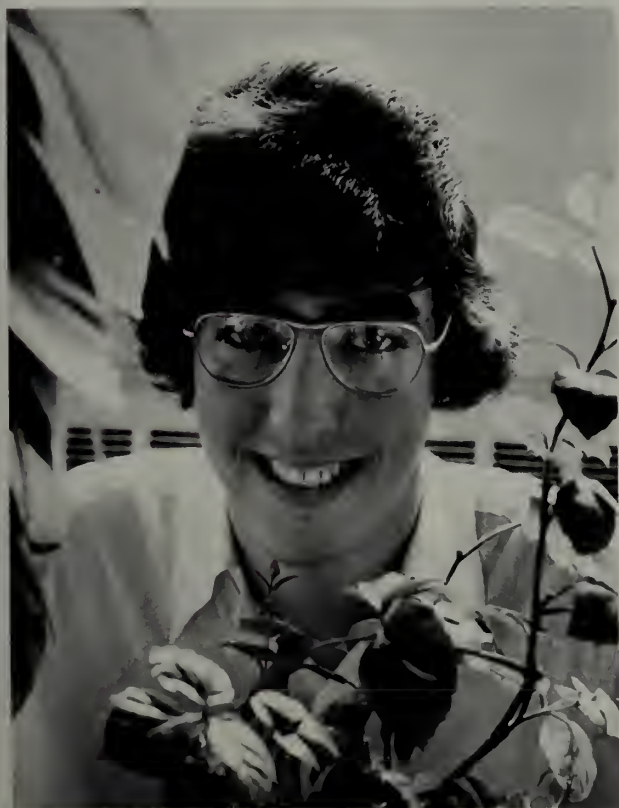
MERRY REYMOND



EUMI PYUN

"SOAP and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run."

— Mark Twain



JON PRAGER

"WHAT'S the hurry? I'll get there."



MIKE RAUSEO

"I will not crawl."

— Richard Nixon



HUNT RICHARDSON

"WE must listen to madness  
to find the seed of wisdom it  
contains, but we must not  
make madness an ideal."  
— Samuel Keen



RICH RIKER



DALE ROBBINS



PAUL ROBERTZ

"IT'S always night or we wouldn't need light  
— Thelonius Monk, Eschew obfuscation!!  
Abhor redudant, bombastic, repetitive,  
extraneous circumbobulation."



JOSE RIVERA



JULIA ROE

"OH, lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again."  
— Thomas Wolfe

DICK SAMSEL

"WAR if you must, but please  
no war songs."  
— G.B. Shaw



CHRIS SANDERS

CALEB ROSS



TOM ROTHCHILD







## JOYCE ROGERS

"IF you like to see me smile,  
Then you're in luck 'cause  
that's my style."

— Minnie Riperton



OHMI SAVANAYANA

## MIRANDA RUSSELL

"I declare I've had my share and I've heard it all before.  
It's true for me to be stealing away.

Now the reason I'm sailing is over on an island  
On a hillside in the woods where I belong."

— James Taylor





### LAURA SCHEERER

"I'd like to be a willow, a lover, a mountain,  
a soft refrain.  
I'd hate to be a grown-up, and have to try to  
bear my life in pain."  
— Phoebe Snow

### STEVE SCHWARTZ

"IMAGINATION is more important than  
knowledge."  
— Albert Einstein



### ISABEL SCHAFF

"THE men where you live, 'said the  
little prince,' raise five thousand roses  
in the same garden — and they do not  
find in it what they are looking for.

'They do not find it,' I replied.

'And yet what they are looking for  
could be found in one single rose, or  
in a little water.'

'Yes, that is true,' I said. And the little  
prince added:  
'But the eyes are blind. One must look  
with the heart . . .'

— Antoine de Saint Exuprey





PAM SCOTT



ALAIN SCHWARTZ

"I know we've come a long way, we're changing day to day. But tell me, where d'th'ch'ldr'n play."

— Cat Stevens



LIZ SCHWERDTLE



NOEL SCHWERIN

"OH, the hours that I've spent inside the Coliseum,  
Chasing lions and wastin' time.  
Oh, those mighty kings of the jungle, I could  
hardly stand to seem 'em,  
Yes, it sure has been a long, hard climb.  
Train wheels runnin' through the back of my  
memory,  
As the daylight hours do decree,  
Someday, everything is gonna be smooth like a  
rhapsody,  
When I paint my masterpiece."

EULAH  
SHEFFIELD

"YOU can't all of it too  
seriously."



STEVE  
SIDERI

"A friend is a  
friend, and a friend  
can be true, but  
you better \*!#@  
him, before he  
\*!#@'s you."



LIZ SIDERIDES

"C'EST pour toi que je jove, grand pere toi  
Tous les autres m'ecoutent mais toi tu m'entends  
On est du meme bois, on est du meme sang  
Et je porte ton nom, et tu es un peu de moi.  
Exile de Corfu et de Constantinople  
Ulysse qui jamais ne revint sur ses pas  
Je suis de ton pays meteque comme toi  
Un enfant de l'enfant que to fit Penelope."

— George Moustaki



PAUL SENIOR

"I know you rider, going  
to miss me when I'm  
gone?"







DEBBIE SEGAL  
RICHARD SHIN



RACHEL SHUB

JUDY SIZLER

"PERHAPS, one day, it will  
help to remember these days."  
— Vergil



MIKE SOMERS



MIKE SOLOVAY



"LIFE is a gamble, life is a bust.  
All you can do is do what you must.  
You do what you must do,  
And you do it will."  
— Bob Dylan





WENDY SONNABEND

"OH, it's time to start livin'  
Time to take a little from the  
world we're given  
Time to take time, for spring  
will turn to fall  
In just no time at all."  
— "Pippin"



DOUG SIMMONS



JOHN SILVER

## DARRYL STOWE

"WHY not? Anything that gets the adrenalin moving like a 440 volt blast through a copper bathtub is good for the reflexes and keeps the veins free of cholesterol."

— Dr. Hunter S. Thompson.

## RICHARD STARRAT

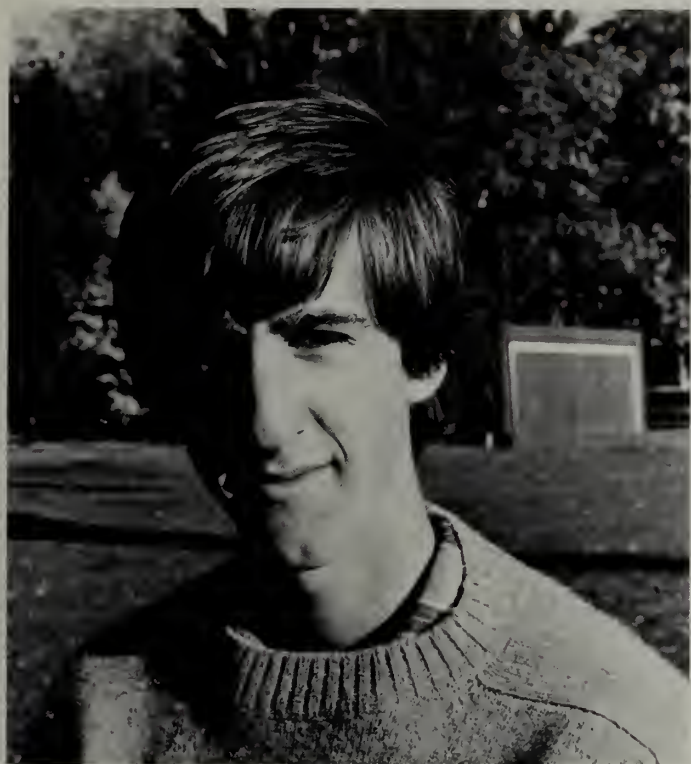
"AS long as I get to play."



## WALKER STEVENSON







PETER STEIN

"May you stay forever young."  
— Joan Baez.



SCOTT STANSFIELD    BETH SONNIER

# KIMBERLY STOWE

"SOMEBODY told a lie, said heaven was in the sky."  
— Ashford & Simpson

DEAN SWAN



# ED SUSLOVIC

"GOODNIGHT Mrs. Callabash — wherever  
you are."  
— Jimmy Durante



# BARBARA SUTHERLAND

"NOW we're getting older,  
Nights are getting colder,  
Our youth is nearly through.  
We'll soon be wondering why  
We stumble saying goodbye  
And look aside the way we do.

I long to show you how  
Proud I've been to know you  
And hope you feel something, too.  
When things are slow the long  
Winter through,  
I'll be remembering you."  
— Buff Fink







## PAIGE SUTHERLAND

"WHAT are the aims, which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others."

— Kant



## GWEN SWASEY

"FEAR not to relate my crime. The crime is loving the forsaken, Only silence is shame."

— Bartolomeo Vanzetti

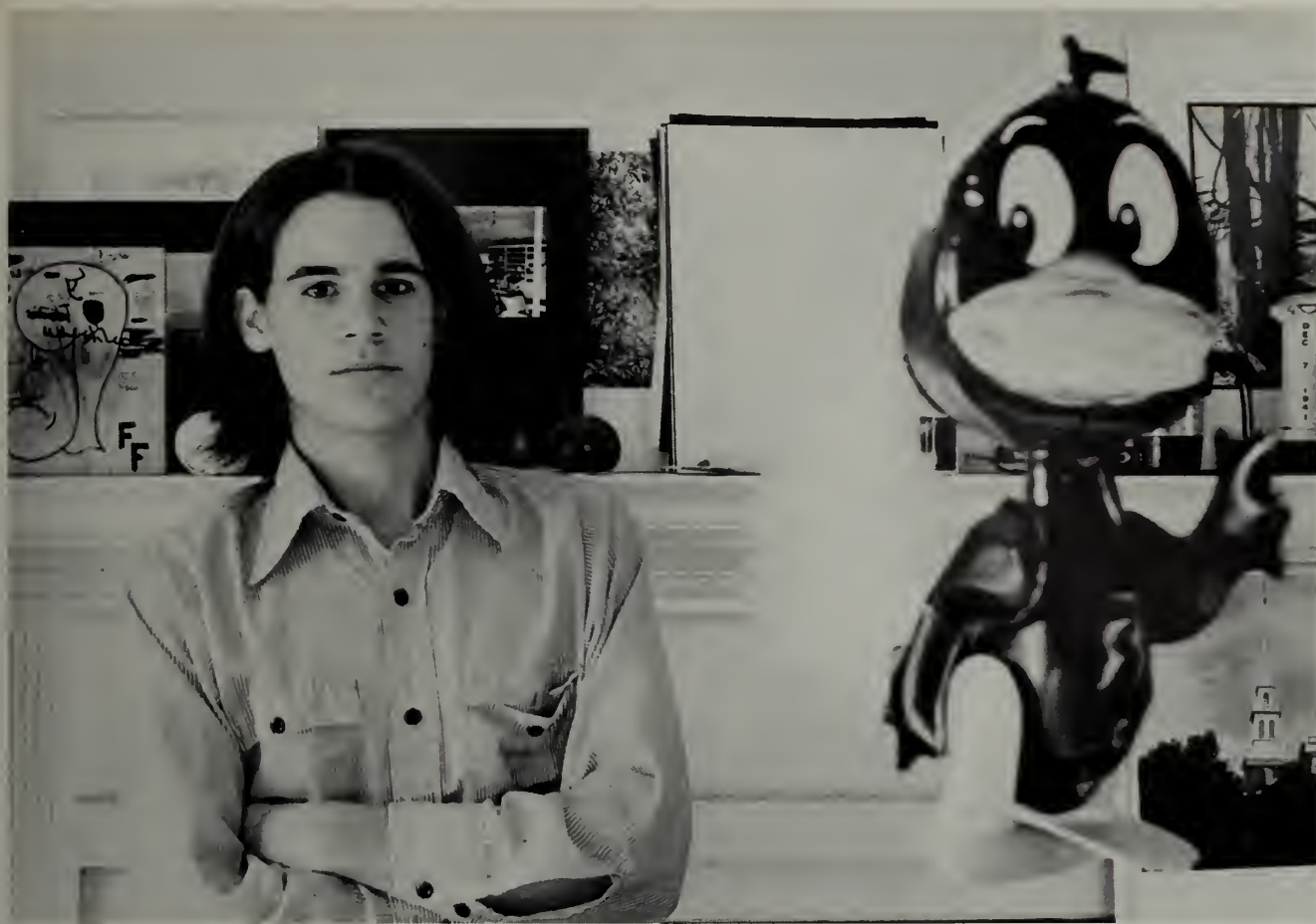


## JOE SWEANEY

JAMES TANAKA







BENJY SWETT



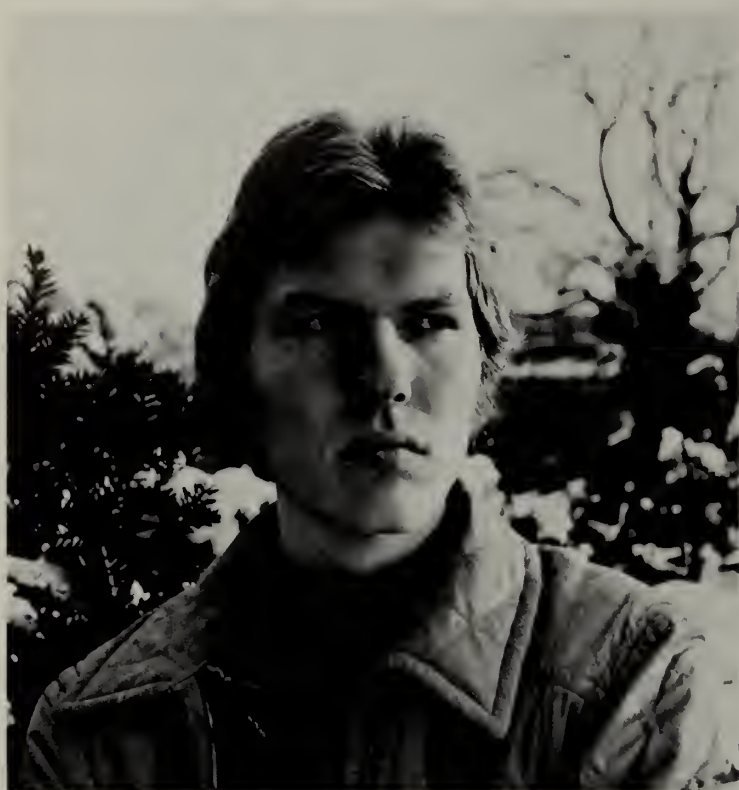
GREG SWINGHOLM



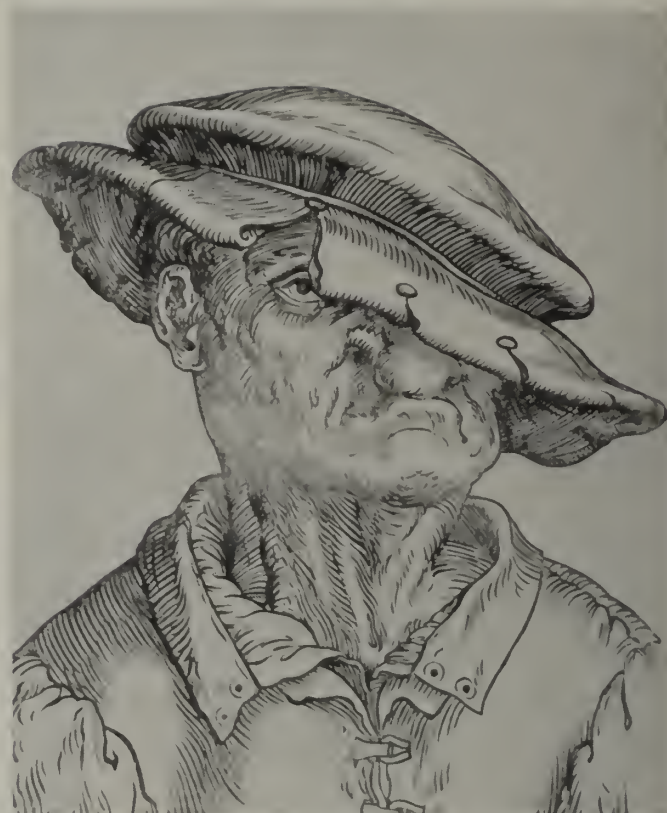
MICHAEL TAYLOR

LUDVIG TJELMELAND

"I think, therefore I am, at least I think I am."



TOM VAN BUREN



GEORGE VAILLANT



"OBEDIENCE to the law is freedom."



## TY TYSON

"... AND now for something completely different." —  
Monty Python



ED TOOLE



MAGED TOMEH



## STEPHANIE TRUESDALE

"THIS is the last window

through the last window  
a last dog  
does last things

there is a cloud  
that knows exactly where it is going  
a bird freed of nests  
a road surfacing

there is a room behind me labelled  
Room  
and a floor beneath labelled  
Ceiling  
the window stands alone  
the walls have already left

I exit  
leaving the window and its last things

I slip out the back  
following my corner  
to whichever landscape it might choose  
to settle in"

— Brian Swann



DUNJA VEHRENKAMP

"I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference."  
— Robert Frost



JORGE VIRGILI



BILLY VITALIS



JEAN-MICHAL VITON

"C'EST si simple de vivre:  
Il suffit d'être soi.  
L'enfant qui me délivre  
Est habillé de soie . . ."

— G. Cesbron



PETE VENTRE



"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible."

TODD WALKER

"WHAT was won, was one to be.  
What was lost, can never be found."

CAMERON WARNER

"AUDENTIS Fortuna juvat."  
— Virgil



MIKE WARTELS



"TRY it, you'll like it."  
— Sir Arthur Conan Doyle





BILL WEXLER

"IN free governments the rulers  
are the servants and the people  
their superiors and sovereigns."

— Benjamin Franklin



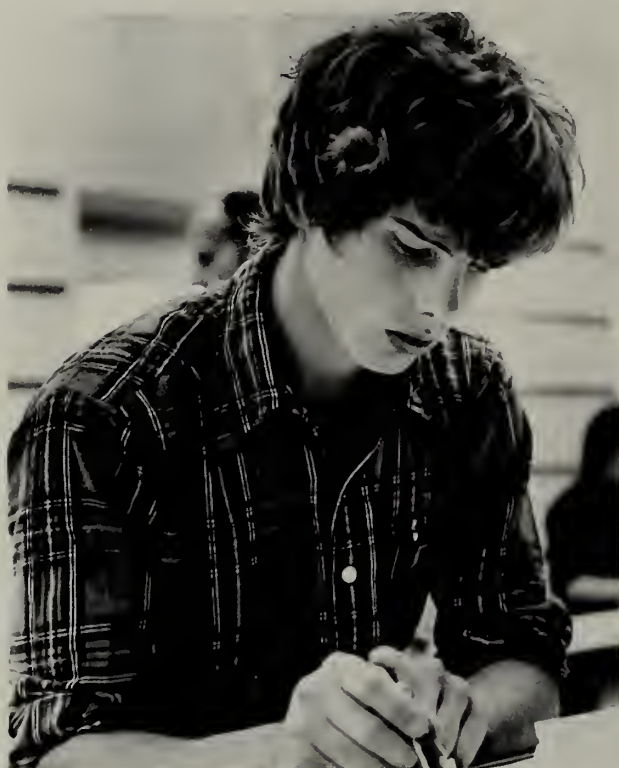
JIM WANG

"WHEN you see me fly away  
without you  
Shadow on the things you know  
Feathers fall about you  
And show you the way to go  
It's over, it's over."

— Neil Young

QUAD WHEELER

"WINTER must be cold for those with  
no warm memories."  
— Deborah Kerr





STEVE WILSON



BRUCE WILSON



CYNTHIA WILEY

"IF a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

— Henry Thoreau

"ASPIRATION, Inspiration, Perspiration." —  
RFW



HOON WON



ANNE WISEMAN

"SMOOTH runs the water where  
the brook is deep."  
— Shakespeare





## PRESTON WRIGHT

"CRAZY, am I crazy  
For wanting so much more  
My mind says I can't ever give up  
But I still can't be sure."



## MICHAEL WITT

"IT is only when you apprehend the process  
which makes you aware of knowing that  
knowledge becomes valuable."

— Roy Masters



## JON WONNELL

"THE omnipotent, chuckling sea,  
With its timeless undulations,  
Its listening, enlightened, placid shimmers  
Its careful discretion  
Its raging swells reaching to the shores  
Searching for harmony, striving for happiness,  
For unity,  
Is perhaps smarter than us all."

— J.R.W.

WOODY YOUNG

"THEY fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

— Thomas Bailey Aldrich



EMILE ZEN



LORI WROBLE



ABU ZUBAIR



JOE ZEOLI

"GIVE me a break!!!"



BILL YUN

# THE VERDICT



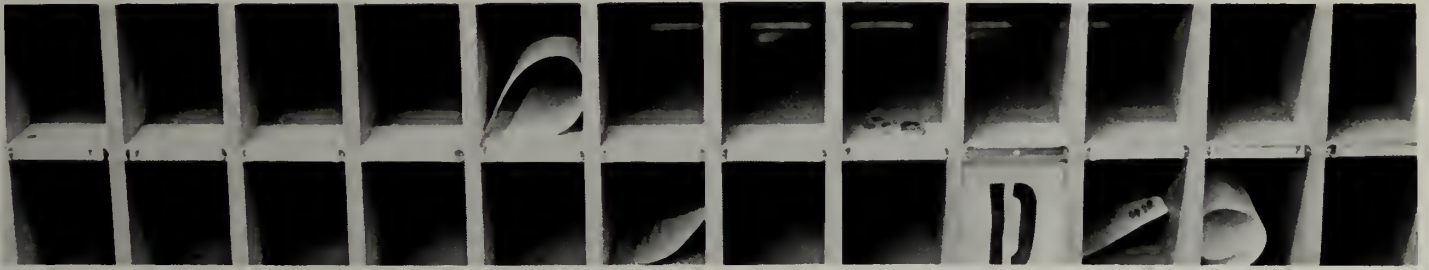


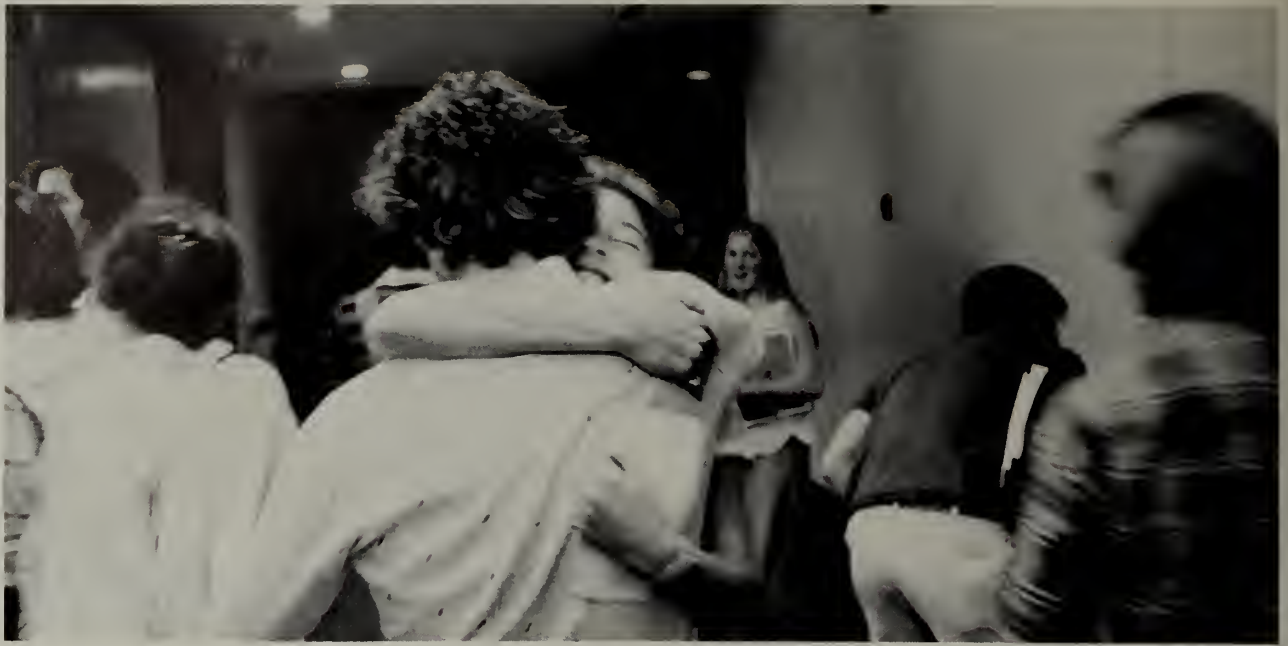


Uptight

but everything

is alright!



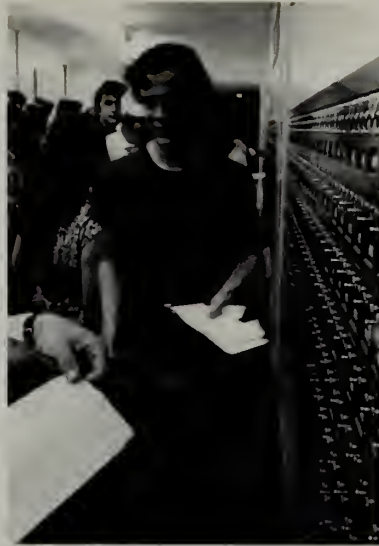


BLACK Monday is anti-climactic. The emotions of wild hysteria, utter joy, and heart-rending sorrow comparable to a Bronte novel are over-romanticised.

Certainly varied feelings of happiness, disappointment, and relief are prevalent yet the dramatic reputation Black Monday has attained serves mainly to provide a wonderful excuse for all Seniors to gather guilt-free of commitments. April 17, a brilliant spring day, became the day of the Senior in a high-spirited party at Pomp's Pond. Perhaps the greatest irony is that the day also provides an excuse for members of all social strata to gather, resulting in a rare sense of community in the Senior Class.







# THE THAW















“AW, C’MON?!”





















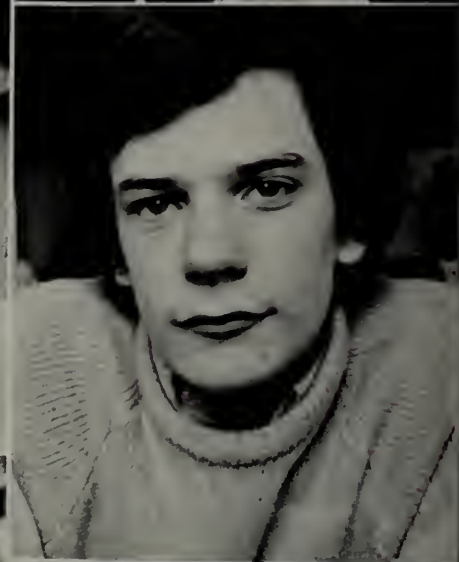
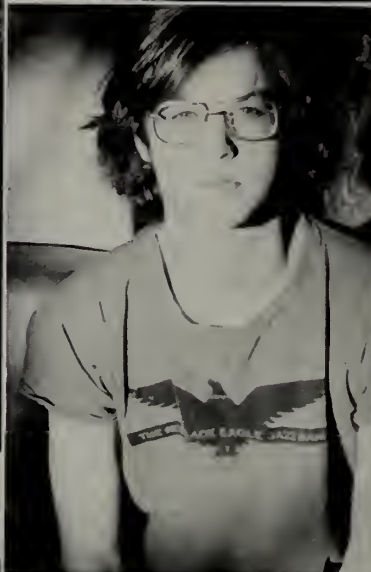




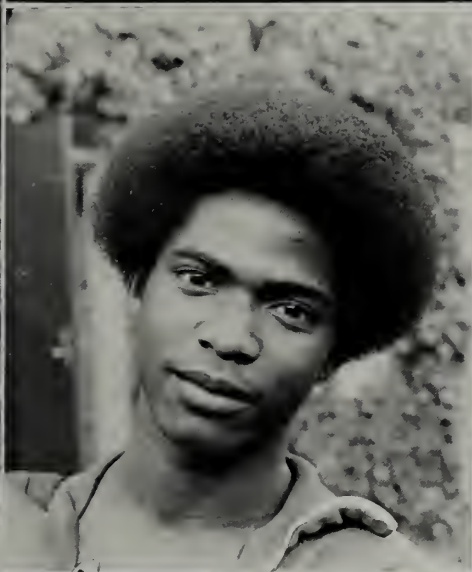
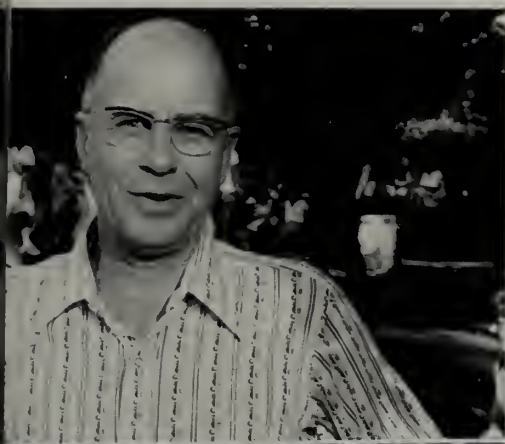


**PHILLIPS HALL**  
 ERECTED IN 1809  
 BY  
*Phoebe Phillips' Widow and John Phillips, Jr.*  
 Son of His Honor Samuel Phillips  
 The Founder of Phillips Academy









# BAZAAR















# THE PASTURE







## SPACEBALL



**THE STAGE:** A worn out, over trodden field.

**THE PLAYERS:** A rowdy group of motley, unenergetic students.

**THE TIME:** A restful rendezvous of sun at 2:00 p.m.

**THE ATTENDANCE:** Minimal at best.

**THE GAME:** An unparalleled form of softball more commonly referred to in the inner circles of the P.A. Athletic Dodgers Association as spaceball. Meagerly assembling daily for a quick hit and a short jog around the diamond, most players find the completion of their athletic requirement in laying stretched out in the sun, day dreaming. With greater enthusiasm, the "A" club performs at least half-heartedly, and at least with some seriousness, while the "B" club convenes only to avoid Wednesday afternoon sprints around the cage. Perhaps this may be too critical, for there does exist some teamwork and organization, and coaches for attendance procedures, and it's through this universal search for the ultimate hack, that good times were experienced, friends made, and tans gained.

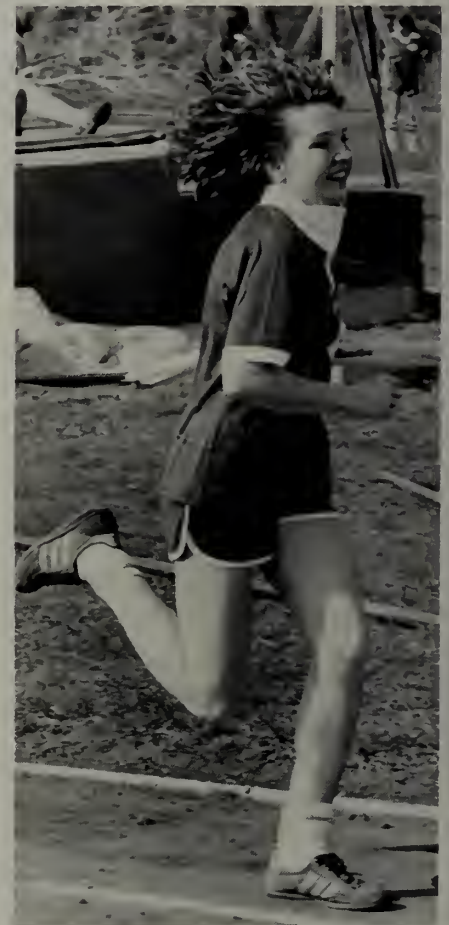
# TRACK

THIS years girls track team had a record number of competition. Each of the thirty girls took the competition and improvement seriously. Because of their high spirits, the season ended successfully.

With a 2-2 season record, and a 6th place finish at the interschools, team's success is found more in personal accomplishments than team victories. Most girls were pleased to find that, after good training and tough competition, they had surpassed their previous record.

The girls also found a great experience in the competition. They found that it took training and determination and concentration to excel in their particular event.

As with any track season, this one was filled with hard work, good fun, and tough competition.



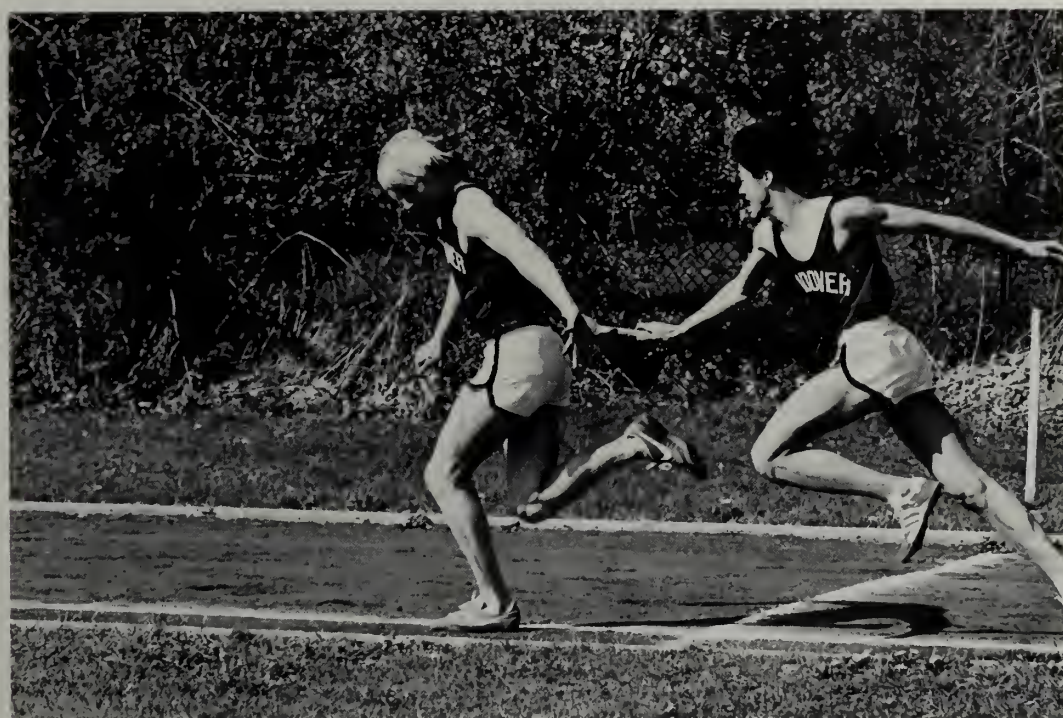












BOY'S Track's successful season can be attributed to both the strong determination of its athletes and the superb coaching of Mr. Sorota, 'Doc' Hardin, Mr. Apgar, Mr. Richards, and Mr. McCulloh.

Team spirit was high, although there was often "tension" betwixt the wild-minded distance runners and the more serious sprinters. Eventually, the team's sense of unity overcame all else and each man fell to contributing his part toward the team effort.

The team had many outstanding performers: Andy Brescia (mile), Chris Spanos (half-mile), Taylor Bodman, Tim Cain, Dave Gutzke, and Ev Hill (880 relay), Ying-dat Ho (long jump), and Dave McCloud (high jump). With these outstanding tracksters and the impressive running or fielding abilities of each team-member, Andover placed a firm second in the Interschols.





# TENNIS



EXPERIENCE was the key ingredient in the success of this year's Varsity Tennis team. Each of the top six players — all veterans of several summers of tournament competition — brought to their matches the combination of patience, aggressiveness, and determination necessary for the winning play.

Co-captain Mark (Shades) McDonnell set a high standard for the team in his enthusiasm for drill and conditioning and proved their value by going undefeated all season. Co-captain Mike (Front-Seat) Solovay also ran, and he proved a reliable player, dropping only one match all year long. Jeff (Royal Flush) Stone led the team to victory in its return bout against the Harvard Frosh and provided moral-boosting humor all season. Hamilton (Split-Set) Mehlman was dependable in the number two spot and worked wonders organizing the teams' orders at MacDonald's. Mike (Sock'em) Somers was most improved player of the year. Steve (Achilles) Bakalar, in spite of a bothersome pulled tendon, played in all but one match and one all but one of his contests. Billy (Bermuda) Way, after a series of disappointing losses early in the season, came on strong the last half-season and will provide — along with Bakalar and sometime eighth men Richard Oasis, Bob Cleaves, and Fred Wasson — a solid core for next year's team.





THE Andover Girls Tennis team this year was efficient. Our only troubles appeared against Exeter and Dartmouth when Kris Kinney and Martha Hill were unable to compete. We tallied however, two victories against Radcliffe. All eight players contributed their share to the tight group. Liz Anspach showed her dedication sufficiently to be elected next-year's captain. Katherine Ford, playing a steady, consistent game pulled us through several times. Susan Goldberg's infallible overhead and Robin Rosinberg's head-drive forehand led them to consistent victory in both singles and doubles. Martha Hill, despite an arthritic knee, played aggressively completing an undefeated season. Margot Jones and Ellen Jewett displayed exceptional talent on the court. Kris Kinney, as number one, provided us with a mascot as well as displayed invincible power. And we musn't forget Coach Kozel with green shades and peanut M & M's.

With such spirit and personality among nine people, it was hard to question our ability to have a "dazzling" season both on and off the courts. Well Kozel, what do you think?







OUR record this season was not very good, however, we did play the hardest schedule in recent years. Also key injuries to defenseman Rick Moody, Nick Stoneman and Lee Apgar greatly hampered the team. Dr. Faceoff, (our captain

Bill Yun) led the team through intense drills and calisthenics, except when it was too hot or too cold. We ran almost one hundred yards every practice. John Nordz passed

the red bandana down to Nick with the quick-stick, and Stoneman will carry on the tradition of not getting out to practice till two O five. Bobby Colombo "flew" up the hill

from Abbot while Rich Ward and Peter Frisch just slept through. Mr. Eccles with his bony knees and baggy shorts and Mr. Gurry who never said much but when he did . . .

Practices were a blast and many of the games were tough, and after the solid defeat of Exeter winding up the season, we all felt that it had been well worth it. Next years captain, Josh

McCall, is optimistic about his team's chances.





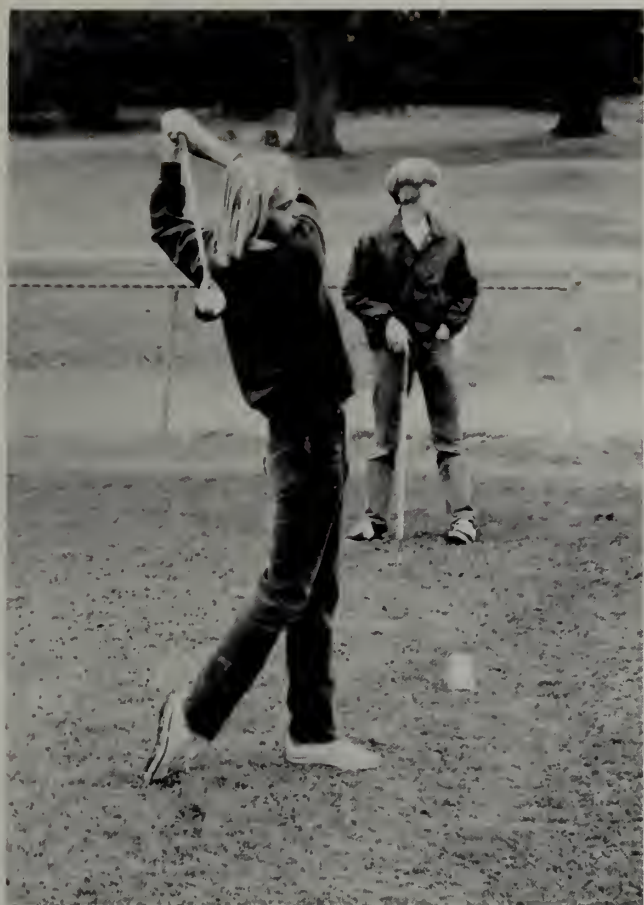
## LACROSSE











## GOLF





## DANCE







# CREW









THE men's crew was one of the finest crews of recent years. Coached by Martha Johnson, teaching fellow in mathematics and aspirant for the women's olympic crew of 1976, they turned in an impressive record, defeated by Kent in their first race by 1.7 seconds, but they also lost to Harvard second freshmen and to Exeter on the Wednesday before the Interscholastics. However, they won in impressive fashion over Tabor, St. Paul's, Middletown, St. John's and Mt. Herman. In the Interscholastics, they won their heat without difficulty in the morning and battled Kent all the way down the course in the afternoon. And thus they narrowly missed joining the women's crew as interscholastic champions. They did, however, more than make up for their earlier loss to Exeter.

Stroked by John Chamberlain, who shifted over from starboard over the winter, captained by John Wonnell, a tower of strength at number six, and coxed by all eighty-three pounds of Junior Steve Ackroyd, the crew was made up of Doug Batt at number seven, Peter Saltsman, next year's captain at number five, Peter Ventre at number four, Walter Wheeler at number three, Derek Bloom at number two, and Duncan Campbell, last year's stroke, at bow. As a crew, they were gracious winners and losers; they rowed with nerve, grace and strength. They were a crew of which the school could be justly proud.

— W.H. Brown







THIS spring girls' crew rowed a superb season. For the first time in the history of Phillips Academy the first boat went undefeated. We worked hard, had fun, and surprised many opponents. There are many reasons for which the boat moved well: the nine people worked not as individuals, but together as a team; everyone approached each practice with a positive attitude; and Mr. Kirkland coached us extremely well. The climax of the season occurred at the interschols when we again proved our abilities by winning against St. Pauls, Exeter, Northfield-Mt. Herman, and Middletown, each of whom we had beaten earlier in the season.





## GIRLS LACROSSE

The most outstanding features of the girl's Varsity Lacross team this year were it's depth, high spirits, and strong team unity. These qualities persisted throughout the season as five newcomers combined their skills with the ten returning veterans to form a solid yet flexible line-up.

Encountering many fierce competitors, we still managed to finish an exciting season with a winning 6-2 record.







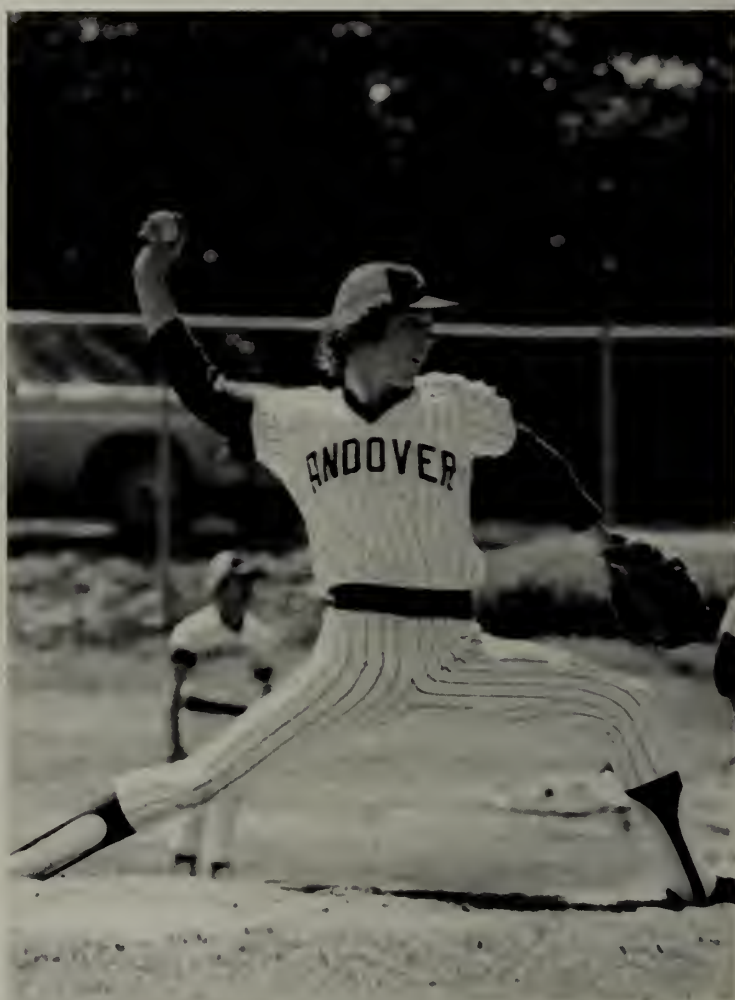




## BASEBALL

CO-CAPTAINS Paul Wheeler and Gerry Harrington returned to the fields with a relatively new squad. For many players, this was their first year on the P.A. Baseball team. Through the coaching of Mr. Harrison, Mr. Sturges, and Mr. Sykes, the team quickly found itself working as a 'long standing' team.

Because of a loss of last years Seniors, hitting was not as strong as it had been, but this was more than compensated for by the speed of Wheeler, Harrington, Joe Zeoli, Bruce Lenes, and Mike Rauser. Coach Sturges concluded that the team's versatility was responsible for a well-earned, successful season.







# THE FINAL ACT





Theater 27 presents

# BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE

A comedy of the sixties

By Leonard Gershe

with

CHRISTOPHER RANDOLPH

JULIA ROE

TOD RANDOLPH

RAB KER

DRAMATICALLY speaking, the Spring Term marked the culmination of two previous terms of theatrical productions. With the greatest amount of student involvement, both star performances and "behind the scenes," three successful Drama Lab plays were executed: No Exit, The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, and Butterflies Are Free. On a significantly larger scale, the main stage production, Cabaret, was a combination of extensive hours of preparation, hard work, and real determination. With attendance being exceptional, the cast and crew were uplifted, and came out of the production with an overwhelming sense of accomplishment.

In retrospect, the spring term provided a pleasurable conclusion to a fine year for P.A. Drama.

— Chris Randolph



# BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE



BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE, by Leonard Gershe was the first Drama Lab production of the spring "Season." Produced under the auspices of Theatre 27 and involving 5 members of the class, the show was designed, staged, directed and acted by students completely free of any outside quidence/interference. Billed as "a comedy of the sixties," Butterflies are Free was performed as a period piece. As such the play presented an added challenge to its director, Christopher Randolph, whose directorial duties were complicated by the fact that he was playing the lead role in the play, Don Baker, the blind would-be musician trying to break from his mother's smothering "protective" arms.



Don and his mother, a very poor Scarsdale matron, played by Tod Randolph, make an agreement by which Don is allowed to try to make it on his own. He meets "the girl next door," Jill Tanner (Julia Roe), a retired flower girl, as it were, who dropped out of the Haight Ashbury scene because she felt that she was loosing her individuality. She and Don begin a romance which seems doomed as Jill and Mrs. Baker have a confrontation.

Jill decides to walk out while she is still able, and also to move in with Ralph Austin, (Rab Kerr), an old friend and director of an off-broadway play.

Don, feeling crushed and sorry for himself for the first time, decides to give it all up. His mother, however, convinces him to pick himself up and keep going, realizing that her little Donny has become a man. Don in turn forces Jill to realize that by walking out on him, she is merely underlining her emotional immaturity. In the end she returns, and all is well.

Rachel Shub acted as assistant to the director; Rich Ward built the bed; Krinsky supplied the bathtub; and B.B. Cohan set up the table. Thanks to all.





# NO EXIT

L A I I



NO EXIT, Jean Paul Sartre's portrait of Existentialist Hell was performed in the drama Lab under the direction of senior Tom French. The play shows three people with distinctly different characteristics attempting to survive in one small room for eternity. They gradually begin to get on one another's nerves until it is obvious that they are indeed in Hell.

Director French did a good job of surmounting the play's obvious difficulties, and was greatly aided by the efforts of a relatively inexperienced cast. The show was a pleasant variation from the Drama Lab's usual fare and was enjoyed by all who attended.



# CABARET



THE spring musical, now a tradition with a faithful out of school audience and a growing reputation, was a maverick this year in many respects. Most noticeably was the charge to students and faculty as well as the general public due to the show's relative contemporary fame. However, most agreed that the show was worth the price.

Cabaret was the show. Adapted from John Van Drutens play "I am a Camara," the show represented an apt portrayal of pre-WW II Germany and the Nazi's rise to power.

The musical was a gala event. The stage, decked in lurid green, red and purple, provided a grizzly backdrop for the two stories of unrequited love.

The spring musical is often noted for the comradery inspired in its actors, staff and crew. This year was no exception. The cast comprised a wide variety of students — a cross section of Phillips Academy — and all became close by closing night. After three nights of packed houses, standing ovations and wide acclaim, even the technical crew began to feel that perhaps "Life is a Cabaret."







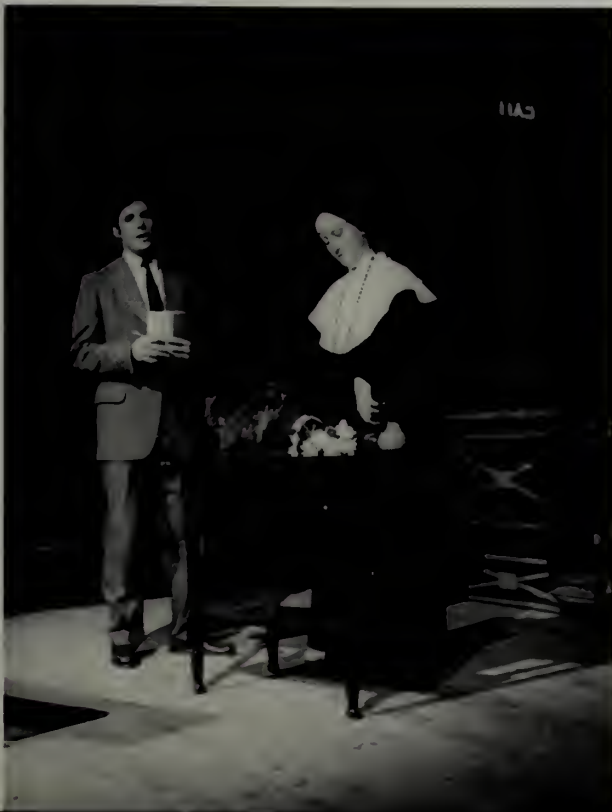


# THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE

by Jay Presson Allen



TEACHING fellow Toni Egger's first P.A. production, The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, was the last Drama Lab Production of the year. Performing as a Scottish school teacher, with a perverse interest in wielding full control over her students and lovers, Taiyi Greaves led a large cast of unusual characters. Her lover, a second rate artist named Teddy Lloyd; Sandy, a precocious, brilliant child and ultimately the instrument of Brodie's undoing; Jenny, a girl of great beauty; stuttering Mary MacGregor who, under Brodie's influence goes to fight the Civil War and dies on the train; an effeminate music teacher named Gordon Louthier; and an uptight schoolmistress called Miss Mackey. Under Miss Eggers original and innovative direction the show was a huge success and a most fitting way to end the Drama Lab season.









## COMMENCEMENT











The Legions









Life After P.A.













YOUR request of me for a baptismal dropping of good luck in this 1977 Pot Pourri is refreshing, as it suggests that you all are not afraid to exhibit a twinge of uncertainty about the future. Such twinges are usually considered bad form for graduating Seniors. After all, you've been mercilessly educated by us for many months, with a ferocity at times beyond even that of Parris Island. You ought to have no qualms about anything. But semper paratus? No, not for you. You still need that four-leaf clover.

Your honesty in this regard is characteristic of the Class of 1977. We'll remember you especially as a cheerfully open group. Sometimes we faculty members look at graduates and see only former students. We look at you now, and in the future, and see friends, people who've been giving and warm with us. There's a distinction here, an important one, one that means much to teachers. You've allowed friendship to cross the often-choking barrier between teacher and taught. Not many classes have allowed that. We treasure the fact that you have. Thank you.

What are our regrets, the areas in which we fear you may need the luck? My worry is that we've tolerated some hypocrisy among you. We accepted in your years here a bit too often what things appeared to be, rather than what they were. At best, we used white lies on one another. At worst, we allowed you to pretend one thing while another was true. We fear that we may have produced hothouse tomatoes, shiney red outside, but sometimes disappointingly pale and pulpy within. Better that you be sun-ripened, always appearing what you are.

Enough headmasterly sermonizing. And it is misguided and misguiding to generalize so, even with edible metaphors. You're a class, yes: but you're individuals more importantly. We're richer for knowing you, one by one.

— Theodore R. Sizer  
Headmaster



The P.A. Graduate



The High School Graduate

# THE 1977



# POT POURRI



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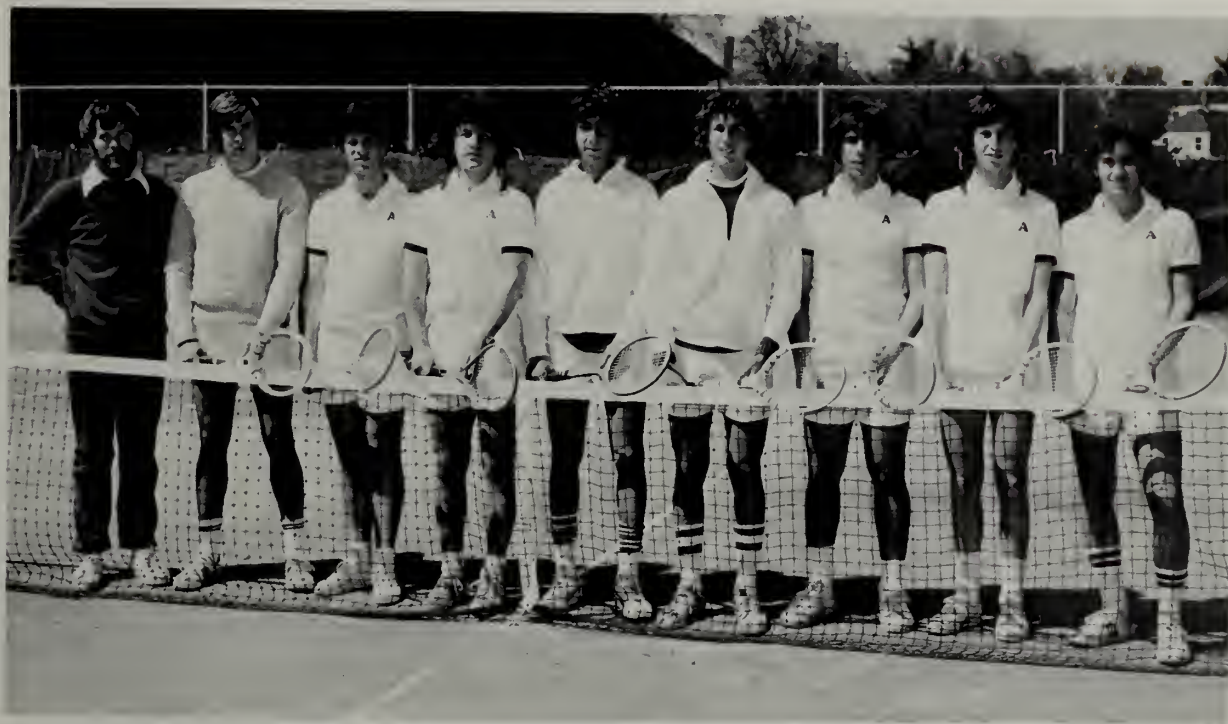
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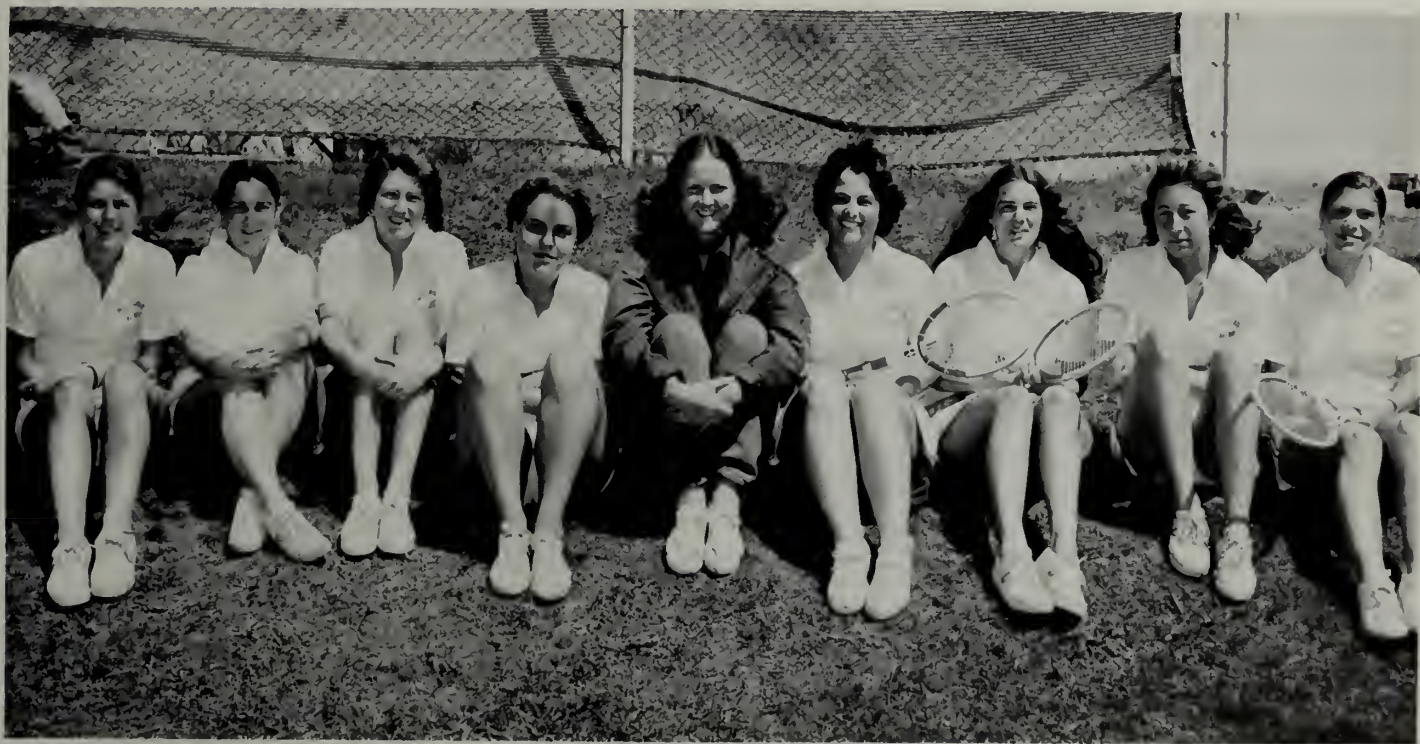


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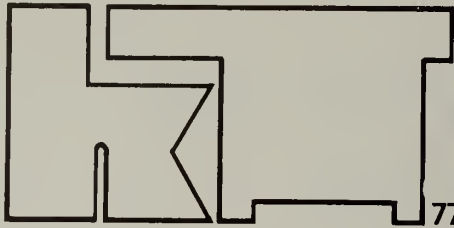
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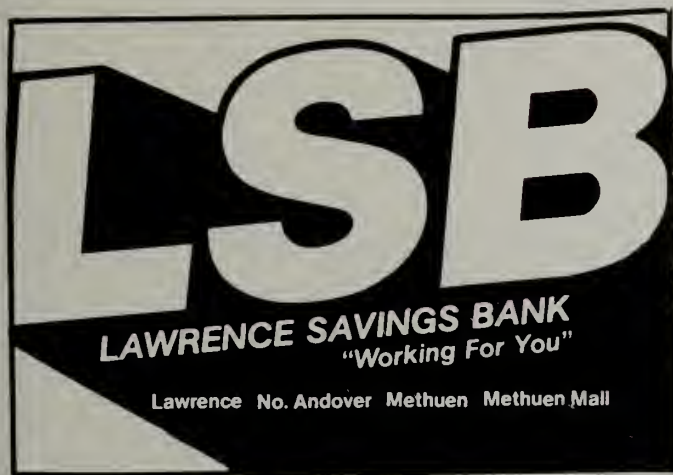


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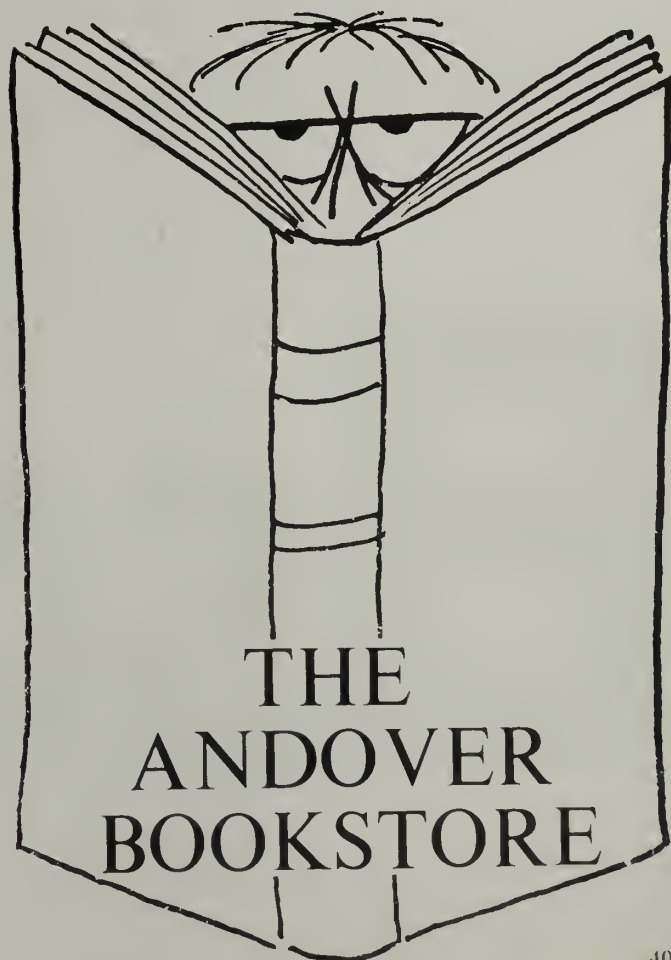
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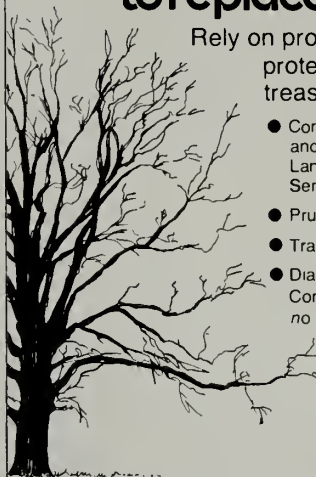
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BILL COHAN

THE only part of this publication that you can evaluate is the book itself. Unfortunately, only a few people have enjoyed seeing this opus from a multifarious perspective. At best, I can enlarge your understanding of exactly what went into this book. At worst, I can leave you with a "thank-you note."

It is a natural assumption to view this as "Phil Balshi's book." Unfortunately, I can not accept such credit for what I consider an exceptional publication. Without the "die-hard" effort of friends, there never would have been a 1977 POT POURRI. For example, I have not done the lay-out for one spread in this book. When Richard Riker asked if he could help the POT POURRI in the Spring of 1976, I never imagined that he would be responsible for the appearance of the 400-plus pages you are holding. When John Nordell and Laura Scheerer left for a "Man and Society" tri-mester in Boston, I never thought they would return to the basement of Peabody. I was wrong. Both John and Laura receive my utmost respect for contributing countless days of their senior Spring term. They made deadlines I had never dreamed of keeping. When business became exceedingly time-consuming, Frank Goodman sat down at the adding machine to lead us out of the valley of debt. And when Frank Goodman left us, Bill Cohan and Dave Buck joined us. Unlike the Navy, the 1977 POT POURRI did little if any recruiting. These are the same friends who failed Math tests, missed 8:00 classes, and afternoon sports, and merely dropped the word sleep from their vocabularies. Yes, they are the same friends who made the POT POURRI a lot more than just another extracurricular activity; rather, they made it a way of life.

I hope that you enjoy this book as much as I enjoyed working with my friends. To John, Richard, Laura, and the entire POT POURRI board, thank you for making my job easier and this book significantly better. To Bruce Thompson, may you receive the same relentless dedication from your staff that enabled me to drive away the ghost of Sisyphus. Finally, to all of those who think this book merits a place on their shelves, please enjoy it for what it is, but more importantly enjoy it with us as a celebration of 1977 — a year worth documenting. Good luck and good night from all of us to all of you. All the best.

Philip J. Balshi  
Editor-in-Chief:  
1977 Pot Pourri  
June 20, 1977







• Winston-Salem  
**HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
• North Carolina

GUY GARON EXETER NEW HAMPSHIRE



